

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

FOR
SUBSCRIBERS
ONLY

MARCH 1986

**FANTASY
ISLAND:
A PRISONER'S
PARADISE**

**AMERICAN
ORGY:
A SINGLES
SWINDLE?**

**BORIS
BECKER:
BOY WONDER
OF TENNIS**

**POP SCHLOCK:
THE WORLD'S
WORST SONGS**

**AFGHANISTAN'S
ENDLESS WAR**



Marlboro

Enjoy the flavour
of the world's No.1

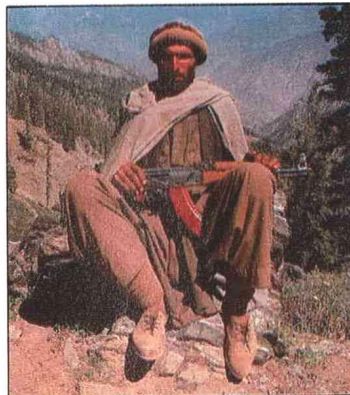
Marlboro

Australian
PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 7 No 3/March 1986



Tying One On



Endless War



Three's Company



Pet Of The Month

REGULARS
CONTENTS PAGE
COVER By Jeremy Taylor
HOUSECALL 4
FEEDBACK 6
FORUM 9
VIEW FROM THE TOP Frank Robson 21
SOUNDS Edited by Jeremy Cook 22
FILM Edited by C.J. Mackay 24
SEX Gary Null 26
WINNING Don Cox 28
TRAVEL Edited by Fred Baker 30
LOOSE ENDS Edited by C.J. Mackay 139

FEATURES
FANTASY ISLAND Richard Mitchell 34
BOYS WILL BE BOYS Cartoons by Bill Leak 53
POP SCHLOCK Glenn A. Baker 56
AMERICAN ORGY Bob Spitz 74
ENDLESS WAR Jeff B. Harmon 80
THREE'S COMPANY Fiction by Chris Basten 88
MARK DAY INTERVIEW Adrian Tame 104
GOOD SPORTS Motoring by Peter McKay 114
THE RED BARON Profile by Roy Johnson 120
TYING ONE ON Arturo F. Gonzales 126

PICTORIALS
CURTAIN CALL/SARAH Tino Rossi 41
LIVEWIRE/ROSIE Jeremy Taylor 61
WINNING SMILE/CODY Bob Guccione 94
TEMPERATURE'S RISING/KARENA Dieter Schmidt 132

Australian and New Zealand Editorial Office: PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Advertising Office: Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Limited, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144 Telex AA27833. Copyright © Penthouse International Limited (1983). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission of Penthouse International Limited. Original Copyright (1982). All rights reserved. Portions are reprinted by permission. On request licensee will issue formal copyright assignment of licensed material appearing by permission of licensor. Price in Australia \$3.95. *Recommended and maximum price only. Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations. Fiction manuscripts are welcome but these must be typewritten, double-spaced, using only one side of the paper, and accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Names and addresses should also be written on the manuscripts. Australian Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost manuscripts. Please allow several weeks for return. Printed by Dai Nippon, Hong Kong, ISSN 0158-0655

DISTRIBUTED BY ELDERS IXL

EBB103 AB4539/85



'WUNDERBAR'

A natural reaction to your first glass of the world's favorite German beer.

Australian PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

EDITOR
Phil Abraham

EDITORIAL

Art Director: Doug Finley; Senior Editors: Corinne Mackay, Greg Hunter, John Elliot; Copy Editor: Graeme Sims; Director Of Photography: Stephen Costello; Assistant Art Directors: Joanne Morris, Linda Margolin; Motoring Editor: Peter McKay; Contributing Editors: Mungo MacCallum, Frank Robson, Adrian Tame, Denis Whitburn, Jeremy Cook, Fred Baker; Office Manager: Julie Mitchell; Typesetting: Love Computer Typesetting.

ADVERTISING

Marketing Manager: Max Press, Tel. (02) 929 6144; P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Advertising Director: Howard Jenkins; NSW Advertising Manager: Deborah Spicer; Advertising Traffic Manager: Jill Van Der Horn; Victorian Advertising Manager: Keiran Brazil, 153 Park St, South Melbourne 3205. Tel. (03) 690 7606; SA: Krystyna Benson, Admedia Group Pty Ltd, 24 Kensington Street, Rose Park, SA, 5067. Tel. (08) 332 8144. Qld: Sue Horne, Geoff Horne Agencies, 16 Bellbowrie Centre, Bellbowrie, Qld, 4069. Tel. (07) 202 6813; WA: Tony Allen, Allen and Associates, 284 Stirling Street, Perth, WA, 6000. Tel. (09) 328 9833. NZ: John Scull, International Media Representation, P.O. Box 37-094 Parnell, Auckland, Tel. 793 178; Japan: Banco Media Services, Dai-ichi Nisawa Building, 3-1 Kanda Tacho 2-chome Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 101. Tel. 252 2721. Telex: J25472 (BMSINC)

PUBLISHERS

Published in collaboration with Penthouse Publications Ltd c/o Ronald Fletcher, Baker and Co., 80A Stoke Newington Rd, London N16 7XF England. Edited by PH Editorial Services Pty Limited, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

PH Editorial Services Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144.

ADVERTISING OFFICES

Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW, Australia, 2062. Telephone (02) 929 6144. Telex AA 27833. Facsimile: (02) 957 1814.

DISTRIBUTORS

Horwitz Grahame Books Pty Ltd; Gordon & Gotch Ltd.

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD

(US edition)

Bob Guccione (Chairman); Kathy Keeton (Vice-chairman); David J. Myerson (Chief Operating Officer); Anthony J. Guccione (Secretary-Treasurer); John Evans (Senior Vice President/Foreign Editions)

EDITORIAL

Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; Art Director International: Joe Brooks; Managing Editor: Claudia Valentino; Executive Editor: Peter Bloch; Graphics Director: Frank DeVino

ADMINISTRATIVE

Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; Executive Vice President: David J. Myerson; Senior Vice President/Production Director: John Evans; Senior Vice President/Administrative Services: Jeri Winston; Foreign Editions Manager: Eriko Kusomoto.

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Telex no. 237128. West Coast: 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif., 90024. Tel. (213) 824-9831.

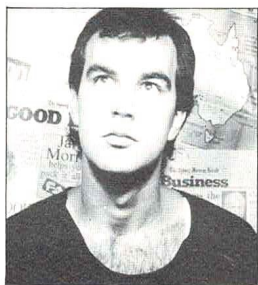
FOREIGN EDITIONS

Brazil: Grafipar, Rua Jordania 411 Curitiba; Germany: Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; Japan: Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; Spain: Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104 Barcelona; United Kingdom: Sightline Publications, Ltd, Northern & Shell Bldg, PO Box 381 Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, England.

MARCH



ALLAN SCHOLZ



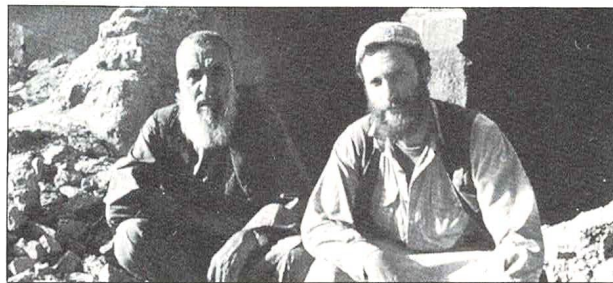
GRAHAM RENDOTH



ADRIAN TAME



GLENN A. BAKER



JEFF B. HARMON

HOUSECALL

FANTASY ISLAND

It was an Australian prison unlike any other in the world: an island paradise where an assortment of cunning, vicious, intractable criminals were allowed to wallow in sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. Richard Mitchell was one of the prisoners during the heyday of Fantasy Island, and in a sordid and shocking story he tells how the place degenerated into a devil's playground presided over by a gang of lust-crazed megalomaniacs. It reads like fiction, but it's fact. Turn to page 34.

POP SCHLOCK

Glenn A. Baker, the official Rock Brain of the Universe, takes a stroll down some memory dead ends to present the definitive history of music to throw up by. Baker leaves no stone unturned in bringing to light the most atrocious drivel, the most pathetic pap ever committed to vinyl. This is the diatribe you always wanted to deliver to the rock industry, starting on page 56 with an illustration by Allan Scholz.

AMERICAN ORGY

When Bob Spitz decided to spend a "Singles Weekend" with 800 other degenerate Americans, he figured he was ready for anything. He was wrong. Spitz's hilarious adventures among the desperately seeking singles, in which he stumbles from one erotic nightmare to the next, are recounted in lurid detail on page 74. The artwork was contributed by Eric Scott.

ENDLESS WAR

After six years of jihad — holy war — fighting and dying for freedom has become an acceptable, even desirable, way of life for the Afghani guerrillas. Jeff B. Harmon was not so keen on the ideal of self-sacrifice

when, filming a documentary for the BBC last year, he became the target of a Soviet operation and barely avoided capture. Harmon reports on some extraordinary aspects of Afghanistan's endless war, starting on page 80.

THREE'S COMPANY

Ever since he'd seen *Blow Up* as a teenager, Roger had nurtured a secret desire to indulge in a threesome. It never occurred to him that such a package could come with strings attached. Chris Basten's thoughtful fiction piece, illustrated by Graham Rendoth, begins on page 88.

THE RED BARON

Boris Becker is the sporting phenomenon of the decade. When the unseeded 17-year-old German won the 1985 Wimbledon title, the tennis world was turned upside down. Since then Boris has started paying his dues, but no-one doubts that he will ultimately rule the game with an iron fist. How does one of sport's most glittering prizes rest on the shoulders of one who has just become old enough to drive? Roy S. Johnson answers that question in a comprehensive profile which begins on page 120.

MARK DAY INTERVIEW

In the past three years Mark Day has been elevated from the status of obscure newspaper and magazine publisher to bona fide multi-media personality. As an employee on Day's flagship publication, *Truth*, Adrian Tame put his intimate knowledge of the man to use, producing a penetrating and insightful interview which illuminates the hard-nosed world of tabloid journalism. John Murie shot the photo of Day on page 104.

ACTUAL SIZE



CAN YOU IMAGINE!
A zoom lens that's only
85mm (3 1/4 inches) long,
weighs a mere 445g yet has the
incredible range of 70-210mm? Yet
it exists — A product of Tokina's pioneering
lens technology the SZ-X 210 70-210mm f4/5.6.
Available in fixed mount to fit most S.L.R. cameras.

Tokina

PUTTING OTHER LENSES IN THE DARK

See your nearest Tokina Stockists or send for a leaflet.
Distributed by B. Gunz (Photographics) Pty. Ltd.
PO Box 690, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.



RG/T85:2

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Salute to Ted

Many thanks for the story on the Reverend Ted Noffs in December *Australian Penthouse*. The Rev Ted is one of the truly great living Australians, though he'd undoubtedly shy away from the tag, and any salute to his lifetime of work in Kings Cross should be applauded. By both outlining his previous work for the drug-addicted, the homeless and the runaways and giving your pages over as a forum for his views on the heroin trade, treatment for addicts and the role of government, you celebrated a great man and gave us a great read. — K. Felton, Darlinghurst, NSW

Eye-opener

Skimming through magazines at my local newsagency about three weeks ago I was attracted to *Australian Penthouse* because of a story on the cover called "The Other Side Of The Jane Hill Story" (December 85). I am not a regular buyer of your magazine but since the Jane Hill sexual harassment case was first reported I have followed any developments with interest.

Your story presented for the first time the recollections of the men who featured in the lurid and ludicrous goings-on at the NSW Water Resources Commission. Their side of the story was indeed an eye-opener for this reader who had been wondering why newspaper reports of the case had failed to interview the alleged harassers. The *Penthouse* story was obviously extensively researched and carefully written and in my opinion it deserves some kind of award for uncovering such a travesty of justice perpetrated in the interests of political expediency.

I had expected more to come of the revelations you made, but I can only surmise that most of the Australian media is more interested in Princess Diana's eating habits than a real story such as the one you printed. I have kept that issue and have shown it to all my friends. I have also promised myself to scan each future issue for journalism of a similarly high calibre. — Rowena Thomson, Sydney, NSW

Today's heroes

Many sincere congratulations on the up-grading of your quite magnificent publication over the last year or so. I specifically refer to such articles as Glenn A. Baker's brilliant and descriptive walk down Australia's rock memory lane, Yesterday's Heroes, in your November edition. Keep



Ulrike . . . she stoops to conquer

up the great work.

I was wondering if Glenn A. could supply me with some much-needed information; it would be greatly appreciated. I would like to know where that Scottish-born rock and roller Ronald Belford Scott, known affectionately as Bon, is buried. — Steven Milne, Brunswick, Vic

Glenn A. Baker replies: *Bon Scott, of AC/DC fame, now rests in peace in Spearwood Cemetery, Perth. Bon grew up in WA and began his musical career there with the formation of The Valentines.*

Sporting chances

The Fear Factor in December *Penthouse* documented the mood of "surfing's ultimate arena", Hawaii's Banzai Pipeline. I'd like to suggest that you do a follow-up story with the same title about trying to get a wave in Sydney on a summer weekend, which is equally hair-raising, believe me. If the floating sludge doesn't get you, the hordes of turds fiercely contesting every hint of slop will convince you it's a sport where your life is definitely on the line. Great story and photos, but I've taken up scuba. — T. Ryan, Avalon, NSW

Smart detective work

Call me a nitpicker if you want, but I've got a few points to raise from your Dirty Pool pictorial in January *Penthouse*.

Firstly, the game those luscious, if headless, girls are playing is snooker, not pool. Secondly, the shot being played in the

opening spread is quite illegal. Now I'm partial to bending a few rules in a social match, particularly if lithe, naked girls are my opposition, but from my estimations there is no way that girl's foot (just out of view) is touching the floor and complying with the rules.

I'm afraid it adds up to the feeling that these girls aren't really handling their "pool" cues with "devastating authority" at all. Now I'm no Eddie Charlton, so maybe this is a case of the kettle calling the pot black, but I know the rules. I think the whole exercise was simply another excuse to have more gorgeous female figures gracing your pages. — T.P., Nowra, NSW

No contest

Here in our office we are all avid readers and admirers of your splendid magazine. *Australian Penthouse* has become far superior to any opposition you may once have had. You have outsprinted them, especially on two points: Twice Shy/Zoe in October, and Dru Diamond in November [Qld edition only]. Those two girls are prime examples of what we hope we will see more of. — T.M., Brisbane, Qld

Kiwi bashing

Having just arrived in Australia from New Zealand I can tell P.D. Jack (The Kiwi Connection — December) that if he thinks all Kiwis in Australia are trash then he should perhaps venture out and meet some of the real beauts who are around in number — though I must warn that some of them might be tempted to sort out his sense of humor once and for all. — Paul Jowzi, Weipa, Nth Qld

Promise delivered

Eureka! It's Ulrike!

I wouldn't be lying to say that your December issue gave me hours of reading enjoyment, but I'm afraid I didn't buy it for the stories. I bought it on the strength of the most sensuous and inviting magazine cover I've ever come across (pun almost intended!) Blonde Ulrike Giscard looked like some Norse goddess or one of the Valkyries on a hitch-hiking holiday in a Mack truck.

Your centre pictorial lived up to the promise of the cover, delivering the horniest woman ever to appear in your mag with a hefty splash of imagination and long-awaited humor. There should be more of it, I say. — R. Curbow, Glen Iris, Vic



We know, you only buy it for the articles inside.

Australian
PENTHOUSE BACK COPIES

Limited Stock of Australian Penthouse Back Copies
Now Available to Collectors —

Your chance to make up your full Australian Penthouse File! Once this stock is sold, there will be no further copies available — so please order now (we have already sold out of a couple of issues since the previous advertisement).

— Send this form or photocopy —

To: AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE, P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, N.S.W. 2062, Australia.
If you require Aust. Penthouse Magazine binders — enclose \$11.50 each (holds 12 copies).
Please send me the following back issues of Australian Penthouse at \$4.95 each including postage. Plus ☐ Magazine binders at \$11.50 each.

ISSUE	PET OF THE MONTH		
☐ Nov '79	Lovely Julie Press	☐ Nov '81	Thai Lawan Kamnak
☐ Dec '79	Romantic Carmen McCall	☐ Dec '81	Delightful Connie Hadden
☐ Jan '80	Sydney's Kelly Russell	☐ Feb '82	Golden: Ann Marie Woodrow
☐ Feb '80	Queensland's Lyn Baron	☐ Mar '82	Fabulous Lea Turner
☐ Mar '80	Blonde Jessica Castles	☐ Apr '82	Water Baby Caroline Reynald
☐ Apr '80	Gold Coast's Cherie Marsh	☐ Sep '82	Lovely Marilyn Natty
☐ May '80	Beautiful Susie Peters	☐ Oct '82	Brunette Bernadette Bryant
☐ Jun '80	Delightful Debra Rietberg	☐ Jun '83	Jeanette Amber
☐ Jul '80	Fabulous Tracy Wallace	☐ Aug '83	Liza Balza
☐ Aug '80	Luscious Linda Ferguson	☐ Sep '83	Laura Tomei
☐ Sep '80	Sydney's Donna Turner	☐ Oct '83	Donna Burns
☐ Oct '80	Brisbane's Ama Blanchette	☐ Nov '83	Candis Davey
☐ Nov '80	Erotic Joni Flynn	☐ Dec '83	Kirsten Rasmussen
☐ Dec '80	Shapely Kim McWhinney	☐ Apr '84	Debbie Davies
☐ Jan '81	Melbourne's Anna Knappe	☐ May '84	May Ling Lee
☐ Feb '81	Blonde Judy Layne	☐ Jun '84	Chris Heins
☐ Mar '81	Outdoors Debbie Meads	☐ Aug '84	Helenka Antar
☐ May '81	Voluptuous Martina	☐ Sep '84	Sue and Louise Elvin
☐ Oct '81	Petite Amanda Ford	☐ Jan '85	April Parnell

Enclosed is my cheque/money order for \$
or charge my: ☐ Bankcard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Name: Account No:
Address Signature:
..... P/Code:

ONLY
\$4.95 each
including postage

PENTHOUSE FORUM

Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request.
Letters become the property of Australian Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062.
Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Sneaky twosome

I've been a reader of Forum for many years now and have often considered writing to you, but felt no-one would be interested in my adventures. Many of the activities in the column I've also experienced, and when I read about them, I found it nice to know that other people enjoy sexual variety as much as I do. I've decided to write now, not so much to share my experiences as to make a public tribute to the girl I've shared them with. All are true events.

Tamara and I are both in our mid-thirties and attractive, and even though she doesn't have large tits and I don't have a ten-inch cock, we've managed to have outstanding sex for several years. I thought it would be nice to share the highlights of these experiences, rather than to just give details of one particular marathon session.

Tamara is always hot, and manages to come (with or without help) in a variety of ways and places. I work not too far from home, and the best fuck she ever had (according to her) took place on the floor of my office. It was a hot fuck that seemed to last forever. She has also come on that same floor with minimal body movement, just the muscles of her twat and the twitching of my cock causing several intense orgasms. She's also come while dancing slowly with me, surrounded by friends, relatives, and strangers. One of the best fucks took place in the car. Less than two minutes in the car and less than two minutes from home, her pants were off and my fingers were inside her (a fragrant event).

She was so hot that night that I pulled over to the side of a street in our residential neighborhood. She practically ripped off my pants and sat right on my cock. The intensity was incredible. We've fucked in every room in the house: kitchen, bedroom, dining room, basement, etc. One afternoon we fucked in the bedroom while a repairman worked in the kitchen. Sometimes while we're fucking, the phone will ring. I always make her answer it. While she's talking to the friend or relative, I'll bring her to the peak of excitement with my cock and fingers. She won't come until she

is off the phone, but the tension of holding back makes it all worthwhile.

Her entire body is orgasm material. I can lick her ears and whisper to her my plans for the evening, and she will get off. I can suck her tits and she'll come. She comes while sucking my cock. And needless to say, her pussy is an endless source of pleasure. She says the sound of my voice makes her wet, and I believe her. Often in the morning I'll call her from work and usually catch her just coming out of the shower. I have her lie on the bed and play with herself — her tits and cunt. She tells me how wet she is and that she wishes my cock was there for her. After climaxing she'll take her fingers from her hole and tell me how wet and creamy they are, and then she'll lick them clean, telling me how good she tastes (as I well know).

Her pussy, as I've said, is always hot and wet for me, and together we've experimented there. Once I had her close her eyes and cooled her off with ice cubes — something I now frequently do, and she loves it. What she didn't know was that I also had an icy pole all ready; when she felt that frozen cock enter her, it was instant orgasm. And fucking that frozen canyon afterward was great.

She also loves the feel of my cock in her mouth. She says she prefers my cock to any that she's ever had. She often begs me to come in her mouth because she

can't wait to taste me. At parties I'll look across the room at her and know she's hot.

I could go on and on with other interesting and hot events, but I think you get the picture. We try a lot of mutually satisfying and stimulating activities, in various places — sometimes risky, but always fulfilling.

So thank you, Tamara, for all the wonderful times we've had together, both in and out of bed.

By the way, Tamara and I are married, but not to each other. We're neighbors, and many of these events have taken place in the company of our respective, but unknowing, spouses.
— Name and address withheld

Surprise guest

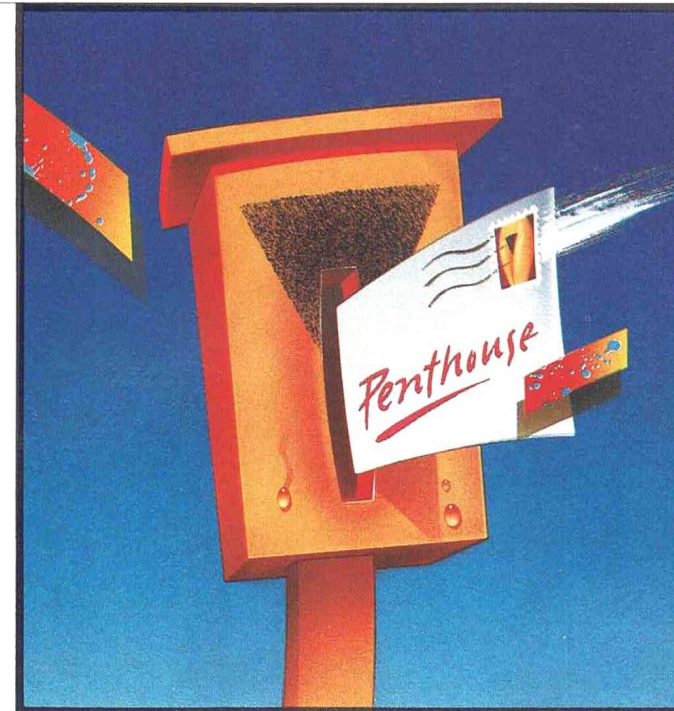
I'm a man of 28, happily married with a great-paying job as an engineer. My wife Marge

and I have enjoyed *Penthouse* for quite a few years. We never thought we'd have anything to share with other "Forum" readers — that is, until recently.

I've always purchased each month's issue of *Penthouse* at a general store I pass on the way home from work. Frequently, Yvette, a young foxy thing, sold me the issue. She's a knockout, so I made it a point to stop in whenever she was on duty. Yvette is short, about five foot three, but has two of the most fully developed tits I've ever seen. She has a deep tan and blonde hair that falls to her shoulders. She'd always greet me with a perky smile and a wink. It got to the point where if she wasn't working, I'd just buy a pack of cigarettes and return the next day.

One day, when I came in, she had on a low-cut blouse and when she bent over to get my *Penthouse* I could see down her blouse and caught a glimpse of her two perfect 38s. Without a bra on, her pink nipples jutted out, begging to be tweaked.

Fully aware of the magnificent view I'd just received, Yvette stood up and gently ran the tip of her tongue over her moist lips. (Now, if this wasn't a come-on, my dick didn't know it, because it immediately pressed for freedom against my jeans.) Yvette's eyes darted down toward my bulging mass. She smiled, gave me one of her knowing winks, and slid the *Penthouse* across the counter. "I hope," she





WE'RE PLEASED TO ANNOUNCE that some things in America are still moving slow.

It takes a whole lot of just sitting for a batch of Jack Daniel's to gain rightful age. And, since there's no way to speed this process along, our employees get good at just sitting too. You may feel most things in America move too quickly today. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's you'll be pleased some things (and some people) still take it slow.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB4152/85 JMT644/P285K1

FORUM

said, "you find this issue as *stimulating* as I did." I thought I was going to come right in my pants. Instead, I said, "May I ask what it was that sta-sta-stimulated you?"

"Oh," she said, with a wiggle of her shoulder that swayed her breasts to and fro, "the Forum column, of course."

Not being one to pass up an opportunity, I told her that it was my favorite section, and suggested she could show me the letters she found "stimulating" after she got off work.

Yvette readily agreed. After giving her my address, I left the store on cloud nine. However, my euphoria soon dissipated, when I suddenly remembered my wife.

Once home, I told my wife half the truth: I'd met an interesting young woman who had something in common with us, and I invited her over for a drink.

Marge said that was fine, and around eight o'clock Yvette showed up. I was a little nervous when I introduced Yvette to Marge; however, much to my surprise, they really hit it off.

The girls sat on the sofa while I sat across from them on the easy chair. We made small talk for about an hour and a half. After everyone was good and high, I thought it time to really break the ice, so I said, "Honey, guess what. Yvette is a Forum fan, too." My wife's eyes sparkled. "Really?" The women shared some of their favorite stories and we were all getting pretty turned on. When it came my turn, of course, I confessed I'd always wanted to "make it" with two beautiful women, one of them being my wife.

Marge and Yvette glanced at each other, as if to say, "If that's what the old boy wants, let's give it to him."

Marge started things off. She pulled her sweatshirt over her head and exposed her small, firm breasts. Yvette followed my wife's lead and in no time the women were naked. I had been so spell-bound watching these two beauties I hadn't bothered to undress. No problem.

The ladies descended on me; my wife unbuttoned my shirt and Yvette unzipped my jeans. My throbbing cock sprang to attention and both women fell to their knees and grabbed for it.

Yvette proceeded to give my wife a lesson in cocksucking. (My wife must have been paying attention since her headjobs after that improved immeasurably.) With each stroke, she took me deeper and deeper down her throat. Marge slid her hand down Yvette's back and found her already-soaked pussy. My wife rubbed Yvette's pussy with circular strokes, faster and faster, creating the distinct sound of sloshing love juices.

As Yvette took my full length down her throat, my wife licked her way up to the base of my cock, my balls meeting her succulent lips. My wife moaned as she opened

her mouth wide, begging for her share of my cock. Yvette's head slid up and off the head of my cock, making a popping sound. She grabbed the base of my cock and turned my manhood toward my wife's waiting mouth. Yvette put her other hand on my wife's head and lowered her down on to my flaming hard-on. While my wife swallowed my engorged prick, Yvette moved down between my wife's legs and got directly under her steaming pussy. Marge's groans grew louder as she ground her hips into Yvette's face and pumped her head faster and faster up and down my shaft. Yvette licked and nibbled feverishly on my wife's clit, driving her into a state of frenzied passion.

Yvette, lapping Marge's pussy for all she was worth, slid her own hands down her belly to her pussy and began finger-fucking herself. My wife bucked up and down, almost drowning Yvette in her love juices. Then with a sudden burst, Marge withdrew her mouth from my cock, and let out a scream as her entire body shook in one extended orgasm.

Totally spent, she rolled on to her back. Yvette stood up and saw my massive cock sticking straight up in anticipation. Not waiting for me to get off the easy chair, Yvette straddled my legs. My wife fell to her knees and moved toward us. With one hand she spread Yvette's cunt lips. With the other, she guided the head of my cock into the young woman's pulsating pussy. Then with one quick movement Yvette let her full weight fall, burying my cock to the hilt.

What a view! Yvette rose, then squatted, taking my cock from the tip down to my balls. Then she stood up, drawing my cock almost out of her swollen pussy lips. Then she sank down again, entirely vanquishing my manhood. And during this feverish exercise, Marge massaged Yvette's large breasts with one hand and rubbed her swollen clit with the other.

Yvette threw her head back and bucked like a bull. I could feel the load down in my balls begin to rise. I thrust my rod to the deepest point in her love canal as we both came in a shudder that almost shook the walls.

The three of us lay there for quite a while before resuming our love escapade. Before the night was over, I think the three of us had pretty much tried every conceivable combination of lovemaking we'd ever imagined. — Name and address withheld

Road to recovery

I never dreamed that I would be writing to *Penthouse* about my erotic life, although I had my share of memorable encounters as a single guy. You might say I was a bit of a wild man back then. More than a dozen women have praised my stud qualities and told me that I match it with the best they've ever sampled. Nine years ago I got married, and I have not needed or wanted to fuck any woman other than my sexy

wife until a short time ago. Although she satisfies me totally, I recently began a fantastic fling that has let me know I can still swing with the best of them.

A few months ago I decided to get a vasectomy. After my initial interview with the doctor, he introduced me to the nurse who was to assist in the operation. Lisa was no raving beauty, but she'd hold her own against most women. In her mid-twenties, she had an attractive face and a petite, shapely figure. As we talked, I undressed her with my eyes, and I could sense that she had more than a professional interest in my cock.

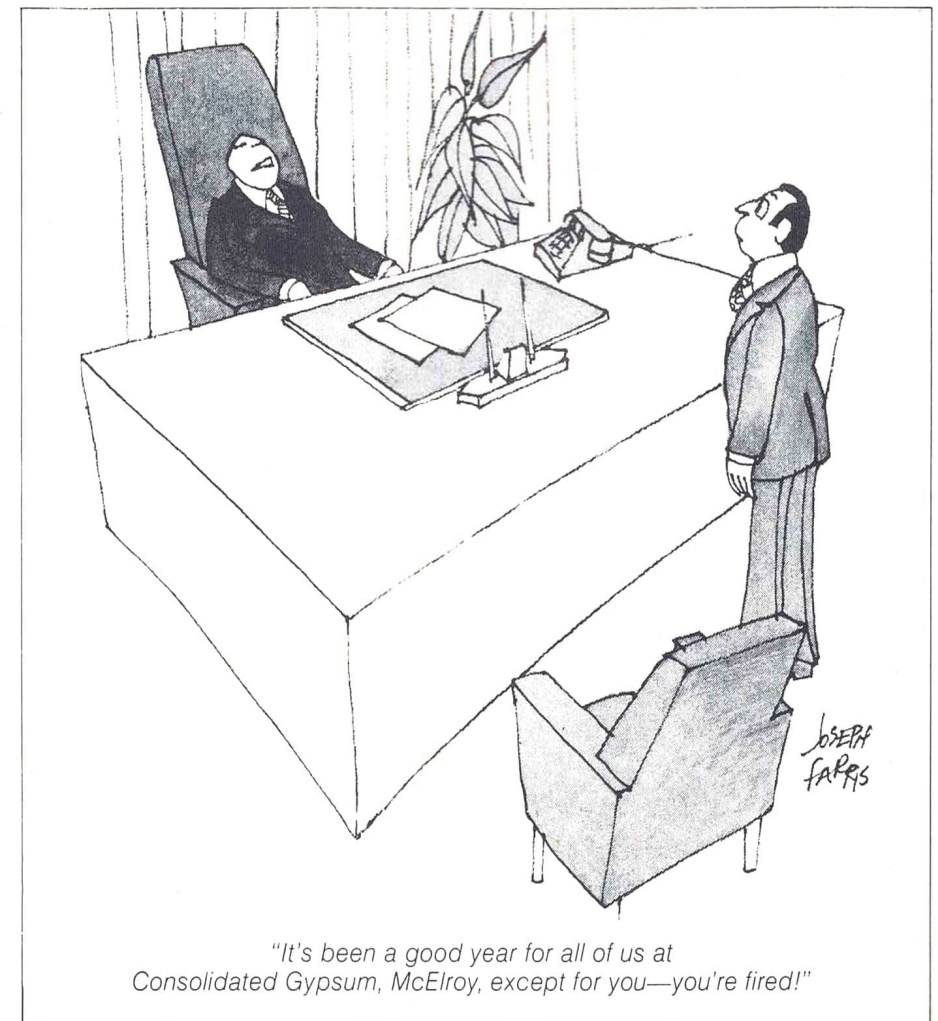
After the vasectomy, Lisa told me that I had to bring in a sperm specimen in a few weeks. I brought my sample to the office at the appointed time and gave it to her. She teased me about having filled up the jar. When she asked if I had needed any help, I told her that although my wife did assist me I was thinking of her all the time. She said it was too bad that she hadn't been able to lend me a hand. Then she winked at me and dumped the specimen into the garbage tin. "I guess you'll need some help now," she said.

Lisa led me into a room in the lab, closed the door and gave me a kiss that pierced me to the quick. That was all the encouragement I needed. After some intense petting, I pulled her uniform over her head. She unbuttoned my shirt and tore it off as she licked and kissed my

chest. I was so hard by this time that I was about to burst out of my pants, and it seemed like forever before she took them off. Once I was naked, Lisa gave my cock an admiring glance. "I see that your operation hasn't hurt your dick any," she said. "When I saw your cock the other day, I wondered what it would look like at full size, but I never imagined it would be this big!"

After grinding her pussy against my groin for a few minutes, Lisa pushed me on to an examining table. "I think it's time for some post-operative care," she whispered in my ear. Then she started sucking my cock, bobbing her head up and down at a furious pace. Her mouth was so wet and hot that I knew I couldn't last long. I told her that if she kept it up I would come too soon. "Is this how your wife got you to come?" she asked. I said it was, but that I'd returned the favor and I wanted to show her how.

I then stripped off Lisa's bra and panties and discovered the most beautiful pair of tits I've ever seen. They weren't big but they were firm, with small pink nipples that pointed upward. I had her lie down on the table and then I started kissing her nipples, rolling them between my tongue and the roof of my mouth. She moaned and pushed my head down to her muff. When my mouth was next to her pussy, she spread her legs wide and wrapped them around my head. I tongued her deeply,



"It's been a good year for all of us at Consolidated Gypsum, McElroy, except for you—you're fired!"

For the drivers in the Camel Trophy the toughest opposition won't be the other thirteen teams.



The Camel Trophy is a furious, off-road hell drive held annually in remote and exotic parts of the world.

And this year, for the first time in the trophy's eight-year history, the event is being staged in Australia.

In March, fourteen teams from fourteen countries will embark on an adventure that will take them three thousand kilometres across the roof of Australia. From Cairns to Darwin.

Another first this year, is that an Australian team will compete.

The Aussies will have one advantage only.

And that is knowing how rugged northern Queensland and the Northern Territory can be in the wet season.

But then, the Camel Trophy isn't a race.

Rather, it's a challenge – a test of skill, scored not on time, but on a point system that rewards the team that displays the greatest ingenuity in overcoming extreme and dangerous natural obstacles.

So much so that it is recognized internationally as a major off-road endurance event.

The spirit of the Camel Trophy is one of camaraderie, not competition.

For the participants, winning isn't the thing. It's tasting adventure.

And surviving.



Australia 1986

© 1985 R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Australia Inc. REYN 0119 P

FORUM

being careful not to touch her clit. After a few minutes of tasting her, I sucked her clit gently while I tenderly pinched her nipples. Lisa bucked like crazy and had a shattering orgasm.

When she recovered she told me to straddle her face. I did so, and she swallowed my cock and started giving me an incredible blow job. After a few glorious seconds, I lost control and finally let go. My entire body ached with pleasure. The more I shot the harder she sucked, until I had pumped everything in my balls down her throat.

Upon realising that we still didn't have a specimen, we both laughed. We made an appointment to meet at her place the next day so she could help me produce one, and ever since then she's been nursing me back to health. — *Name and address withheld*

Happy snaps

As an avid photographer, some recent photos I took of my beautiful wife had such an effect on her mother that she asked if I could take some of her before "the smile lines turned to wrinkles."

Well, mother-in-law (I'll call her Lyn) doesn't really have to worry about that problem for a while because she's living proof that life can begin at 40. She's cer-

tainly not as striking as her daughter, but still is a very well preserved petite blonde.

My wife and mother-in-law arranged an afternoon for me to shoot some photos of Lyn and when I arrived she was certainly done up in stunning fashion. We'd pretty well finished the portraits when my wife phoned to explain that she wouldn't be coming around as planned. Straight away Lyn asked if I could photograph her in the newly decorated main bedroom. In I followed obediently.

She got me to leave the room so she could put something sexy on, calling me back minutes later to show herself off in a skimpy negligee through which I could see crotchless panties. With my mouth wide open in shock, Lyn leapt on to the satin sheets, ordered me to stand open-legged above her and then as I clicked madly, she posed in a series of incredibly provocative positions, each revealing more of her approaching nakedness. Finally, totally nude, she began kneading her small boobs and caressing her pubic patch, while licking her lips and smiling sexily right into the camera lens.

We'd already both worked up a sweat when she sat up, undid my trousers and plonked my cock in her mouth. I was so worked up I just lay down and enjoyed it. Next she slid her pussy on to my rod and dropped the length of her hot tunnel with a gasp and a stifled guttural scream. She humped me frantically through several

climaxes and then collapsed breathless on to my chest as I too climaxed and went limp within her.

We agreed that if ever a completely safe moment happened again, the camera prop wouldn't be necessary for another encounter, and our respective spouses would never be the wiser. — *Name and address withheld*

Zipless traveller

Even though I am a young female, I am confident enough to travel alone. On this occasion, however, I was accompanied by a friend. She and her boyfriend met me at the airport and had made prior arrangements for another man to accompany me.

My date, Roy, was by no means a disappointment. He was handsome, with devastating eyes. The four of us visited several different nightclubs and consumed lots of alcohol. I sipped "ladies' drinks" and remained fairly sober. Roy wasted no time in propositioning me. He came directly to the point in letting me know he wanted and expected me to share his bed for the weekend. I was insulted by his brazenness and turned him down bluntly. He remained persistent in his pursuit, hoping to sweeten the deal. While tiring of this continual conversation, I quickly and single-handedly consumed an entire bottle of champagne.

Now, let me explain my love for champagne. A magical effect comes over me as I drink the ultimate aphrodisiac. It works as an electric current building in intensity from my breasts to my genitals.

I knew that I had to have Roy take me back to my hotel immediately, before he discovered my vulnerable condition. I became very curt with him so he would keep his distance.

Even in his drunken and drugged state, Roy managed to drive me back safely. Before I could close the door to my room, he was inside and was kissing me furiously. He pushed me on to the bed and pulled up my skirt. My mind was racing as he jerked off my panties and stockings in one single motion. Now my pussy was fully exposed and he gazed hungrily at my swollen ripeness. At the same moment Roy reached for his zipper, I reached for the phone. He was stunned as I asked for the police. Even in his delirium, he suddenly came back to reality and raced out of my room. I hung up the phone.

Naturally, the hotel was not about to ignore a call in the middle of the night from a distressed female. Two security guards were at my door within five minutes. When I saw them, I was overcome with emotion at what almost happened and threw my arms around the closest officer. He was very polite but business-like in his questioning. He consoled me briefly before they set out to search for Roy. Another ten minutes passed and there was another knock on the door. Fear went through me, as I thought Roy had returned. But to my surprise one of the security guards had

returned. I opened the door a little and he wordlessly pushed it open, stepped inside, and closed it gently behind him.

I stepped back and stared in curiosity as he lay down his walkie-talkie and removed his jacket. Still high from the champagne, I watched as he began unbuttoning his shirt. Somehow I had an extreme sense of safety and security with him in my room. He removed his shirt to reveal an incredible Adonis-like chest. "What are you doing?" I asked. He didn't answer but continued to undress. "I thought you were here to protect me," I said.

"I will protect you," he answered in a deep, masculine voice.

His next movements were almost dream-like in quality. I felt as if I were watching slow motion. He stood in front of me and unzipped his pants to uncover the biggest cock I've ever seen or even imagined. I must have gasped aloud, which brought a smile to his handsome face. I began licking my lips. At that very moment, he slowly moved forward until his cock was almost touching my lips. I felt as though we were engaged in some exotic dance. I enjoy cock-sucking immensely and ordinarily would have teased him unmercifully, but in his case I was uncontrollable.

He was openly pleased with my expertise, but I simply couldn't wait any longer. I had to feel that delicious cock inside of me. He continued to move patiently and gracefully, much like a lion moving in for the kill. Fear and excitement raced through my body as he hovered over me.

I held my breath as he entered. The anticipation itself almost made me come. I was still lusciously wet, and the large organ began its descent. The feeling was indescribable. He eased into me slowly, intensifying my pleasure. My long legs instinctively wrapped around his torso while my vaginal muscles went to work on him, causing him to moan aloud as I squeezed his large cock. He responded by pumping me harder and deeper, bringing forth multiple orgasms from me. I gyrated my hips against his manhood while gliding my fingers over his ample balls. Suddenly he was able to hold back no longer, and I could sense he was ready to come.

I cried out, "Don't come inside me," and he raised himself up, sending the come spurting out all over my abdomen, face, and breasts. It was a beautiful sight. The thought occurred to me briefly that I was receiving the fuck of my life from a security guard! Furthermore, I didn't even know his name. I vaguely remember his large hands lifting me easily into bed and drying me. He kissed me softly and was gone.

When I awoke the next morning I was inclined to think it was all a dream, if it hadn't been for the pleasurable ache between my legs. Then I noticed something written on the notepad by the phone. There was no message, just four distinct numbers, which I immediately realised was an extension number. I didn't have to guess



YOU COULD WIN THE FIRST PRIZE OF THE CAMEL TROPHY LAND ROVER 110 COUNTY valued at \$32,000!

This year's Camel Trophy will be a Hell Drive Test of Skill, but here's a chance to win a street version Land Rover 110 County valued at \$32,000 without even raising a sweat!

HERE'S ALL YOU DO. Answer the 3 questions and send your entry together with the pictures of the Camel from any two Camel packs.

The first entry drawn will Win the Land Rover 110 County fitted with a Roof Rack, Ladder, Bull Bar and Driving Lights. The vehicle will include all on-road costs.

The next 10 entries drawn will each win one of the exclusive Camel Trophy Leather Jackets valued at \$300 each.

Conditions of Entry. 1. Closing date 30/4/86. The Draw will take place at R. J. Reynolds, Sydney at 10am on 5/5/86. Winners will be announced in the Australian on the 16/5/86. 2. This competition is open to persons over the age of 18 years. 3. The First Prize of a Land Rover 110 County cannot be transferred for cash. 4. Employees or Relatives of R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Australia Inc., their Agencies and Subsidiary Companies are

ineligible to enter. 5. This competition is not valid in South Australia. 6. The Judges decision is final and entry to this competition shall be deemed to be an acknowledgement of the above terms and conditions. The Promoter is R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Australia Inc.



Post to: CAMEL TROPHY, C/o Purchase Point, P.O. Box 14, NORTH SYDNEY, NSW 2060. Please send me information about the Land Rover 110 County ☐

THE QUESTIONS:

Q1. Where will the 1986 Camel Trophy Start and Finish?

A. _____

Q2. How many Pyramids on a Camel Pack?

A. _____

Q3. What is the blend of tobacco in a Camel Cigarette?

A. _____

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

Chest Size _____

Age _____

I declare I am over the age of eighteen years. (It is a criminal offence to attempt to obtain goods on the basis of a false declaration.)

Signature _____

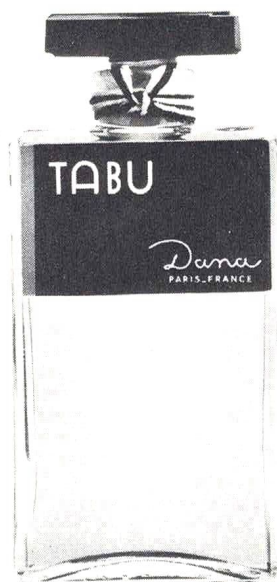
TC85/2774 (NSW) TP85/641 (ACT) TC85/1186 RBPB ISSUED ON 3/12/85 (VIC) APPROVED BY THE N.T. RACING & GAMING COMMISSION DARWIN 3/12/85.

REYN0114





Tabu . . . an embrace that lives forever in a fragrance.



The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

where it led. I couldn't stop smiling for two reasons: not only was my "zipless fuck" true to life, but I still had another night in that glorious hotel! — *M.C., Neutral Bay, NSW*

A madam to flutter by

When my friend told me I could have the most thrilling experience of my life printed in your magazine, I jumped at the chance.

I'm a sailor and this happened to me when I was in Japan. After a hard day's work, I liked to get away from it all and head for my favorite club, which happened to be a disco in Tokyo.

So here I am in the club, sitting on a platform looking down at the band. I'm the type that likes to play it cool and let the ladies give me a sign, but I couldn't take my eyes off this beautiful creature sitting on a stool at the bar. She was tall for a Japanese woman. She had long, silky black hair, which fell over her shoulders and sexy eyes that seemed to melt me when she caught me staring at her. As she picked up her glass, I saw she had long black-painted fingernails that I could imagine just lightly clawing down my back. She wore a black leather skirt that had a slit down the side and clung to her body. She had her legs crossed in a way that exposed her thighs to me. She was so captivating that I damn near burned my fingers with a cigarette I forgot I'd lit.

Just as I was about to make my way over to her, a hand landed on my shoulder. I turned to see a short Japanese man, who was about to get a very quick brush-off. I wasn't going to let anything stop me from finding out this woman's name and game. He had a funny smile on his face that made me feel unsure, though, as he said, "*Genki desuka*," which means "How are you?" in Japanese. I answered by nodding my head and broke his grip. He told me his name was Maskima, and then he pointed to the fine lady I had been eyeballing. He asked me if I liked her and I said I liked her very much. I figured he'd been watching me.

He then said, "She's my wife." I said to myself, maybe this guy is just messing with my head. Then he started pulling me over to her. She watched us as we came toward her, looking very pleased. He spoke some Japanese to her and she smiled at me and grabbed my hand. She said her name was Kemiko. I told her my name was Kenny and then we were both nearly dragged to the dance floor by her husband, who wanted me to dance with them. I said to myself, I'll do anything to dance with this lady. After a couple of records, he left the floor as a slow tune came on. What in the world he did that for, I'll never know. She clung so tightly to me that my cock damn near tore through my clothes. I know she felt my hard-on, because she was moaning

like a cat in heat. As we danced, I saw Maskima looking at us and clapping his hands. They were sure going for it, so I wasn't going to be shy. I put one hand around her back and the other on her arse. She only held me tighter. She smelled like everything beautiful put together. I thought, "Wow. I've got to fuck his girl. But how?"

After the record ended, she broke away very quickly and headed toward her husband as if she knew I was about to come in my pants. One thing I learned very quickly was that she didn't speak a bit of English. He asked me if I would make a love movie with her and I said yeah before he could even finish his sentence. She tilted her head as if she didn't understand. I thought this guy was just teasing me. He said something to her in Japanese and she smiled, then walked away. Then Maskima said, "Let's go." I couldn't believe what was going down but I wasn't going to be a fool and miss out.

When we got outside, he pointed to a silver Rolls Royce. I almost fainted when I saw him join his wife in the back seat of it. I had always dreamed of riding in one of those cars. We drove to a big hotel.

We entered the lobby together, but she took off toward the stairs, and he asked me to take the elevator with him. Now I began to worry. He took me to a huge suite of rooms and asked me to please take a shower. I figured if he wanted to bump me off, he didn't have to bring me to such luxurious surroundings to do it.

When I finished my shower, he was there to wrap me in a bright silk robe. He pointed to a room with a strange pink light coming from it. In it was a round pink bed, a bar where he fixed two Johnny Walker Blacks, and about 40 colored pillows thrown everywhere. I will never forget the drinks he fixed. They were in mugs big enough for King Kong. I said to myself, if this guy really wants me to fuck, he'd better let me do it before I drink this. But he demanded that I drink it all first. Then he handed me an envelope with 40,000 yen in it, which is equal to about \$200. Then he clapped his hands and his wife appeared, dressed in a pink kimono. She matched the room perfectly. Then a bright light shone in my eyes. It was her husband setting up his movie camera. I was ripped to the max now. I didn't care what time it was, where I was or what he was doing.

When she started undressing, I didn't have any problem getting a hard-on. She didn't have small tits like most Japanese women. She had big pointy ones and she kept twisting her nipples and moaning in a very sexy way. As she got closer, I dropped my robe. I didn't care if he wanted a good acting job, I wasn't acting. In the bright light I could see that she had hairy legs. I don't know about most men, but a hairy woman *turns me on*. She didn't look at me once until she was lying on her back, spread out in the centre of the bed, with nothing on but a pink G-string. Her long

silky hair had fanned out all over the bed. She pulled her legs up, and that's when it hit me. Some kind of animal got into me as I looked at the hairs coming from behind the G-string and I went totally wild. I untied the bows on her G-string and pulled it off so fast it made her twitch. I placed one hand on each of her cheeks and spread her wide. She pulled her legs higher, so her knees were touching the sides of her head. My face was about an inch from her wet pink pussy. I never believed in oral sex. Where I come from, if you do that, you're nasty. But when I smelled the sweetness of her love nest, I stuck my tongue deep inside her pussy and ended my oral virginity. I was so deep in her, my lips covered her entire pussy. She screamed with pleasure. Her husband, who I had forgotten about, was saying, "More! More!"

He didn't have to say it. She was going to get it anyway. She ran her fingers through my hair as I sucked on her pussy with all my might. I licked her cunt as if it was the last food on earth. She was rolling her hips from side to side but I rolled right in rhythm with her. Then she came. As her body stiffened, I came up for air. I sucked her tits softly as I trailed my fingers through her long black hair. Then I ran my tongue up and down her thighs, back and neck.

I couldn't stand it any more. I had to get my cock inside this woman. She spread her legs wide, and I locked my elbows around her knees and brought her legs up to her chest. My knees were even with her waist, and my cock was as hard as a dill pickle. As I entered this sweet woman's hole, her pussy was as tight and warm as a heating pad around my pole, and very tender and soft.

At first I kept pulling my cock out. I always tease women like this. Then, when I knew she didn't expect it, with a long slow stroke, I pushed until my whole nine-inch cock was inside her. I was so far into this fine piece of arse that I felt her pussy kiss my balls. She wrapped her legs around my back and dug her toes into my arse. I could feel the hair on her legs rubbing on my back and this really turned me on. We both started to sweat a lot from the heat of the camera light. I placed her arms further up my back and fucked hard.

I started grinding harder as she dug her long black nails into my back. That's when she began breathing heavily and moving her beautiful hips. I matched my rhythm with hers and placed my hands under her arse cheeks. I was now moving at full speed. Her husband must have sensed that I was ready to come, because he yelled, "Don't come! Don't come in her!" Man, I tell you this: there is nothing in the world that could have slowed me down at that point. She started moaning and coming as she dug her heels and nails into my skin.

I felt a shock as her husband smacked me hard across my arse. Right after that

I busted a load that could have filled a Coke bottle. He had to literally tear me off his lovely wife. He was mad as hell that I had come in her, but I don't think she was. I don't know if it was the place I was in, that drink he fixed me, the fact that I was being paid to lay her, or her being so beautiful that opened me up to oral sex. All I know is that I came like a popped champagne bottle, and I'm sold on eating pussy for good. — *Name and address withheld*

Hitchhiker's guide

At my wife's encouragement, I am writing to you for the first time. We both read *Penthouse* and are often aroused by its sizzling photographs and candid commentary. Jean, my wife, feels that other couples may receive as great a pleasure from reading about our unusual experience as we get from reading about theirs.

To begin our story, I should tell you that we live in a rural area which borders a university community. As we were driving down the highway last week, we spotted a clean-cut young man who was hitchhiking along the embankment. Although it was a sunny day, he was holding a black umbrella over his head — and was stark naked.

I remembered my days as a student and assumed he was undergoing some initiation ritual. With Jean's okay, I stopped the car to offer the young man a ride. He scampered into the backseat and thanked us

profusely. As it turned out, he was indeed an inductee of a club and had been stripped and stranded along the roadside by his cohorts.

Driving towards town, I could see that my wife was glancing in the rearview mirror. Jean told the hitchhiker that he had a well-developed body, then mentioned something about the heft of his penis. Mitch (I'll call him) laughed nervously and said he had nothing to hide.

Jean nudged me and pointed to the wet spot that made a circle on the front of her tight white jeans. Her perky tits were threatening to burst from her low-cut blouse and she was batting her big blue eyes.

I recognised the code. This was her way of letting me know that she was ready for the three-way that we had often imagined as a fantasy. Glancing over my shoulder, I could see that the time was ripe with opportunity. Our hitchhiker was eyeing my wife's soft shoulders while battling a first-class boner.

To test the water, I suggested that we make a detour back to our house so that Mitch could borrow a pair of my slacks before he had to trudge across campus. Everyone agreed that this was a good idea, so I made a U-turn and headed toward home. As I pulled into the driveway, I could see why Jean was so turned on. Our "find" was featuring a formidable erection which seemed to be wavering toward my wife! The idea of another man showing his



FORUM

desire for Jean in this sort of way caused me to want Jean's pussy all the more.

When we got into the living room, my wife perched on the edge of our lounge and crooked a finger toward our guest. Strutting like a peacock, the young man walked toward her. I quickly stripped for action while my peter-powered passion drove me toward the duo. Dropping to my knees, I helped Jean out of her pants. What awaited me was her moist, warm love nest — and I was eager to taste its sweet juices. I dipped my head between her outspread thighs, then sniffed her fragrant odor. As I licked the tender lips of Jean's steamy snatch, I could hear her slurping on the hitchhiker's cock.

This spurred me to a new peak of lust and passion. I straddled Jean's lap and plunged into her moist warmth. My rhythm was slow — the way she likes it best — but I could feel that my need was growing greater with each deep, probing stroke. Jean must have sensed this, too, because she pushed me away from her delicious honey pot. Saying that she wanted a sample of our friend's fat meat, she guided him into her gaping slit. While Mitch took his turn at ploughing her clean-shaven mound, Jean twirled the tip of her tongue across the slit of my swollen cock head. Watching her tease me this way nearly caused

me to spill my wad.

Begging to suck Mitch's cock some more, she coaxed the young man to her side. Not to be left out of the action, I rerouted my dick toward her twitching hole.

Mitch's hefty member had loosened Jean's usual tightness. Nonetheless, I could feel her hidden muscles grabbing at my shaft and milking the sap from my swollen sack. I was teetering on the brink, yet I managed to please her for a few minutes longer. She was eagerly lapping her own love nectar from Mitch's straining organ, and I was curious to see if she would drain his nuts with her voluptuous lips.

I found out soon enough. The young man fixed his stare on Jean's plugged pussy, then let go a low moan. A thick load of pecker snot spewed across her mouth. As she licked her lips, her fleshy folds of womanhood clasped my pride and joy. There was no holding back. I lunged deeply into her sweet pussy and filled her with my cream.

Jean wrapped her legs around my waist and squealed. Her frantic cries signalled that she had known a pleasure as great as we men had received from her. Grabbing Mitch's half-hard tool with her free hand, she gasped for breath as she pleaded for yet another screwing.

Still charged with youthful energy, he mounted her from behind and fucked her dog-style while I sat back to watch. By the

time Mitch had had his fill of my wife's insatiable snatch, I was ready to go at it again. Needless to say, Jean did not protest.

The three of us fucked for five hours that evening. When everyone had finally collapsed from exhaustion, Jean suggested that perhaps we should pull ourselves together and drive Mitch back to campus. I gave him a T-shirt and an old pair of jeans. My wife, in turn, gave him our phone number and an invitation to call whenever he wanted to play with us again.

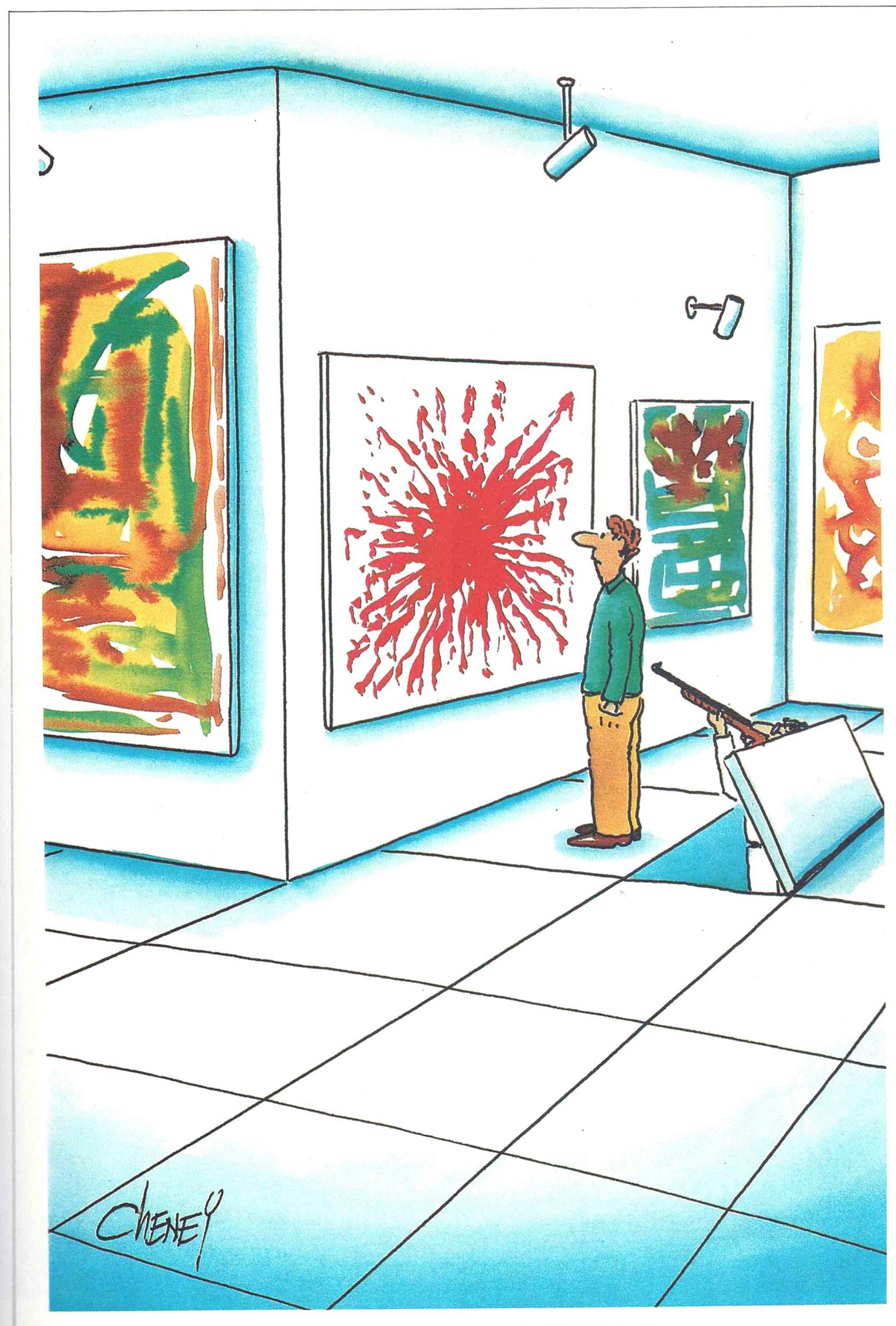
We have already arranged to get together with Mitch and his steady girl next weekend. I am looking forward to sampling what he describes as "the tightest little squeeze-box in town." Jean, too, has expressed an interest in tasting this young woman's goodies. While I've never watched my wife make love to another woman, the idea seems very exciting. If things turn out as we hope, it should be a very interesting gathering. — *Name and address withheld*

Power boating

One Friday evening I was sipping a cold one at the bar when I noticed an unattached brunette sitting nearby. Even though my luck had recently been poor, I decided to give her a shot. We began talking and one thing led to another, finally culminating in an invitation to go boating with her the following morning.

Once we were out on the lake, I realised how much pleasure she was deriving from the high speed and the bouncing of the boat upon the water. I took a turn at the wheel. While I was cruising along feeling the power of the boat, I noticed she had moved toward the stern. I turned around, and much to my surprise and delight, she was sitting on the warm engine cover, obviously obtaining incredible pleasure from the vibration of the huge motor. Becoming even more aroused, I asked for help with my throttle. She came to me willingly and knelt under the steering wheel, where she shifted my stick and kissed it gently. She took my pulsating organ into her mouth as I increased the speed, the boat jumping swiftly over the water. I asked her to take off her clothes and climb on board. She quickly removed her halter and shorts and straddled my thighs. My pole had no trouble finding its way as it slipped easily into her hot, juicy box. I pushed the throttle down, and once again we vibrated to the beat of the bouncing boat. I could hear little screams of delight coming from her throat. Finally, at 4000 revs, we both had thundering climaxes. I then pulled back on the throttle, and we drifted in each other's arms.

My boating partner, whom I will call Cheryl, explained to me later that she had discovered "boat fucking" more than a year ago and thought it was the finest way to have sex. I tend to agree. — *Name and address withheld* ○✚

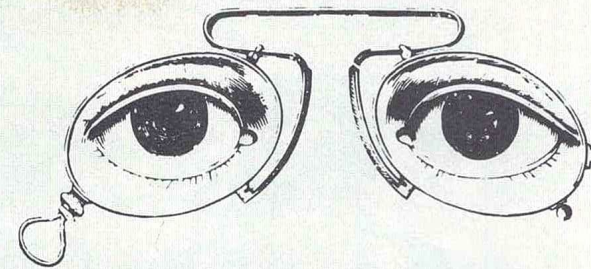


'Glenfiddich means 'Valley of the Deer' in Gaelic.



NO HIGHLAND MALT IS MORE DISTINCTIVE,
NO TASTE MORE REFINED
AND NO SCOTCH MORE DISTINGUISHED.

Distilled in hand beaten copper pot stills by the same family for five generations.
Glenfiddich is the world's most acclaimed single malt. Glenfiddich. Savour the moment.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

KIWIS AND CONSCIENCE MONEY

BY FRANK ROBSON

A friend of mine is considering moving to Auckland because she thinks New Zealanders are better people than Australians. I've told her it isn't so, but there's a lot of circumstantial evidence to support her theory. It began accumulating when NZ dumped the fiery Piggy Muldoon and became the Land of the Lange White Cloud. First came the ban on nuclear vessels, then the Kiwis' world-beating (on a per capita basis) contribution to Bob Geldof's Live Aid Concert and, most recently, the little country's heroic stance against those sneaky Machiavellian farts, the French.

Among idealistic Australians, European disarmament campaigners and those with a nose for fashion, New Zealanders are now seen as a nation of tall, ungainly saints. Even in crime — as when a burglar fled from a raid on the Prime Minister's home on a tiny bicycle owned by David Lange's son — the Kiwi appears modest, unassuming, charmingly frugal. (When Susan Sangster married NZ merchant banker Frank Renouf, Australian TV reporters spoke admiringly of the fact that his beach house was constructed partly of fibro. Asked what characteristics Susan would adopt as his wife, Renouf — the consummate Kiwi — nominated modesty and thrift. Good luck, Frank.)

As an expatriate Enzedder, it would be in my best interests not to question this shining new image: just the other night I met a wandering fellow-countryman who gave a rapturous account of being bedded in Paris by a succession of beautiful, guilty women. "They kept on and on about how decent New Zealanders were," he said, "and how lacking in a sense of national conscience they were. It was as though they thought what I had might rub off on them. I don't really follow politics, but Jesus I had a good time!"

I'll be about as popular as P.W. Botha for saying so, but that confession reveals the true nature of New Zealanders. We're opportunists: from the 25-stone Maori who raffles the same snapper under Glad Wrap for three weeks in various Bondi pubs (because no-one is game to ask why it's never won) through the engaging, self-indulgent PM who cannot resist the effect of his oratory on a crowd ("We have a moratorium on whaling now," he told a recent press conference, "so I can swim undisturbed") to the treacherous author of this column, who trades such well-kept national secrets for petty financial gain.

Hearing already the gasps of outraged idealists, I have one

question: when was the last time you met, in Australia, a New Zealander who possessed that pristine sense of morality now attributed to the entire race?

Well... I'm waiting. *One* name will do. No? Just as I thought — you can't. (And don't bother writing in *after* this is published: you had your chance.)

While a saintly image is convenient at home (and in Paris) most New Zealanders who cross the Tasman quickly discard it in favor of frenzied materialism, piling up cash and goodies. Then, flax kits groaning with booty, they hightail it home complaining that Australians are pleasure-crazed, amoral swine with no sense of allegiance to what is fashionably called the Global Village.

It's really all so unnecessary. I mean, Kiwis don't have to compromise their ethics with these unseemly foraging raids. For the first time in its history, New Zealand is ideally placed to launch an industry of its own — one that would generate oodles of money and simultaneously enhance Kiwis' role as the Albert Schweitzers of the Pacific.

Naturally, I'm talking about the conscience industry.

It would involve the mass production of a miniature, portable conscience (a device to be fitted inside the ear very much like a hearing aid) employing computer technology to provide the user with laudable responses to every moral dilemma facing our planet.

Imagine the *demand* for such a thing!

It wouldn't so much whisper in ears as control actual thought-patterns, so that no matter how simplistic or trite a response might sound to others,

it would remain gloriously heartfelt. Australians, heroin dealers, mercenaries, South African politicians and Hollywood producers would flood in to have an NZ-made conscience fitted and tuned. Once the gadget was in place, the customer would pay whatever his new conscience dictated — and believe me, that would be heaps!

Tuning a conscience might involve a series of questions along these lines:

Conscience technician: "What's the worst problem in the world?"

Australian customer: "Regaining the Ashes." (Technician makes adjustments, repeats question.)

Customer: "Finding uncut coke." (More adjustments.)

Customer: "The proliferation of nuclear weapons."

Technician: "Next please."

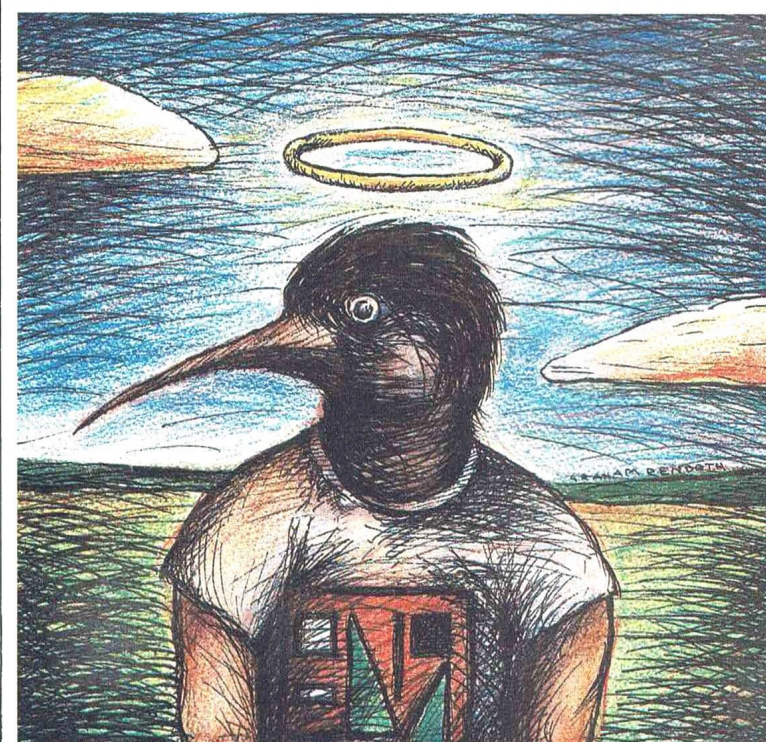
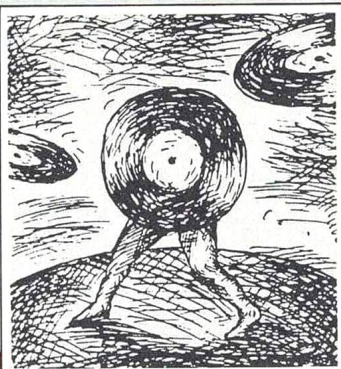


Illustration by Graham Rendall



Sydney songwriter and DJ James Griffin is notable not only for his ability to recite the entire works of Banjo Patterson but also as leader of several ensembles based around his heavily prosed-style tales of urban angst. His Agents relied on a modern mechanical beat but more recently he has let his folk-rock roots grow out, performing with the everchanging **Subterraneans**. *The Immigrant Tango* (Chase) sees one of the more frequent lineups giving suitable treatment to a brace of his best. For a while the Subterraneans performed all of Bob Dylan's *Highway 61 Revisited*, which should indicate Griffin's preferred vocal style — although the anti-upward-inflection tablets have obviously worked and he respects vowels more than Richard Clapton.

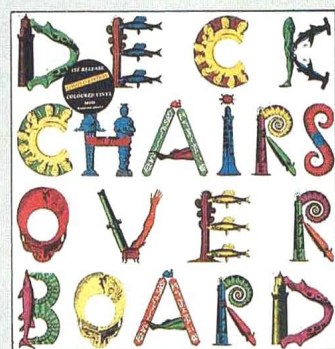
INXS may *Listen Like Thieves* (WEA), but what they give back always has their distinctive stamp. *The Swing* was very obviously a mulled over, studio exercise. This time they took the same care in the studio but have achieved a punchy guitar-based collection of songs that will have no problems reaching the back seats of the large arenas they can now fill.

Where **INXS** deserve an award for perseverance, **Pseudo Echo** deserve one for lowering the average age of performing musicians in this country. After a tireless touring schedule they were forced to find a new keyboard player and picked up 16-year-old James Leigh. Most of *Love An Adventure* (EMI) was written by Leigh and lead singer Brian Canham, who must surely have picked up his doctorate from the Midge Ure Academy of Vocal Styling by now. The band have avoided much of the tacky textural filigree of *Autumnal Park* and have obviously been doing their songwriting homework.

There have been several **Deckchairs Overboard** in the three years since their hard-won debut EP. The two original bits of cruise furniture that have survived the

SOUNDS

HEALTHY VOWEL MOVEMENTS



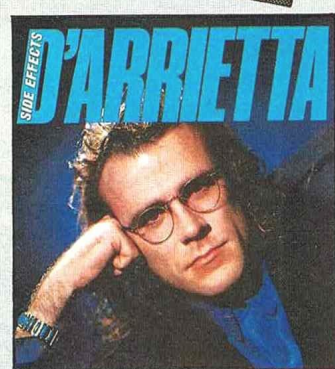
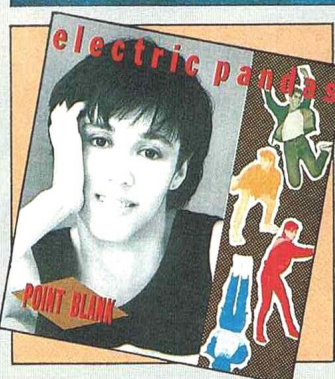
stormy passage to their first album are songwriter John Clifforth and bassist Cathy McQuade. The current mood of *Deckchairs Overboard* (Regular) is in line with the pared-down pop of "Walking In The Dark", and there are more shades of Elvis Presley and the Beatles than the compressed guitar funk of "That's The Way."

The Electric Pandas have also been completely refleshed since an exuberant start. Producer Charles Fisher helped reconstruct them around Lin Buckfield for the debut *Point Blank* (Regular) shot at the charts. Buckfield's tribute to "Big Girls" is included, as is "Let's Gamble." The snappy guitar-based pop slows only occasionally, notably for "Missing Me" where Buckfield wails like an adolescent Joan Armatrading.

Stewart D'Arrietta doesn't show any terminal *Side Effects* (Polygram) from his past life as wine-bar ivory tinkler. He has penned an album of gentle pop leanings, pinned down by drum machines with keyboards and many percussive overdubs. "Man In Love" was deemed the obvious single but tracks like "Living On The River" successfully go further.

Jazz fans have real reason for joy with the local release of the famous Blue Note catalogue by EMI. The double sampler *The Best Of Blue Note* (Blue Note) is only the tip of the iceberg of some classic

Jazz's best show their talents on *The Best Of Blue Note*



music from the Fifties and early Sixties by the likes of **Miles Davis**, **John Coltrane**, **Thelonious Monk** and **Herbie Hancock** before most moved on to larger labels later in their careers. More music from an earlier era — the Twenties and Thirties — has also been scrubbed up for modern turntables. *Fats Waller 1927-34* (ABC) and *Jelly Roll Morton 1926-34* (ABC) are the latest in Robert Parker's triumphant series *Jazz Classics In Dig-*

ital Stereo. Also from the bowels of Aunty comes the music to the TV series *Sweat Of The Sun/Tears Of The Moon* (ABC) recorded partly on location in South America and partly by some expatriate musicians gathered in Sydney under the banner **Chichitote**.

With songs like "The Love Parade", **Dream Academy** (WEA) could subtitle themselves the Pappas and the Mama: breathy, soaring vocals, "dedicated to the one I love", over string washes with solo reeds, cello, acoustic guitar and occasional judicious timpani. The lyrics aren't all sweetness and light and the rhythms heat up sometimes, especially on "Bound To Be."

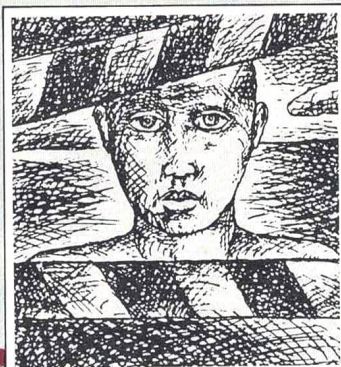
Albums by **Kate Bush** are never less than listenable. On *Hounds Of Love* (EMI) she sings in her characteristic wide-eyed, slightly amazed, style. You can almost hear her little feet pitter patter around her dance studio as she constructs her own mythology.

Shriekback have a new batch of *Oil And Gold* (Arista) for discerning ears. Songs to them are a collection of layered sounds with the vocals just the outer crust. The chanted vocals often have the feeling of murmured asides, and they win a word of mouth award for cramming "parthogenesis" into the chorus of "Nemesis." — *Jeremy Cook*



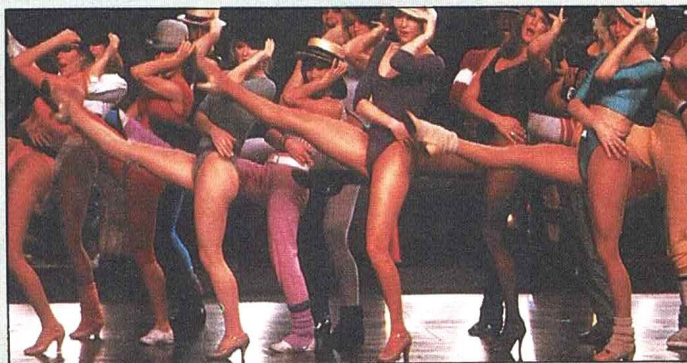
To really enjoy your next cigarette, roll tobacco.

DRUM.
THE WORLD'S FINEST BLEND OF
TOBACCOS. ALSO AVAILABLE IN
DRUM MILD.



FILM

DOWN THERE FOR DANCIN'



A Chorus Line fronts on screen; Ballet/tap brilliance in White Nights



Making a Broadway no-expense-spared production about the hard road into the cast of a Broadway no-expense-spared production might well be considered a little neurotic — but what about a film of the stage show about a stage show? It's a recipe for unadulterated corn, and that's just what **A Chorus Line** delivers.

If you've seen the stage show, you'll probably be disappointed that the essential live energy is missing from the film version. If you haven't, you may well be mystified as to how this exercise in Big Apple wank ever became the most successful show in Broadway history. It reeks of bleeding hearts; dancers vie for a place in the chorus line by seemingly outdoing each other in mawkish monologues. Even Sir Richard Attenborough's direction can't make a film out of one set.

Meryl Streep's latest release, **Plenty**, offers plenty of food for thought. In it she plays the part of an English rose who works for the Secret Service in France during

WWII. The story concentrates on her efforts to recapture the thrill and spontaneity of that time in her later life, through affairs, marriage, her career and friends — very much a biography of the character to the bitter end.

Fred Schepisi's direction is impeccable, the dialogue is incisive and witty, the acting of Charles Dance, Tracey Ullman, John Gielgud, Sam Neill, and of course Streep, is entrancing.

But frankly, it's a film without much to say at all. Though carried by Streep and the repartee, it has a profoundly unsatisfying ending. The question remains: with all its talent and extravagance, what's the point? — *Graeme Sims*

Since his debut with the acclaimed **Duellists**, British director Ridley Scott has carved himself a niche in the film world as a visual stylist par excellence. His follow-up works, **Alien** and **Blade Runner**, proved equally striking and innovative and both made an impressive showing at the box office. Scott's latest multi-million dollar effort **Legend**, however, lacks the stuff to emulate the success of the others.

Legend is indeed visually superb, tapping into a rich fantasy world of fairy princesses, goblins, elves, unicorns, will-o'-the-wisps and Lords Of Darkness a la **Lord Of The Rings**. Its cast, too, promises a better film — including the talents of Tom Cruise, Tim Curry, David Bennent (star of the mighty **Tin Drum**) and an exquisite newcomer, 16-year-old Mia Sara.

But screenplay and editing prove to be the flies in the ointment, for the storyline of **Legend** lurches and bumps along, diving headlong into early climactic scenes then dragging tediously and sometimes inexplicably towards an unsatisfying conclusion. Author William Hjortsberg labored three years through 15 script revisions to hone his screenplay. Maybe he should have tried a bit harder. — *C.J. Mackay*

Up here for thinkin', down there for dancin'; it's an adage that implies a lot, but nothing more obvious than urging us to avoid confusing these two simple functions. But if it's a wisdom, then dancers are considered a pretty ignorant bunch, in Hollywood's eyes. For in **White Nights** and **A Chorus Line** there is heaps of dancing — but even more thinking and talking about it.

Films based on dancing-life, the **Fevers** and **Flashdances** etc, are traditionally padded out with insipid plots, but these latest treatments seem xenophobic exercises in American auto-fellatio.

In **White Nights**, the genius of Mikhail Baryshnikov is given an indulgent treatment — and why not? This dancer/gymnast/superman is rivetting in action. In this, his first major acting role, he plays roughly himself: a defector from the USSR, now the toast of the dancing world. However after a plane crash, he finds himself behind the border of his homeland, where he is considered a criminal.

The Ruskies expect a little more of him than pick-wielding prowess in the salt mines, and so they launch into their "standard process" of emotional and psychological blackmail. For this they employ, ironically enough, an American defector to the USSR, a negro tapdancer (Gregory Hines)

Streep with gun; and with Sam Neill — from Schepisi's **Plenty**



LE MUSÉE DE WATERLOO PRESENTS THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO CHESS SET



This handsome pewter chessboard and fitted presentation case will be provided at no extra charge, as part of the set.

Richly detailed portrait sculptures honouring the heroes of history's greatest battle — in solid pewter, solid brass and fine enamels.

An heirloom chess set to be enjoyed for generations.
Created by the world famous craftsmen of The Franklin Mint.

Available only by direct subscription.

Please enter your subscription
by 31st March, 1986.

Le Musée de Waterloo is proud to announce that it is about to issue its own Battle of Waterloo Chess Set. A dramatic tribute to the heroes of both the Allies and the French in the fierce battle that many consider the most decisive ever fought. And a work all the more intriguing because the playing pieces include richly detailed, three dimensional portraits of the great generals of the two sides.

Each of the thirty-two pieces in this extraordinary chess set will portray a different figure — a general or, in the case of the pawns, an ordinary fighting man from one of the units that covered itself in glory at Waterloo. And the scrupulous historical authenticity of each portrait

sculpture is assured, for each piece has been created for Le Musée de Waterloo by Philip J. Haythornthwaite, who is one of the foremost living authorities on nineteenth century military history.

The complete set is a masterpiece of precision and artistry. A powerful and endlessly fascinating tribute to the gallant warriors of Waterloo.

Every sculpture, moreover, is rich with authentic detail. Indeed, every nuance of facial expression, uniform and weaponry — right down to the buttons, braiding, sabres and muskets — is depicted with uncompromising accuracy.

The handsomely crafted pewter playing board also serves as the cover for the case which houses all 32 playing pieces.

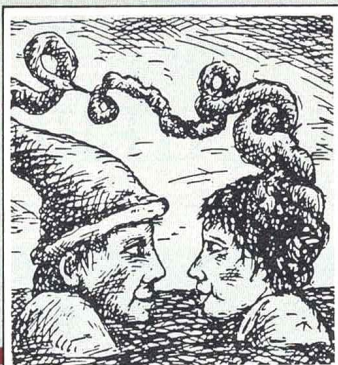
The Battle of Waterloo Chess Set may be obtained *only* by direct subscription, and there is a limit of one set per collec-



Figures shown approximately actual size of 5 cm in height.

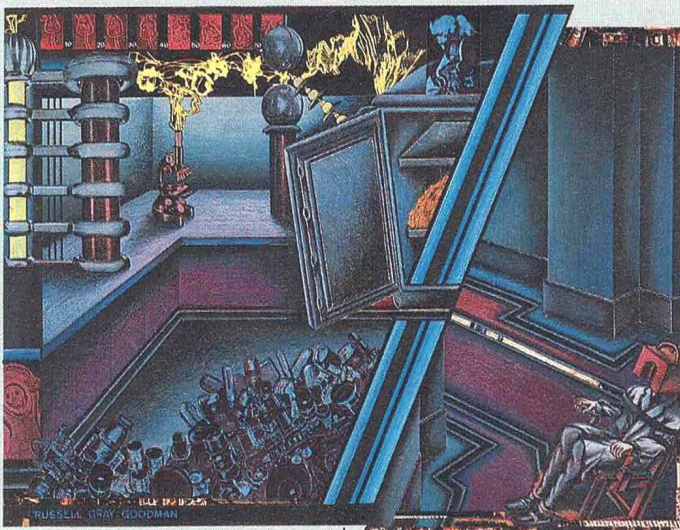
tor. The chessmen will be issued to you at the very attractive price of \$27.50 each (subject only to any changes in duty or sales tax rates). As a subscriber, you will receive two sculptured pieces every other month. You will, however, be billed for only *one* chessman at a time. You will also be given the option to complete your set earlier, if you wish — but you will be under no obligation to do so.

To acquire The Battle of Waterloo Chess Set, no advance payment is required. But please note that the Subscription Application Form herewith should be returned postmarked by 31st March, 1986.



SEX

THE AIDS COVER-UP



Everyone's an expert on AIDS, or at least they should be given the saturation media coverage the disease has enjoyed. And each time a new AIDS story grabs the headlines the media reports essentially the same messages: AIDS is incurable and invariably fatal; its victims are homosexual men, drug abusers and haemophiliacs; and it can be passed through sexual contact, contaminated hypodermic needles, blood, and from infected mothers to their newborn.

Everyone should also be aware that in various government sponsored programs millions of dollars are being spent in a fervent search for a miracle drug to wipe out the viruses scientists suspect cause the disease. What virtually no-one is aware of is that in Los Altos, California, a renowned orthopaedic surgeon by the name of Dr Robert Cathcart is implementing an alternative treatment for AIDS with remarkable success.

Cathcart is working on methods to boost the body's natural immune system by using massive doses of Vitamin C. His results, if given proper consideration by the larger world of medicine, could have revolutionary consequences.

There is already considerable evidence that vitamin C plays an essential role in the efficient working of the immune system. Nearly ten years ago, it was found that people with a high intake of vitamin C manufacture more antibody molecules. There is also evidence that vitamin C enhances the action of prostaglandin, a hormone-like substance found in blood platelets that boosts the infection fighters known as T-lymphocytes and increases production of interferon, a body chemical that interferes with viral proliferation.

"When this AIDS thing came along, I thought, rather than use immune-suppressive drugs on an immune-suppressive disease, I would try to protect the immune system from the toxicity of the AIDS virus," says Cathcart. "I

started giving massive doses of vitamin C to AIDS patients. I used it intravenously, and the effect was amazing. The lesions on the skin start to fade out right in front of your eyes. I tried to convert these patients to oral forms. Most of them would do fine if they could tolerate the massive doses of vitamin C."

Cathcart has treated about 50 AIDS patients, and 30 of them are still alive. All of them have taken oral doses of vitamin C, sometimes exceeding 120 grams per day.

"The whole program is to use whatever doses of C it takes to neutralise the toxicity of the disease and prevent acute and chronically induced scurvy from occurring," explains Cathcart.

One of Dr Cathcart's patients, who wishes to be known as Stu, counsels other AIDS victims. Diagnosed in early 1982, Stu immediately took up the vitamin C regime.

"I figured I had nothing to lose," he recounts. "I started taking huge doses of vitamin C and I was feeling great. I gained about 15 pounds, my immune system started getting back to normal . . . I didn't even get sick."

"I started to get phone calls from

AIDS victims asking what I'd done and how I was doing. The first half hour of the conversation was usually spent convincing them that they're not going to die. The minute they were diagnosed with AIDS, their doctor told them they were going to die in six months. Probably the best thing to do is get them to stay away from their doctor.

"A couple of people I know who were taking high doses of vitamin C were told by their doctor, 'Oh, you'll get kidney stones, you can't do this. This is the worst thing for you.' They'd stop taking the vitamin C and within about a month, they're getting lesions again. If they went back on the high dose of C, the lesions would stop, and they'd feel better. The lymph nodes would start to go down and they'd be healthy people."

Stu has enjoyed four birthdays since his first bout with the virus. He routinely takes 15 to 10 grams of vitamin C daily, and increases the dose when he senses his body needs extra support.

Under the traditional treatments, the life expectancy of the average AIDS victim is eight to ten months after the disease is diagnosed. As

Stu tried to publicise his successful control of AIDS, he encountered surprising resistance from that part of the medical community supposedly dedicated to alleviating the disease.

The fact is that the successful use of vitamin C against AIDS — and cancer for that matter — represents a threat to medicine's vested interests. The race to discover a special drug will grant someone the role of conquering hero, with its accompanying praise and subsequent profits.

"You can't make any money from vitamin C," says Stu. "It's too cheap. It's the last thing the pharmaceutical companies want."

It costs between \$10 million and \$12 million to push a new product through the US Food and Drug Administration (FDA). It's unlikely that any drug manufacturer is going to spend that kind of money on a naturally occurring substance that they cannot patent. If a substance isn't approved by the FDA, the medical profession — followed by the public — will imply that it poses a greater health risk.

Even Dr Cathcart, who is respected in the medical community for designing a widely used hip-joint prosthesis, is unable to find support from his peers. He has unsuccessfully attempted to have his findings on vitamin C therapy published in the traditional medical journals. He has felt that since the standard medical journals are largely supported by drug-company ads, they cannot afford to publish articles on vitamin C.

"I have approached the television networks to share this information," he says. "But you just cannot get through to the straight press."

Meantime, as Cathcart's astounding findings are quietly ignored, more and more dollars are poured into the frenetic search for a miracle drug that will cure AIDS. For those already infected with the disease, and their numbers are doubling every year, it's not much of a consolation. — Gary Null

We du.

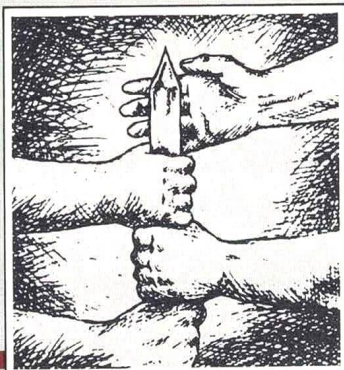


duMaurier
VIRGINIA

25
WARNING-
SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

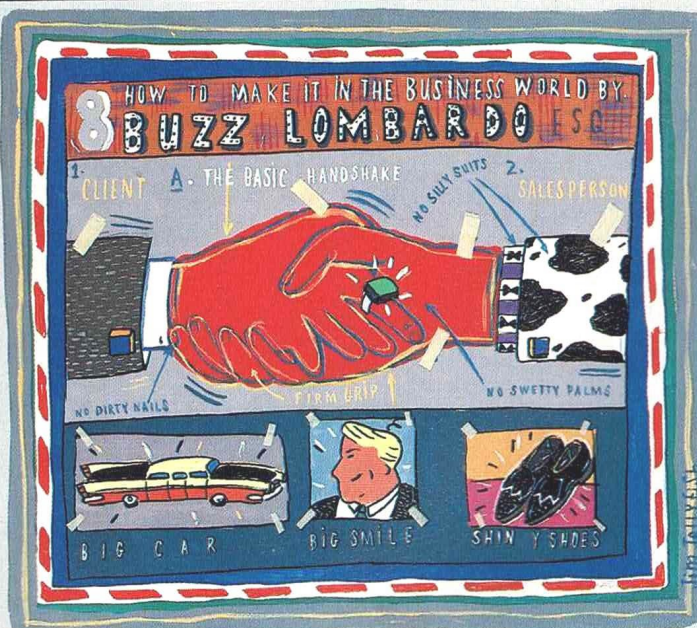
du you du Maurier?

New du Maurier. Distinctively milder.



WINNING

SALES TALK THAT SELLS



Superlatives echo around the room every time Bruce Sherlock is introduced to a gathering. He's been called "a long term high-flyer", "a legend in the insurance industry", and even "Australia's greatest salesman." And despite his naturally modest demeanor, reality demands that Sherlock acknowledge the accolades. His selling career has been one of startling achievement.

Born in Wollongong 44 years ago, Sherlock started his working life at the age of 12 as a cinema tray boy. He left school at 15 to sell fluorescent light bulbs door to door, and so switched on were the good citizens of Wollongong to his product that he was able to take a two-year vacation to Europe and the US after only a few years. But Sherlock wasn't long overseas before his instincts got the better of him, and he was once more lumping a sack of samples from one door to the next. In Europe he sold encyclopaedias to American servicemen stationed there, in Germany setting a record that still stands — he unloaded 42 sets in one week.

Sherlock returned to Australia in 1964, and immediately became immersed in the insurance industry. He worked for a number of firms before moving into the area of insurance broking, acting as a middleman between his clients and the insurance companies.

He has now been involved in insurance for nearly 22 years, and for every one of the last 13 years he's sold more insurance than any other individual in the country. The average Australian insurance salesman writes about \$50,000 worth of premiums per year; in 1985 Sherlock wrote more than one million dollars in premiums, and that's not including superannuation.

Credentials established, the essential question remains: how does he do it? Certainly, Sherlock's appearance and manner provide no immediate clues to his success. He fits perfectly the

model of the benign, solid-as-a-rock suburban family man: fortyish, balding, a conservative dresser with a penchant for wide ties.

Perhaps the reason that Sherlock does remind you of that nice man from up the street explains part of his selling success. He certainly won't disclaim the suggestion. When quizzed about "what it takes to sell?" he responds with such time-honored platitudes as "always be yourself", "act naturally" and "if you feel good about yourself, you'll sell." Despite responses like those, Sherlock is not another lightweight disciple of Dale Carnegie or Napoleon Hill, or any other of the countless Californian gurus of self-improvement. Although he does occasionally borrow some of their less ex-cruciating phraseology, Sherlock's advice is more direct and immediately practical. "Dale Carnegie-style hype and razzmatazz might work in America," he says, "but generally I've found them to be ineffective. Everyone gets enthusiastic for a day or two, then it

all goes flat and you're back to where you started.

"The quality of your time rather than the quantity is the most important thing. How many people buy a football for their son and then never kick it to him? It's the same principle with selling."

Sherlock lists self-discipline, self-confidence, courtesy, empathy and sincerity as the keys to selling success. "Discipline must come from within, rather than from some outside party," he says. "It is up to individuals to measure their own goals."

Self-confidence, claims Sherlock, should not be confused with over-confidence. "Make sure it's obvious you know what you're talking about, but never make a client feel inferior. Make a few minor mistakes that the client can correct you on — people respond well to that. And ask them for advice."

It's self-evident (or should be) that sincerity and courtesy are essential qualities for any aspiring salesman, but Sherlock maintains that empathy — "that feeling of being willing and able to under-

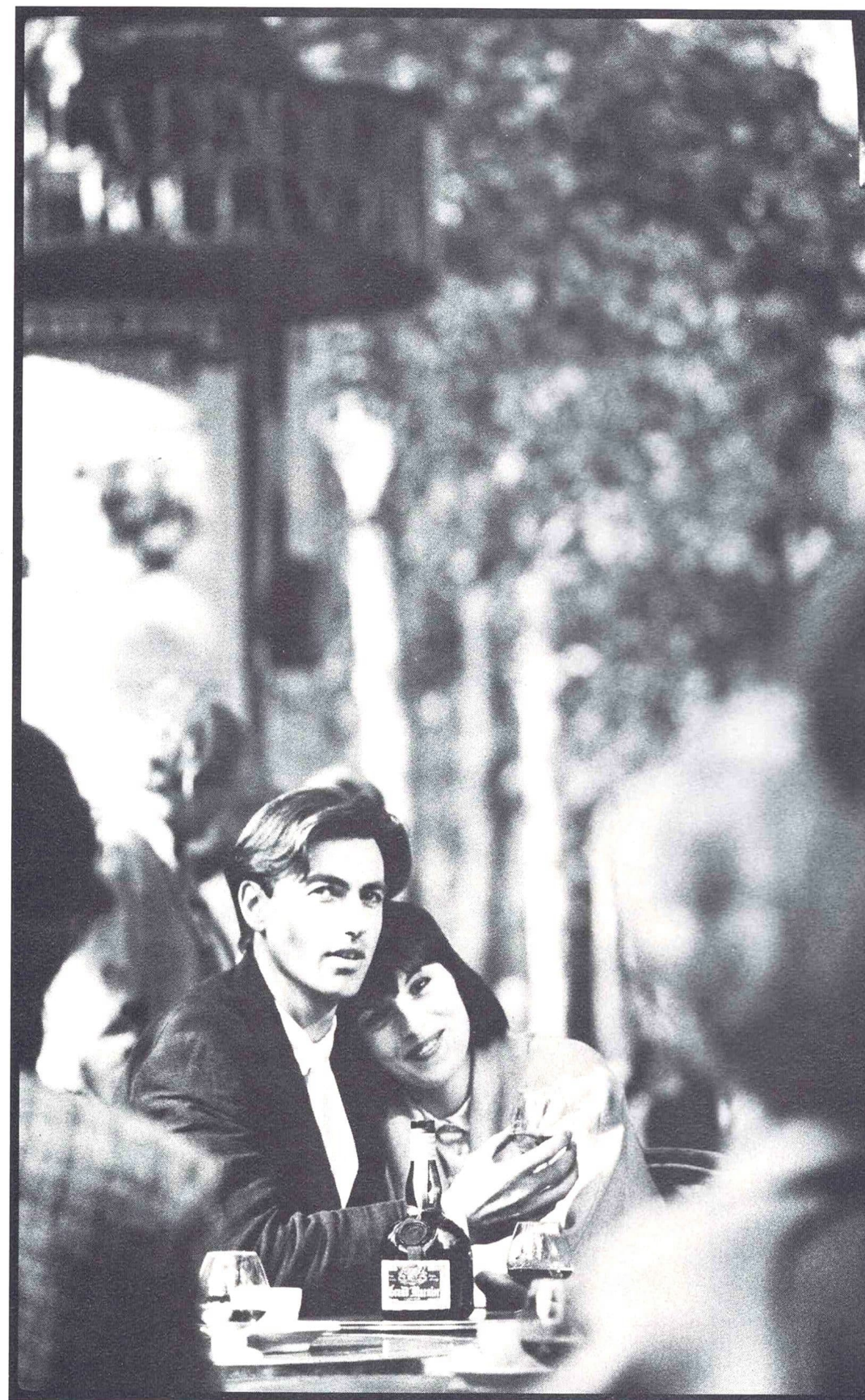
stand the customer's situation" — is actually the most important quality. "Empathy, or a lack of it, determines how you present your product... and a strong belief in your own product from a customer's point of view adds to your empathy and leads to the customer's acceptance of that product."

Sherlock also fires a few broadsides at some of the so-called traditional sales training techniques "for controlling customers and their responses." As far as he is concerned programmed, "parrot-fashion" spiels, canned questions and answers and the repetition of "power phrases" are old hat; today's customers require a more flexible, sophisticated approach.

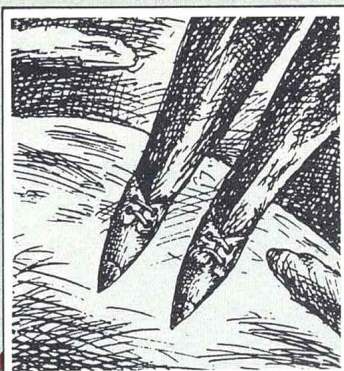
Sherlock has now taken his skills to the market-place: he's organised a program of seminars on the art of Creative Selling. He held the first of his week-long courses in October last year, and has further sessions planned for March, May and September of this year.

The program considers things like approaches to selling, the effectiveness of various sales techniques, the application of basic psychology and, naturally, that cornerstone to the behavior of all Eighties' power players, body language. Sherlock's advice in this area is straight from the textbook: "Walk with a rod in your back; when meeting with someone allow them to sit first, and then sit up tall yourself; don't sit with your arms or legs crossed."

Bruce Sherlock is proof-positive that you don't have to wear white shoes, flash a dazzling set of choppers through an enduring beatific smile and be able to rabbit on at a thousand words a minute to sell successfully. What he does have is a disarming "bedside" manner, a complete and thorough knowledge of his product, and an uncanny understanding of what he says is the most vital quality of all — knowing when to shut up. — Don Cox



IF PARIS WAS A DRINK, IT WOULD BE GRAND MARNIER.



TRAVEL

FEAR OF FLYING

Those of us who aren't aerophobes all know one — they're the people for whom fear of flying is a crippling disorder. I know businessmen whose lives and careers are blighted by the blank, unreasoning terror which grips them every time they're forced to fly; Muhammad Ali hates to fly; Sixties rock star Alan Price had to leave his successful band because he couldn't control the fear; record producer Phil Spector and his entire retinue once bailed out of an aircraft as it turned on to the runway because the diminutive genius was seized by aerophobia.

Last year did little to reassure the white-knuckled brigade. As this issue of *Penthouse* was going to print, more than 1400 people had been killed in 15 accidents on scheduled aircraft. The toll was all the more horrifying because 1984 was the safest year on record, with only 224 deaths on scheduled services.

But the fact remains, however little it convinces the gibbering aerophobe, that scheduled flying is quite the safest form of transport. The character who sits with teeth and sphincter tightly clenched in an airline seat will hurl himself thoughtlessly into what I regard as a truly frightening holocaust — the endless Demolition Derby of travel by car.

This aside, it's important to remember that there was a survival rate of about 30 percent in last year's crashes. But if you're worried you can take a number of reasonable precautions which can increase your chances:

- Choose a seat near an emergency exit; in default, go for an aisle seat. Arriving early for check-in and seat allocation helps to make sure you get one.
- Note carefully the position of emergency exits, and always pay attention to the safety demonstration — there may have been changes since you last flew.
- Read the safety card; it explains how to operate emergency equip-

ment such as door releases and slides.

- Run through your mind what you might have to do in an emergency; count and memorise the number of seat rows to the nearest exit

in case the cabin fills with smoke.

- Avoid alcohol before and during your flight. Dutch courage may quieten the panic a bit — but many victims of accidents, in which others have survived, were found

on autopsy to have had blood alcohol levels of as much as 0.26; in other words, they were too pissed to cope.

- There is no firm evidence to support a commonly held belief that it's safer to sit in the rear section of the aircraft; if anything, sitting over the wing — the strongest part with its massive spars and undercarriage members — offers the best protection.

- Always fly with an established, front-rank airline. It may be going to cost you more (though not always), but the extra peace of mind is worth it. Avoid charters using elderly aircraft.

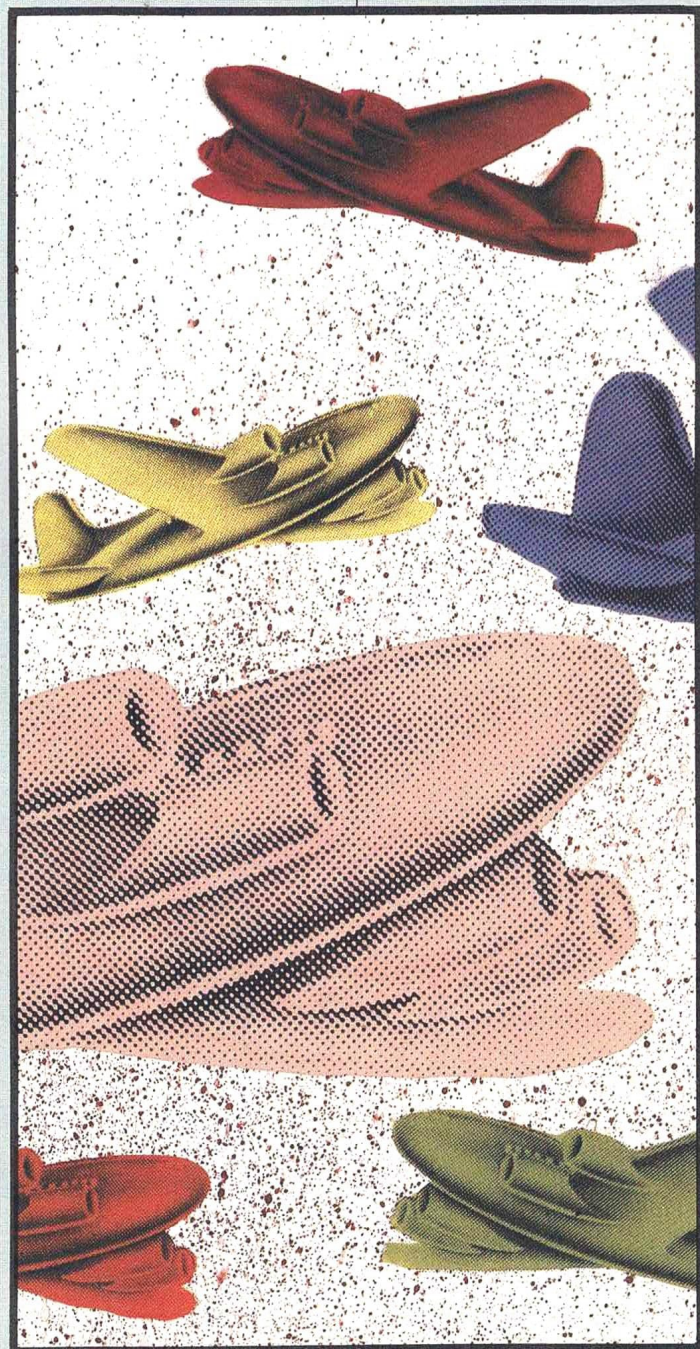
If, despite taking these rational steps, you still expect every flight to be a re-run of *Flying High*, there's professional help at hand. The Australian Women Pilots' Association and QANTAS run the Fear of Flying Clinic, which has an impressive success record — only three failures out of 170 confirmed aerophobes.

The course is based on understanding what's happening to you and what your aircraft is doing. Once it's explained how a big plane gets off the ground and stays up in the air, and about the impressive safety and back-up systems, much of the primitive fear is dissipated.

The eight three-hour sessions include talks with pilots, safety instructors, air traffic controllers, cabin staff, maintenance engineers and a skilled counsellor. The approach is to encourage you to face your fears logically and use your intelligence to keep them under control.

The course culminates in a flight on a QANTAS aircraft, and almost all its subjects actually enjoy it. You can write to the clinic at 25 Hanover Avenue, Epping 2121.

But if you don't want to go to those lengths, or your aerophobia isn't over-powering, try something simpler and take your copy of *Australian Penthouse* with you. It's guaranteed to take your mind off the fear of flying. — *Fred Baker*



NEW ROCKY TURBO GIVES YOU A FASTER GETAWAY.

The way the new turbocharged Rocky swallows highways you'd think it was made for them.

It was. There's a lot of ground to cover between city and country.

Motoring experts are lavish in their praise for Rocky Turbo's stump-pulling power — just the job for towing a boat or caravan. The 2.8 litre turbo diesel is capable of cruising all day at 135kph, yet thanks to the new five-speed gearbox and the whopping 24 per cent increase in torque, this latest Rocky is an even more versatile off-roader too.

And with all this extra poke you'll appreciate the increased stopping power of the new

ventilated front discs. In fact, the entire braking system has been revised.

Rocky Turbo comes in two body types; the short wheelbase Hard Top and the long wheelbase Resin Top wagons. Both wagons have sunroofs as standard, while power steering and three-way adjustable fingertip suspension control are standard features on the EX luxury model wagon.

Now there are three new turbocharged ways to Go Rocky. And who builds Rocky anyway?

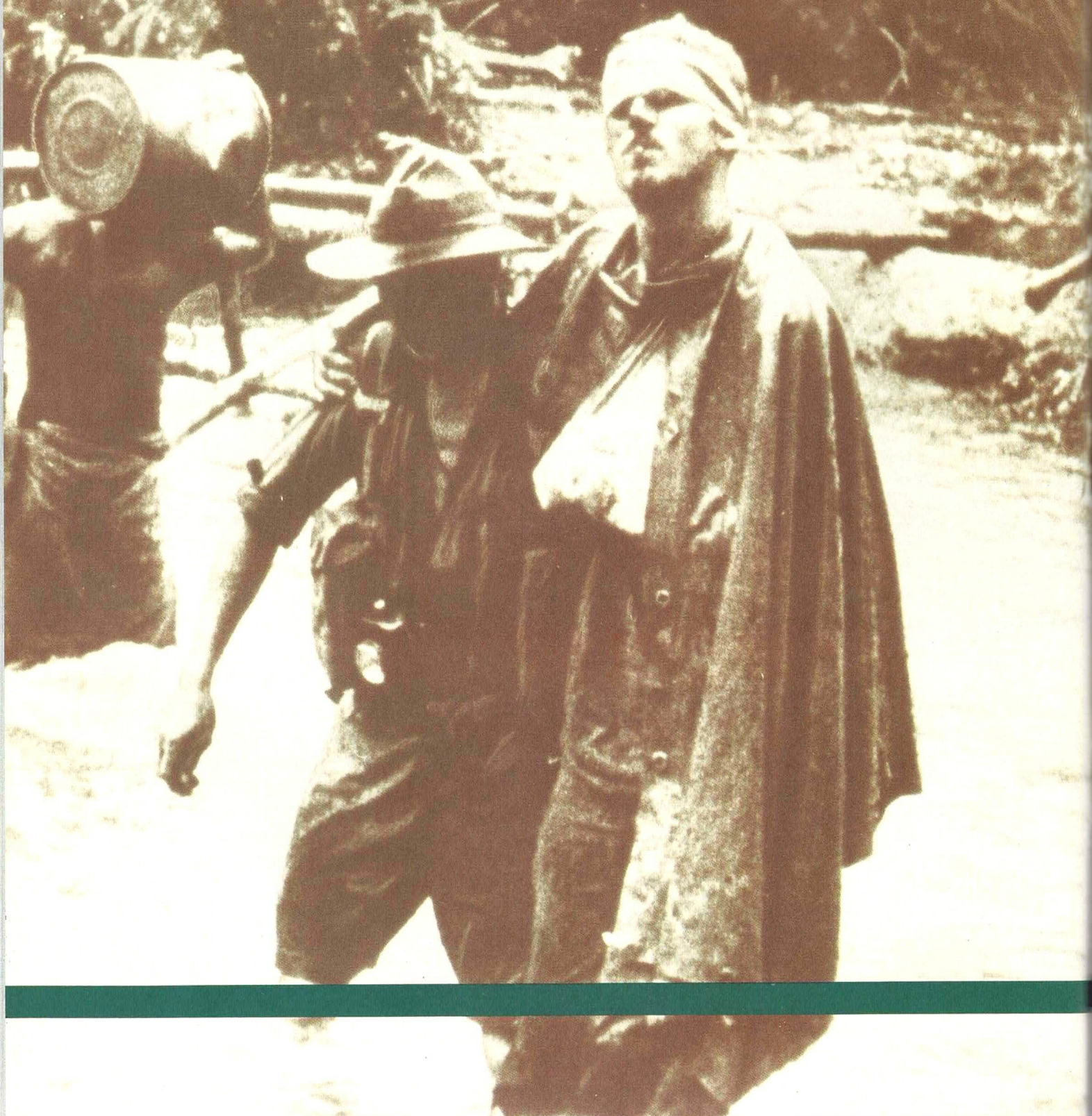
Roof rack illustrated is not standard equipment.

"Daihatsu. That's Who."



STATE DISTRIBUTORS: NSW: Daihatsu Australia Pty. Ltd., 305 Parramatta Rd., Auburn 2144. Ph: 648 5399. QLD: UK Motors Pty. Ltd., 123-153 Campbell St., Bowen Hills 4006. Ph: 520 101. VIC/TAS: Daihatsu Australia Pty. Ltd., 11a Salmon St., Port Melbourne 3207. Ph: 645 2233. WA: Western Daihatsu, 88 Great Eastern Highway, Sth Guildford 6055. Ph: 277 9166. SA: United Motors Freeman Motors Group, 71 Richmond Road, Mile End 5031. Ph: 297 9666. NT: Thiess Toyota Pty. Ltd., 60 Coonawarra Rd., Winnellie 5789. Ph: 84 3122.

Something the Army never talks about. It's time we did.



The profession of arms is as old as history itself.

And for Australia, soldiering has shaped the very character of our country and ourselves.

But in today's world, what does it really mean to be an Australian soldier?

For young Australians, the Army, whether it be full-time regular or part-time reserve, is a profession that will push them to the limit.

To some that is the challenge. To others it's just plain tough.

That's why it's not for everyone.

The Australian Army is one of the country's biggest organisations. The Army is a teacher of trades and skills.

It is also a teacher of self discipline, leadership, management and individual responsibility - but the Army teaches something that is even more important.

Because above and beyond all that, in the Army you are on duty for your country.

Perhaps on duty somewhere in Australia or as part of a peace keeping force somewhere else in the world.

Or perhaps in combat.

Not now. Hopefully not ever.

Who knows? We certainly don't.

We live in a troubled world. A world where events seem to happen with a speed beyond reason.

A world that is subject to sudden, even unexpected bursts of conflict. Nothing is certain except change.

As a soldier you are on duty. If your country should call, they will call you.

It's that kind of commitment to our country, to Australia, that has been reflected in the great deeds of our fathers and our father's fathers in places like Gallipoli, in New Guinea, in Korea, Malaya and Vietnam.

In the Army today, the very same commitment is there.

It's a tough act  to follow. 

Regular Army

Army Reserve

FANTASY ISLAND

PHOTO BY B. ROUSSEL/IMAGE BANK

It was a prison so perfect that even though its inmates could come and go at will, they never attempted to escape

BY RICHARD MITCHELL

Fantasy Island was as close to perfection as anybody could hope to get. It was small enough to know intimately, large enough for a man to disappear on. Its rugged, typically Australian landscape would have captivated the coldest of hearts. The waters lapping its rocky shores abounded in fish, prawns and suc-

culent crabs. Secluded from bustling civilisation, the island was nonetheless equipped with every modern convenience. For the fortunate inhabitants, life was simplicity itself: no work, no worries, and a positive glut of sex and drugs.

Fantasy Island was not, as you'd expect, a refuge for millionaire playboys. In fact, it was a prison. As a former inmate of this prison, I have either witnessed or actively taken part in all of the events detailed in this story. It is neither a fiction, nor an allegory, nor a warped ex-con's fantasy, but a factual account of what took place when a motley assortment of cunning, vi-

ISLAND

cious, violent, intractable criminals were, by a stroke of bureaucratic idiocy, left almost entirely to their own devices on an island paradise. The name of the place has been changed and details which might identify it have been omitted for legal reasons, but the story is perfectly true.

Fantasy Island was not designed as a prison. The buildings were big, airy, ramshackle affairs, impossible to secure. In fact the cost of doing so was so prohibitive, the authorities didn't make a token gesture in that direction. You didn't even need a tin-opener to break out of Fantasy Island — but then, very few of the prisoners wanted to.

The amazingly lax security resulted from the fact that Fantasy Island was never intended to be the Australian equivalent of its maximum security counterparts in other corners of the world. Devil's Island, Norfolk Island and Alcatraz had been specifically designed to house the terrifying denizens of a world beyond the ken of normal society; by contrast, Fantasy Island was — originally at least — strictly for the old, the infirm, the physically handicapped. The few able-bodied prisoners were all trustees or first offenders serving very short sentences: non-violent, "sanitised" criminals.

Later, another category of criminal entered the picture. When prisoners were nearing the end of their sentences, the authorities liked to send them to minimum security institutions so they could be "dis-institutionalised" before rejoining society. The idea was that such prisoners would relearn what it was like to walk around in relative freedom, and would gradually adjust their habits so they picked their noses discreetly, no longer farted in public, and so on. I fell into the latter category after serving a long sentence in maximum security, and was happily transferred to Fantasy Island.

In theory, limiting the number and type of prisoners held on Fantasy Island should have made it the ideal institution: no riots, no escapes, no drugs, no alcohol, no homosexuality . . . a prison administrator's dream. Modern, humane punishment without the usual nasty side-effects. Unfortunately, incredible overcrowding throughout the state's prison system had forced the authorities to relax their criteria, and a few hardened crims began to arrive with every boatload of new inmates. These men, generally repeat offenders serving long sentences for crimes of violence, had used every possible device, every avenue of corruption, to secure passage on a boat to the island.

Within a short time, the dream that was to have been Fantasy Island turned into a nightmare.

At first the influx of "hard men" had little impact on the day-to-day running of the prison. They contented themselves with booze bludged from passing boats, or with vodka-injected oranges that were put in food parcels by visitors (who were allowed to leave behind a large box of food to supplement the prison diet), or with vile-smelling jungle juice brewed from fermenting fruit and vegetable peels. On Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights the island was haunted by drunken prisoners searching for more booze or a quiet place to sleep it off.

Armed with nothing more substantial than threats, the hard men soon organised the island along their own lines. Since only four officers were left in charge of around 100 prisoners at night, and since the sleeping quarters were totally unsecured, it was in the evenings that the action started to hot up. Boatloads of women and alcohol began to arrive on the island at regular intervals. These entertainments had usually been provided by former prisoners as a favor to their incarcerated mates. The empty residence of one of the officers, and other secluded parts of the island, became the nightly rendezvous for drunken orgies. Often the falling tide exposed piles of empty scotch and beer bottles.

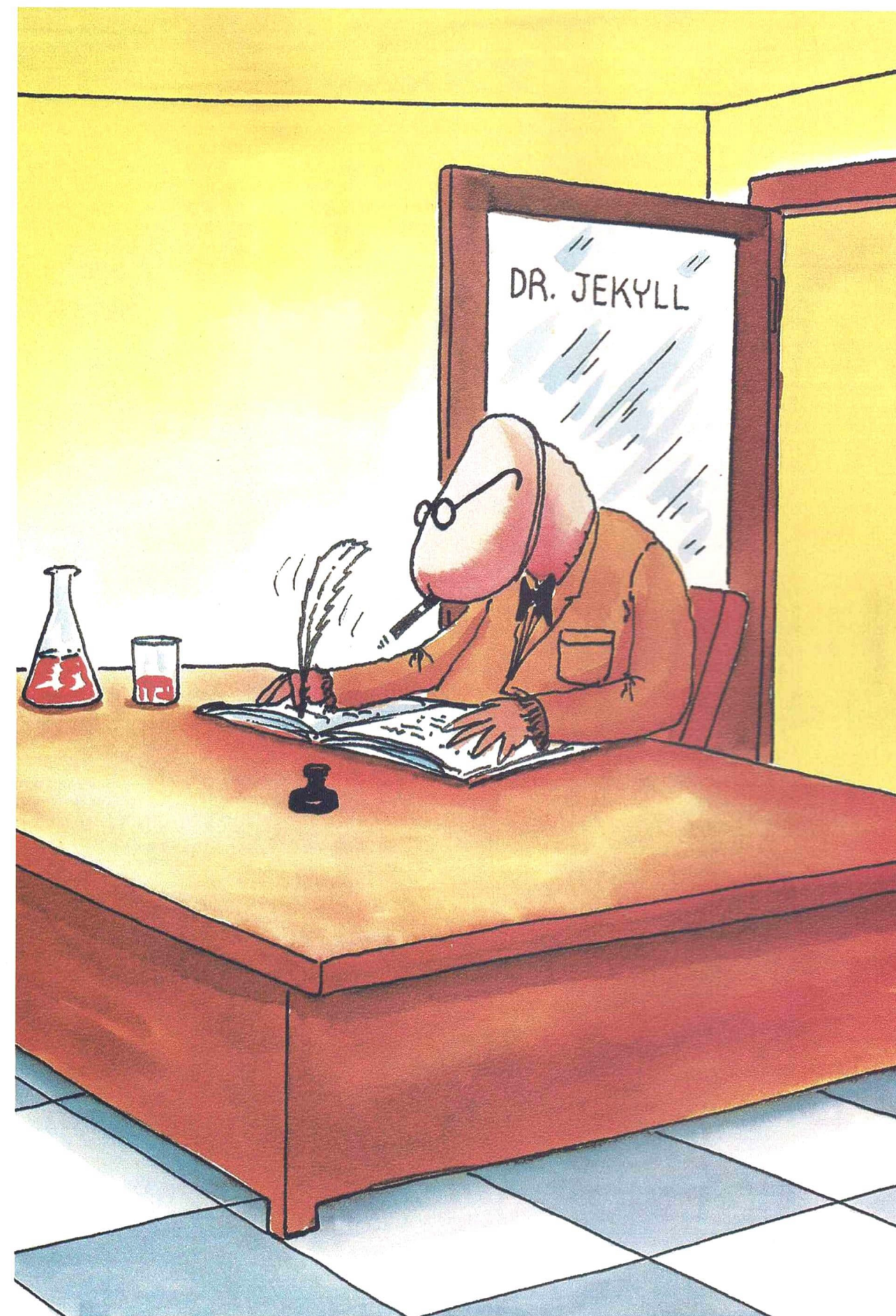
Heterosexual activity was supplemented by a flourishing homosexual "community", although the majority of those who took the female role were unwilling participants who succumbed out of fear. The sight of women's underwear festooning the trees or being worn by the young male concubine of a "heavy" became commonplace.

An SP bookmaker and several card schools helped to defray the cost of these nocturnal activities. Card-sharps expertly fleeced the majority of inmates for the benefit of the controlling few.

Those with an interest in gardening were rewarded for their efforts with a marijuana crop that exceeded all expectations. Grass became as plentiful as tobacco.

Entertainment moved upmarket when two wealthy white collar crims, temporarily detained, were coerced (with little force) into organising weekly orgies on board luxury hire cruisers anchored just offshore. The women and booze supplied for these sensual soirees were strictly top-drawer. Photographs of the evening's pornographic highlights often circulated around the island on the following day.

Several prisoners installed their wives and mistresses in houses on the mainland directly opposite the island. They spent their daylight hours sleeping and their evenings drinking, smoking dope and having sex. Often they were so drug-affected or simply exhausted they were unable to attend the morning muster. They were forever making visits to the doctor for vitamins and stimulants to keep their lifestyles afloat, and those who were aware of their hectic nocturnal activities were prepared to bet that the grog, the women and the



"Wednesday, 10:46 PM. . . there is a distinct possibility that I made the formula too strong this time. . ."



ISLAND

twice-nightly swim would finish them long before their sentences were up.

A small group of hard men began to leave the island at night on hit-and-run operations against selected targets. More often than not, those targets were heroin dealers, and so heroin and heroin addiction became part of the routine on Fantasy Island. (It was a daily chore for the prisoner in charge of the island's sewerage treatment plant to dispose of the syringes flushed down the toilets the previous night.) The incredible amounts of money and drugs these raids produced became something of a joke; I regularly saw hauls totalling thousands of dollars in cash and equivalent amounts of grass and smack. Fantasy Island developed as a result into a major drug distribution centre, with visitors now arriving solely to do deals with prisoners.

My own part in these proceedings was minimal. I smoked the dope but ignored the heroin. And I absconded from the island several times. On one occasion, with four other prisoners, I spent an evening watching pornographic movies in the red light district on the mainland. We did a lot of yahoing but nothing illegal — apart from the fact that we weren't exactly where we were supposed to be. The reality was that there was nothing to stop us from leav-

ing, under cover of darkness, any time we wanted to.

Apart from the drug dealers targeted by the hit-and-run raiders, the holiday enjoyed at the Australian taxpayers' expense by prisoners on Fantasy Island had produced no outside victims. That situation was to change, along with the changing attitudes of the hard crims. The laxity of discipline, combined with the drugs, the money and the euphoria of realising that for the first time they were beyond the law, led these men to renounce all authority and eventually all morality. The disintegration followed a classic *Lord Of The Flies* pattern, until the inmates of Fantasy Island became a law unto themselves.

Signs declaring that the island was a prison and out of bounds to the public were destroyed. Gangs of prisoners began roaming about in search of prey: unsuspecting tourists who'd landed on the island to picnic and explore. Almost without exception they were robbed and raped; quite often that was followed by a beating. Both men and women were forced to perform whatever depraved acts their captors could think of. Protests and pleas for mercy were met with derision. The rape gangs took sadistic delight in pointing out three factors which they knew would allow them to commit these crimes with impunity.

To begin with, the victims were breaking the law by entering the island in the first place. Secondly, if an official complaint was

lodged then the prisoners — who had little or nothing to lose anyway — would claim their victims were part of a conspiracy to supply the island with sex, alcohol and drugs, and were laying the complaint in order to get even with the prisoners for refusing to pay for goods received. (They could lend weight to these allegations by producing the booze and drugs.) And if that wasn't enough to convince the victims to keep their mouths shut, the inmates made it quite clear that they'd be happy to send some of their colleagues to "fix up" the families of would-be informants. Since wallets and purses invariably supplied the names and addresses of the hapless tourists, this last threat was particularly potent.

I spent near enough to one year on Fantasy Island, and it was in the summer of that year that the rape gangs grew in both size and audacity. The sense of complete impunity added fuel to the fires of their lust, and quite suddenly they began to attack the wives and daughters of selected inmates. During visits, these unfortunates were dragged into toilets or dormitories and subjected to massive sexual assault. Often the prisoner was forced to talk his wife or daughter into submitting in order to save his own skin. Those selected for this treatment were always the relatives of first offenders doing short sentences, and there was no shortage of them; they outnumbered the permanent inmates by about two



WHEN ONLY THE BEST WILL DO.

WARNING-SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

ISLAND

to one. The threat to these prisoners and their families effectively silenced their protests. For some wives, girlfriends and daughters, visits were a terrifying ordeal.

But these official visits were weekly affairs, and only of a few hours' duration. For the rape packs they were only good for a laugh and a bit of rapid relief; the really serious action began when night had fallen. It was then that hire boats delivered unofficial visitors — again, relatives of short-term inmates — for the rapists' entertainment. Often the threat of violence would ensure the victim's compliance, although sometimes guile was used to lure an unsuspecting wife or girlfriend to the island under the impression she would be spending the evening with her man. I was involved in only one such affair, in which the wife of a prisoner consented under duress. It was the usual set-up, where the victim was told that if she refused to submit, the officers would be told of her presence on the island. That would have meant a jail sentence for her and extra time for her spouse. The attitude of the hard men was that if a prisoner was stupid enough to get his wife or girlfriend to come to Fantasy Island, then it was his lookout.

Depravity seemed to be the sole object of the exercise; sexual gratification was a mere afterthought. Humiliation of the victims was of paramount importance, and to achieve that objective Polaroids of the action were shown to all and sundry, including the woman's husband. No kind of disgusting sexual act was overlooked, but the supreme accolade went to a crim who had sex with a first offender and most of his family. After beating up the youngster and relieving him of his virginity, the hard man then convinced the lad's mother and two sisters that unless they came to the island and submitted to him, the only male in the family would be sexually abused to such an extent that his life would be totally destroyed. However, in return for their sexual favors the crim would protect the boy from such a fate with, if need be, his life. The threat was given added credence by the terrified prisoner, who verified every word of it.

In the end, all three women came to Fantasy Island and were abused unmercifully in the presence of the young inmate, who was made to photograph his mother and sister having sex with the man who'd created this savage foursome. That was followed by a role reversal, with the son being forced to commit incest with his family while the older crim took the photos. He capped off the night by forcing the lad to fellate him while the three women looked on. Everyone, apart from the family involved, thought the performance was a great joke.

By this time, packs of armed robbers, rapists and "bust merchants" (crims specialising in break and enter) were leav-

ing Fantasy Island every night. All claimed to be preying only on fellow criminals — drug dealers, SP bookies and prostitutes — which they felt excused them from responsibility. Sceptics found it amazing that so many criminal types lived in the immediate vicinity of the island. The raiders always returned with healthy pickings and their sexual appetites temporarily sated.

The island was completely out of control. Drug abuse was endemic, and prisoners were absconding to the mainland in broad daylight, still wearing their prison garb. Habitues of the nearby red light district were stunned to see recently sentenced acquaintances roaming the streets, apparently unconcerned about who spotted them and showing no fear of the police. But why should they? They were already in jail, weren't they?

As far as the officers on Fantasy Island were concerned, it was a matter of trying to make the best of a very bad situation.

Depravity seemed
to be the sole
object of the exercise;
sexual gratification
was a mere
afterthought

There was a high turnover of officers, and so it was difficult for them to keep their fingers on the pulse: often a new officer doesn't realise that a situation has deteriorated, because he assumes this is the normal state of affairs. The confusion was compounded by the fact that the inmate population was changing very rapidly; some prisoners were only detained for a week or two. How could an officer gauge whether a first offender's behavior was merely a reaction to being incarcerated, or a reaction to the horror of coming under a regime which appeared to be civilised, but was in reality a wilderness where failure to toe the line could be fatal? Even so, in such a small environment it would have been impossible for the authorities not to have known of at least some of the outrageous goings-on; their attitude was simply that they were understaffed and could only try as best they could to keep the situation from getting out of hand.

Of course, they had no chance. After a series of bloody engagements, the hard men had established a pecking order which governed the entire island. Those at the top of the rankings were acting more

like feudal lords than prisoners; on or off the island, they simply took whatever and whoever they wanted. The weak were trampled underfoot, while any protests were met with violence and the threat of sudden death. Caches of guns and ammunition consolidated the power of the few and ensured that their every wish was instantly granted. Sycophants protected them from the concerted action of the lower orders; every word spoken against the hard men would be reported immediately, and retribution was swift and effective. Fantasy Island was at the mercy of a bunch of megalomaniacs.

I had long since made my own position perfectly clear to everyone: I would leave them alone if they'd leave me alone. I was able to do this simply because I was by reputation one of the meanest and most dangerous men on the island; I was feared by both inmates and officers. At the same time, I lived strictly by the code of the incarcerated crim: do your own time, look after yourself, and don't fight anyone else's battles. I had no ambition to be a Fantasy Island heavy. I wasn't silly enough to believe that being the lord and master of that situation actually meant anything; it could be likened only to being the biggest turd on a pile of shit.

Eventually, there came to Fantasy Island a man who did not operate by the code of the criminal. He was a first offender who'd fallen on hard times and had seen a bank job as the simplest way out of his predicament. His outlook on life and morality was totally alien to the system into which he'd been thrust, and he simply refused to be intimidated. He was a courageous man, a man of principle, and that made him a great danger to the ruling elite on Fantasy Island. The result was that his throat was cut one night and he was left to die, but miraculously, he survived. The subsequent outcry from residents on the mainland who legitimately feared for their own lives forced the authorities to act.

The swiftness of that action caught the prisoners by surprise. Swarms of officers suddenly appeared and within hours the accumulated refuse of months of degeneracy was swept from Fantasy Island. The party was over.

I was one of those prisoners who was shanghaied back to the mainland, along with half of the island's population, to finish my sentence in a more conventional style. Fantasy Island had been an unforgettable interlude in the otherwise dreary existence of a convicted criminal.

It was an historical aberration, the result of an extraordinary set of circumstances that could not and will not be repeated in Australia, and probably for that matter anywhere in the world. When the passage of time makes the recording of detail legally possible in this country, Fantasy Island will take its place in the history books alongside the world's most infamous island prisons. 



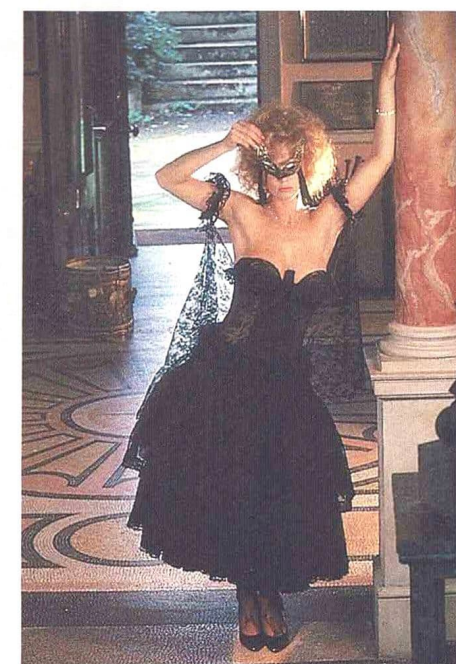
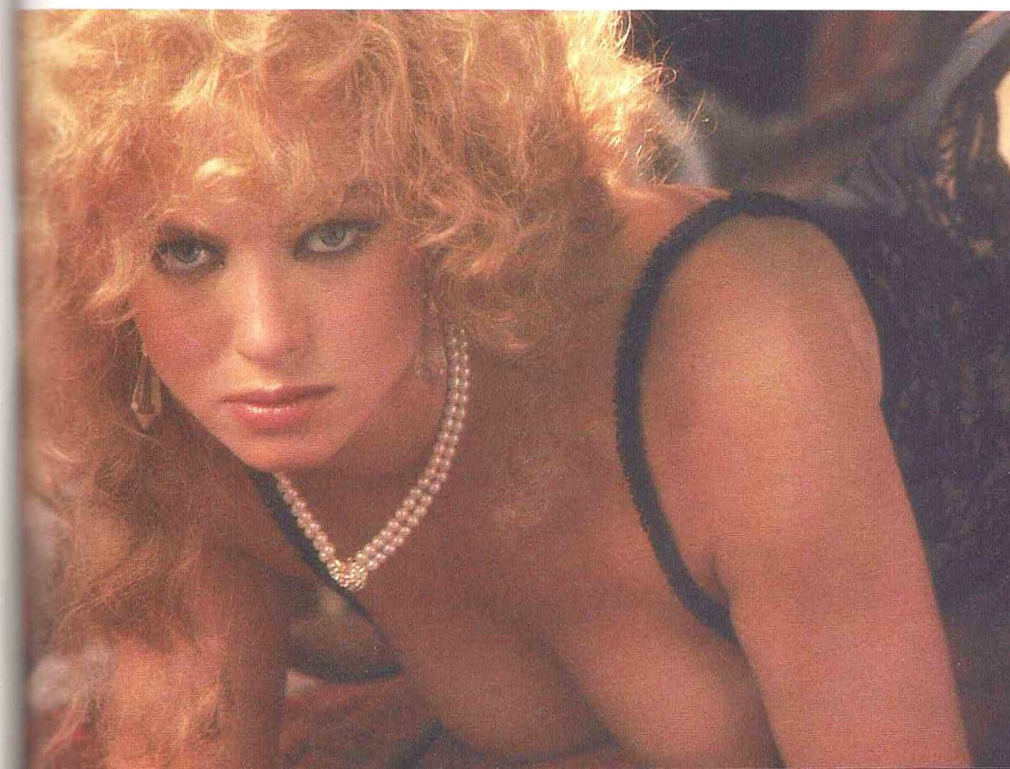
SARAH



CURTAIN CALL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TINO ROSSI

Here's a face that may prod a few memories. Sarah Greaves' appearance in *Australian Penthouse* as Pet of the Month in May 1983 was of such impact that men all around the world coo-eeed for more of this luscious beauty. The American edition has since answered this calling — twice. But Sarah's soft spot is still for this wide brown land and its people. She admits her appearance here is her curtain call.
A drum roll, please . . .





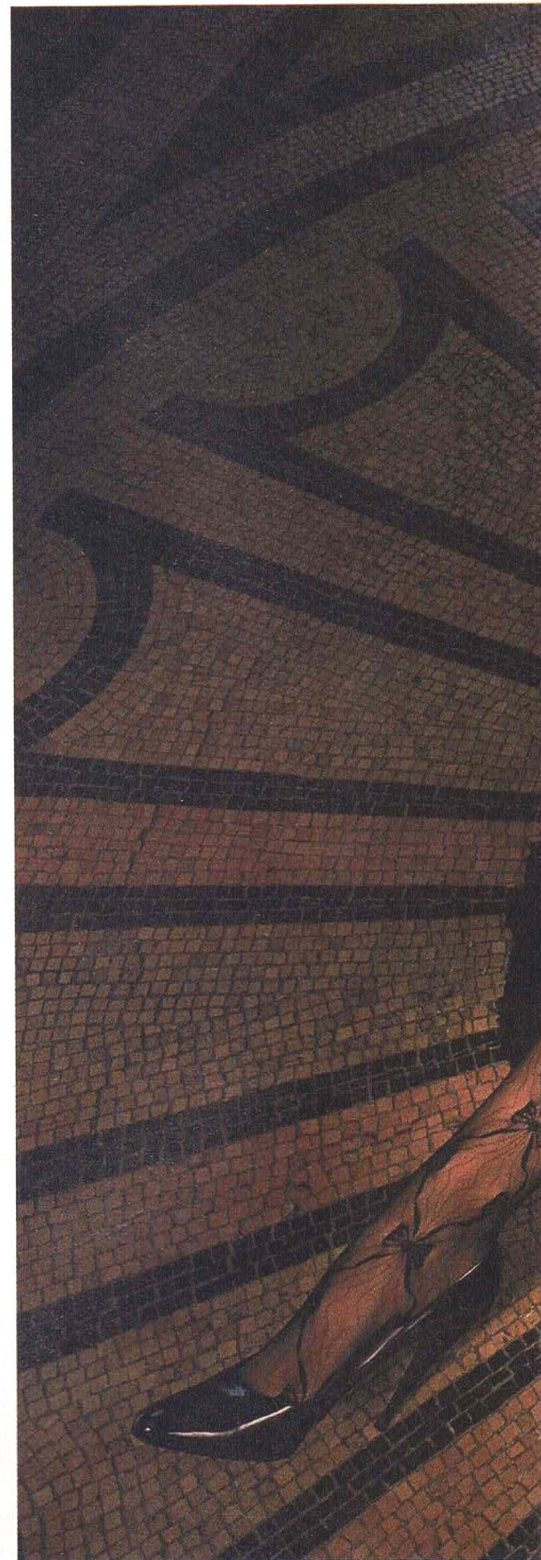
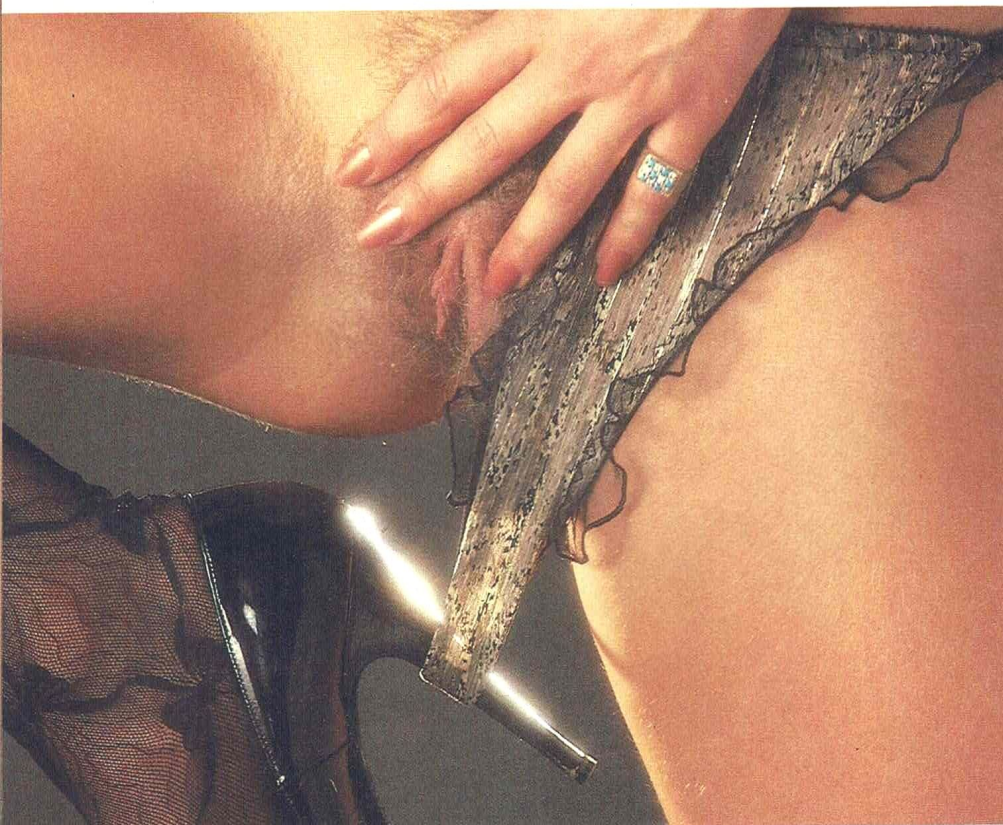
Mind you, she's no shrinking violet when it comes to occupying centre stage, or centre spreads. "I'm more of a tiger lily," she says. "I know exactly what I like and I take great care not to keep it a secret."





"I love the excitement of going places and doing things. I was born in Italy, educated in Australia, and I've since done a heap of travel throughout Europe, Africa and the US." What is it about those itchy feet of hers? "It ain't the feet, it's the motion," she laughs.





Her fantasies touch on many things, but as far as movement goes, she is intrigued by the possibility of time travel through history, meeting famous figures . . . and seducing them.

"But actually I seem to have found my niche lately in the here and now. This is the age of the open mind, and that particularly suits my nature. I love to be open about things." *Bravo.* 





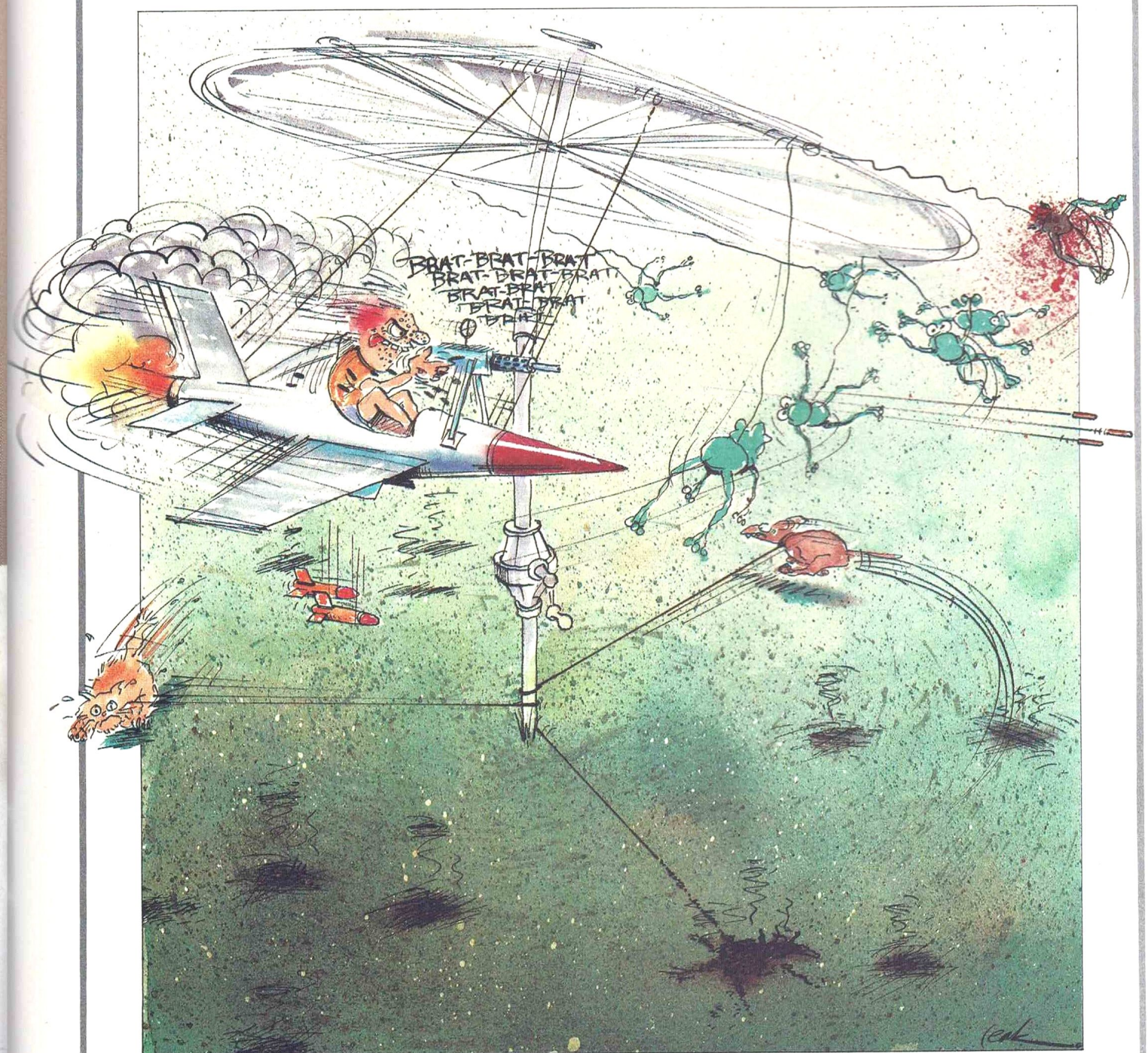
Australia's Premium Beer.

AB 2566/83 CB 805

Another Carlton Product

boye will be booy

A CARTOON FEATURE
BY BILL LEAK



NOW, YOU'LL BE A GOOD BOY
FOR OUR NEW BABYSITTER,
WON'T YOU, SON.....



HERE! LEMME GO!!
LEMME GO YOU BASTARD!
JUMP!!!



I THOUGHT YOU KIDS SAID YOU
WANTED TO PUMP UP YOUR BIKE!!

THAT'S RIGHT, MISTER!



JUST A LITTLE SOMETHIN' TO
READ DURIN' MATHS, SHORTY...

WHY'RE YA PINCHIN' TWO, CARROT?

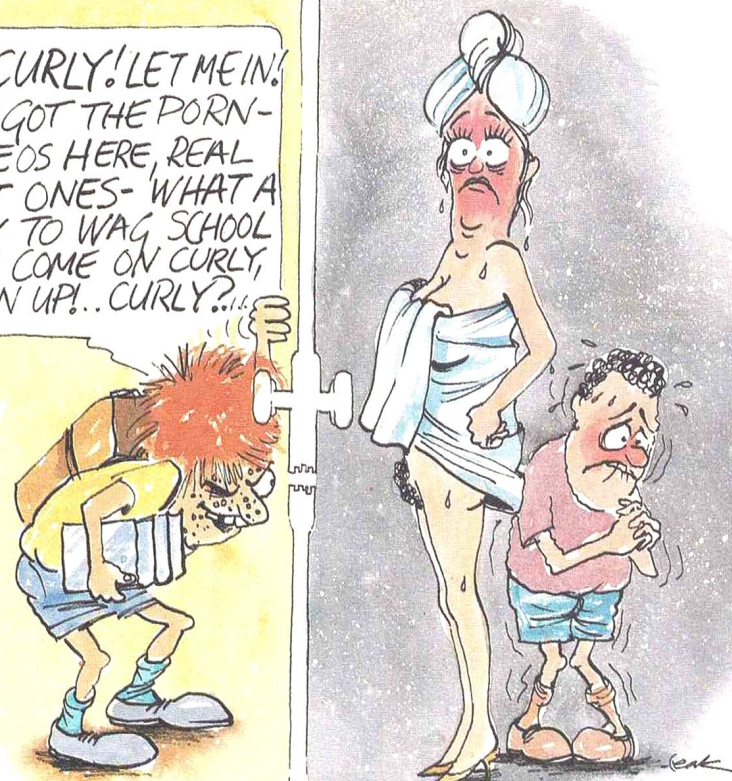
ONE FOR THE TEACHER
IN CASE I GET CAUGHT!



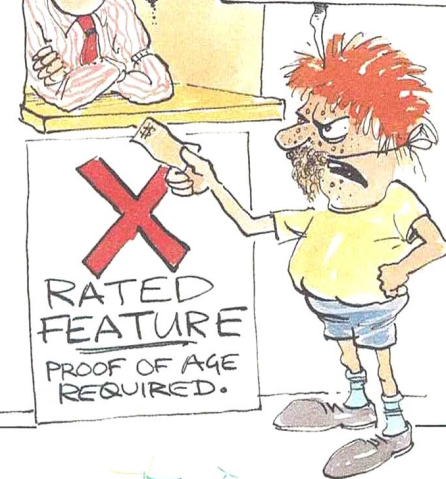
WELL I KNOW ITS NOT THE
COWBOY SUIT YOU WANTED,
SON, BUT MUMMY AND DADDY
CAN PLAY WITH THIS ONE, TOO....

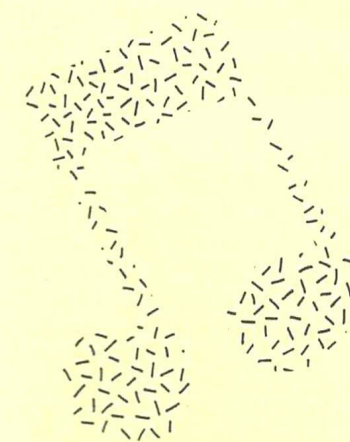


HI CURLY! LET ME IN!
I'VE GOT THE PORN-
VIDEOS HERE, REAL
HOT ONES- WHAT A
WAY TO WAG SCHOOL
EH? COME ON CURLY,
OPEN UP!... CURLY?...



TICKET! FIND THAT BEARD
IN YOUR DADDY'S
BOTTOM DRAWER, KID?
RATS! HOW CAN YOU TELL?
IT'S A MERKIN!





The best of the
worst records ever made

POP SCHLOCK

BY GLENN A. BAKER

Musical memories, the nostalgia merchants eagerly assure us, are the most potent of all. Through hit songs we remember our first date, our high school friends, our youthful escapades. Yes, the memories conjured up by golden oldies are precious . . . most of the time.

For materialistic, thrill-seeking baby boom kids, the transistor radio was the very pivot of our existence. We lapped up every sound that rattled forth from the tinny speakers: the good, the bad and the ugly. The true nature of the latter category probably escaped us at the time, submerged as we were by an avalanche of top pops.

Since phonograph records became a universal commodity in the Twenties, no emotion has not been expressed and no market has not been served by pop records. Humble shellac and vinyl has

ILLUSTRATION BY ALLAN SCHOLZ

SCHLOCK

been used to convey screaming Fascist polemics, left-wing diatribes, narcotic endorsements, nursery rhymes and the occasional piece of listenable music.

Within pop music over the past 30 years, cul de sacs of baffling perversity have appeared and then disappeared just as quickly. Singers, some of them quite famous, have used records to deal with such matters as insanity, lust, death during childbirth, necrophilia, suicide, extreme religious beliefs, the demise of pets, crippled children, sexual impotency and blubbing, heavy-handed, sentimental waffle.

That many of these records have registered a strong appeal is evident from their great success — though this hardly excuses them. (Some people cheered when the Bradford football grandstand incinerated opposition supporters.) What is surprising is the sheer volume of records to throw up by.

All of us have encountered songs which have so offended us, by virtue of their content, style or stupidity, that we have wanted to lay the boot into our radios. If your emotions are that fragile, perhaps you should proceed no further. However, those who can approach terminally terrible taste with equanimity should read on fearlessly.

Some sort of *Eecch!* Award, gilt-edged and framed, should be presented to Ameri-

can singer Bobby Goldsboro, who has undoubtedly created more offensive hits than any other schlock monger in pop history. While still serving as Roy Orbison's guitarist in 1962, Goldsboro kicked off his 26-hit chart run with "Molly", which tells us how Henry answered the call to war and left his farm, baby son and wife Molly. By the second verse, Henry is standing in the doorway attempting to explain his spaced-out expression:

*Maybe I should have written to let you know ahead of time
But I was afraid that you'd worry if you knew that I'd gone blind
Oh how happy I'd be, if I could only see
You sweet, sweet Molly, please don't cry.*

Unfortunately, the public encouraged Goldsboro by buying this disc into the Billboard Hot 100. Over the next decade he inflicted such weepies as "See The Funny Little Clown" and "Watching Scotty Grow" upon the world. But no release was more unforgivable than his 1968 international number one, "Honey." A heavenly angel choir provides an ominous introduction to a sad saga which unfolds with all the sensitivity of a pack rape. Bobby, it seems, is married to an absolute fruitcake who weeps like a wound, plants trees and crashes cars. Duly devoted to Honey, he slips home for a quick embrace one day and his life is shattered by what he finds, or rather doesn't find:

One day when I was not at home, while she

was there

*All alone, the angels came
Now all I have is memories of Honey
And I wake up nights and call her name
A small cloud passes overhead and cries down on*

*The flower bed that Honey loved . . .
Honey I miss you and I'm being good
And I'd love to be with you, if only I could.*

Nobody can be sure that the "angels" were not in fact men in white coats who took her away for much-needed treatment. A significant body of thought suggests that Honey is not dead but living with a gas-fitter in Albuquerque. But don't tell Goldsboro. He might record a sequel.

Mental disorders were taboo in popular song until 1966, when one Jerry Samuels, masquerading as Napoleon XIV, unleashed the much-banned "They're Coming To Take Me Away Ha Ha." This sparse production, featuring no more than an hypnotic thumping drum, an ambulance siren and Samuels' monotonous voice, concerns a hopeless loon, distraught over his runaway dog, who ends up in the "funny farm, with trees and flowers and chirping birds and basket weavers who sit and smile and twiddle their thumbs." Napoleon XIV's saving grace was that, unlike Goldsboro, he didn't give the slightest indication of being serious.

In imagining objectionable song subjects, not even the most perverse mind would touch upon women dying in childbirth. Yet at least two reasonably well known songs have dealt with this grisly topic. Jan & Dean, who had already blotted their copybook with the right-wing "The Universal Coward", cut a 1965 album track called "A Beginning From An End." During a spoken interlude (always a danger sign), Jan expounds:

I can still recall that stifling antiseptic smell of the hospital corridor as you clutched my hand and we hurried down the hall. I think you knew, as you looked up at me, that we'd never see each other again. I felt so alone as they wheeled you through the door and told me to wait. Then there was a cry and the doctor came out and showed me our baby girl. You never saw her, sweetheart, but you must have known her somewhere, because she looks and acts and talks the way I remember you. But that doesn't mean I don't miss you.

All this was timid fare indeed compared to "The Deal" by Pat Campbell, from around the same period. Pat has taken his wife to the hospital and is pacing the waiting room when the doctor bursts in and tells him that, as a result of "complications", he will have to make a choice — and pronto — as to whose life will be saved: the mother's or the child's. Instead of agonising over the choice, Pat does a deal with God: "Let them both live their lives and if you've got to take one, please, let it be me." Rushing into the delivery room, Pat feels his legs go wobbly and crashes to the ground. As the life ebbs from

his body, he hears doctor say to nurse, "It's too bad he won't know of the miracle that's happened. They're both going to be all right."

The major difference between macabre novelty records, such as those in the teen death genre, and truly nauseating songs is the seriousness of the performer. In the hilarious "I Want My Baby Back" by Jimmy Cross, he comes to after a motor bike accident to survey the carnage: "There was the leader, and there was the pack, and over there was my baby, and over there was my baby . . . and waaay over there was my baby!" Jimmy finds that he just can't live without his girl, so one night he takes a shovel to the cemetery and begins to dig. The ditty ends with Jimmy prying open the lid of the coffin and jumping in, thus giving us the first necrophilia pop single.

Cross was obviously cracking one giant bad joke. But not so Jack Kittell, an American country singer who wrote and recorded a 1975 single called "Psycho", which has since been covered by Elvis Costello and Australian group The Beasts Of Bourbon. What makes Kittell's record so genuinely frightening is the complete absence of humor. With musical backing which could easily have been used for a Glen Campbell or Dolly Parton hit, he nonchalantly relates how strange noises in his head drove him to kill his former girlfriend and her new lover and bury them under a porch, to assault a little girl on a park bench with a wrench, and to squeeze a puppy to death. He calmly relates these deeds to his mother ("You think I'm psycho, don't you mama?"), who meets the same foul fate in the final line ("Oh mama, why don't you get up?")

Violent death is a not uncommon topic in folk and country music. Bob Dylan once perceptively described folk music as being "all about vegetables and death", and he may well have been referring to the traditional "Pretty Polly." Cut as a parody by Ozark lunatics The Dillards and completely straight by a slew of folkies including Judy Collins, this steaming backwoods passion play presents brutal murder with absolutely no excuse or retribution. Willy gets Polly pregnant and, to quote the concert introduction of Dillards member Mitch Jayne, "doesn't want to do the right thing and marry her; he figures it'll be cheaper just to knock her on the head." By dead of night he digs a grave in remote terrain and the following morning leads his lady on horseback to the site, whereupon he dresses her out with a pocket knife, buries her and returns home. "What makes this really such a sick song," says Jayne, "is that he doesn't get punished. Nothing happens to him. There are no good guys in this song."

Gratuitous violence also raises its ugly head often enough in rock music. The leader of the pack is a 1971 American Top Forty hit by the group Bloodrock, called

"D.O.A." This quivering extract from the emergency ward of life is a blow-by-blow account of a plane crash victim's ambulance journey to hospital. He relates how his arm has been ripped off and his girlfriend has carked it. Mercifully, the loss of blood kills the poor sod, putting both he and his listeners out of their misery. Blood also has centre-stage in "Mr Turnkey", Zager & Evans' disastrous follow-up to their international smash hit "In The Year 2525." A prisoner, incarcerated for rape, nails his left wrist to the cell wall and bleeds to death as penance for his crime. "Tell her I'm sorry" are his final words. So was everybody who heard it.

Most of the teenage death songs which proliferated in the early Sixties were so blatantly contrived as to be irresistible kitsch. "Leader Of The Pack", "Tell Laura I Love Her", "Teen Angel", "Last Kiss" and "Ebony Eyes" are so innocuous they would be hard-put to offend your maiden

In Johnny Cymbal's
"The Water Was Red",
his girlfriend is thoroughly
masticated by a shark
during a private
teen beach party

aunt. But some songs exhibited a darker side which made them far more interesting than the tales of splattered bikies and stock car racers.

In Johnny Cymbal's "The Water Was Red", his girlfriend is thoroughly masticated by a shark during a private teen beach party. In Skip & Flip's "Teenage Honey-moon", the newlyweds drive gleefully away from their reception, cans clanking and foam drying on the duco, only to be creamed at a level crossing. In Bernadette Carroll's "The Hero", Sue's romantic fling with the local football hero comes to an abrupt halt when her arch enemy, Patty, rings her with the news that a bus crash has wiped out not only Johnny but the whole team.

Dickey Lee actually beat Bobby Goldsboro on to the charts in 1962 and displayed a similar affinity for terminally tacky tunes. A handsome young Floridan singer, in the mould of Bobby Vee, Vinton, Rydell et al. Dicky had the credibility of being a Sun recording artist (as were Presley, Cash, Perkins, Lewis, Orbison and Twitty) and writing the country music standard "She Thinks I Still Care." However, history will

remember him for little else than his string of sob-pop hits. First off the mark was "Patches", about a girl from the wrong side of the tracks who is forced out of Dickey's reach by concerned parents. Dickey reluctantly acquiesces to a plan whereby "Patches must think that I love her no more", but is brought undone when he overhears a neighbor talking to his flint-hearted father:

*"He said a girl name of Patches was found
Floating face down in that dirty old river
That flows by the coal yards in old shanty town."*

Like the good brave "Running Bear", Dickey decides to consolidate the carnage with a double departure, and ends his song with the declaration: "I'll join you tonight, Patches I'm coming to you."

Three years later, Lee proved he had not lost the tragic touch which had sent him into the Top Ten with "Patches." This time around he meets "Laurie" at a dance, describing her (an early clue) as "an angel of a girl." Amid swirling cascades from a shrill heavenly choir, he walks her home. After informing him that it is her birthday, Laurie becomes chilled and borrows Dickey's sweater. After a chaste goodnight peck, Dickey realises that he has failed to retrieve his sweater and so rouses Dad with a few polite knocks. At this point the plot takes a turn for the worse:

*"You're wrong son, you weren't with my daughter.
How can you be so cruel to me this way?
My Laurie left the world on her birthday.
She died a year ago today."*

*A strange force drew me to the graveyard,
I stood in the dark and saw the shadows wave.*

*And then I looked and saw my sweater
Lying there upon her grave.
Strange things happen in this world.*

Strange and nauseating things had in fact been happening on vinyl for many years before teenagers began shortening their lifespans. One wonderful American 78rpm artifact from the pre-Cold War days is a love song to mad butcher Joseph Stalin entitled "Curl A Mo Uncle Joe." But perhaps the granddaddy of pop schlock is the hugely popular "Deck Of Cards", written and recorded by T. Texas Tyler in 1948 and later a hit for Tex Ritter and disc jockey Wink Martindale. In this monologue, a soldier is spotted dealing cards in a church, brought before his superiors and threatened with punishments more severe than those for espionage and cowardice combined. However, the unruffled serviceman thinks fast on his feet and gets himself off the hook by pointing out the religious symbolism of each card in his deck.

The Fifties was also an era when pure, unadulterated sentimentality was lapped up unashamedly by the Western world. Red Foley, Ralph DeMarco, Clinton Ford, Elvis Presley and Australia's Tex Morton all sold vast numbers of their versions of "Old Shep." An entire generation wept as the



"Gee, Miss Higgins . . . if you don't drink, smoke, eat, swear, talk, laugh, move, or breathe, what do you do?"

SCHLOCK

singers recalled: "With hands that were trembling I picked up my gun and aimed it at Shep's faithful head." The lyrics didn't make it plain if the mutt was plugged or not but he did eventually cease to exist, prompting the conclusion: "If dogs have a heaven, there's one thing I know, Old Shep has a wonderful home."

And when dogs weren't dying it was mothers. In the Everly Brothers' "Lightning Express", a bigger hit in Australia than anywhere else in the world, a little boy sits ashen-faced in the corner of a train carriage, clutching a crumpled letter. When a "stern old conductor" demands his fare, the lad implores him:

Please Mr Conductor, don't put me off this train.

The best friend I have in this world sir, is waiting for me in pain.

Expecting to die any moment sir, and may not last through the day.

I want to reach home and kiss mother goodbye

Before God takes her away.

It wasn't only the good who died young. In the highly moralistic Dion/Johnny O'Keefe hit "Be Careful Of Stones That You Throw", the fast girl in town is the subject of back fence gossip by the narrator's next-door neighbor. Just as the old witch is in full venomous flight, there is a screaming of brakes and a dull thud:

My neighbor's one child had been dragged from its path

And saved by a girl lying still.

The child was unhurt and my neighbor cried out.

Oh, who was that brave girl so sweet?

I covered the crushed broken body and said,

"The bad girl who lived down the street."

This approach to death on the road was almost sophisticated compared with the horrendous Ferlin Husky track "The Drunken Driver", which has been known to make grown men retch. "Friends, there's something been hauntin' me," begins the drawling Ferlin in his near-illiterate style. He proceeds to tell us of two young children walking along a dark road, homeless because "their mother had died, Daddy had run away", who fall prey to a drunken driver:

The bumper struck the little girl, taking her life away

While the little boy in a puddle of blood in the ditch

Lying there did lay.

The punch line is that the kids are his own and the torment is almost too much to bear, particularly when he catches these words from the lips of his dying son:

Daddy, why did you do this to us?

How come you run us to the ground?

It was you and Mommy we was talking 'bout

When the car it brought us down.

Country music has long been full of saccharine sentiment ("Daddy Don't You Walk So Fast", "I Don't Wanna Play House"), tales of broken dollies and repentant spouses, but most of the outpourings have been confined to specialist country charts, custom-made for the soft white underbelly of rural America. In the Seventies, the pop charts let down their guard and allowed some real clunkers to slip in. A Canadian called J.J. Barrie (really Barry Authors) managed to soar to number one in Britain (and almost as high in Australia) in 1976 with a song that (surprise, surprise) had only been an underbubbler in America for Melba Montgomery and Shirley Caesar. In "No Charge", a young J.J. tallies up his chores for the week on a piece of paper and presents his mother with an account for \$14.75. She accepts it gracefully and then furnishes her own bill (nine months carrying you @ x dollars per month, etc). Shamefaced, he retrieves his slip of paper

6
The Fifties was
an era when pure
unadulterated sentimentality
was lapped up unashamedly
by the Western
world
;

and scrawls "Paid In Full" across it. Moral: the cost of real love is No Charge.

That same year (obviously a boom one for Kleenex), 59-year-old country and western veteran Red Sovine managed his first million-seller. This was a year after C.W. McCall's tedious number one hit "Convoy", and CB radio catch-phrases still hung heavy in the air. "Teddy Bear" is the call sign of a young, crippled boy whose father has died and who wants more than anything else to take a ride in an 18-wheel rig. He uses his mother's CB while she is out shopping and makes contact with a truckie, who promptly arrives at the boy's house — as do 17 other drivers who happen to be listening in. The kid gets taken for more rides than a gullible tourist and the saga ends with Mother Teddy Bear sending out a thank-you over the airwaves: "Ten Four and Goodbye."

In 1977, our ears were assaulted by the most obnoxious overflow of a rampant ego since Neil Diamond's "I Am ... I Said." One-hit-wonder disco group The Floaters made number two in America with "Float On", a turgid revelation of their respective astrological profiles ("Hi, I'm Larry and I'm

a Sagittarius"). That same year, white Motown artist Charlene Duncan first released the record which (university studies prove) more feminists despise than any other. It took five years for "I've Never Been To Me" to become a major international hit, but when it did the howls of opposition reached a deafening pitch. Charlene presents herself as a woman of the world who has travelled wide and experienced much but who can only find real fulfilment by devoting herself to a man. Compared with the anger this caused, the icky "Girls Can Get It" by Dr Hook virtually passed unnoticed.

These examples of poor taste and over-the-top sentimentality really are the collective tip of an iceberg. Australia has its share of clunkers in the closet. How could we forget Johnny Ashcroft's "Little Boy Lost" or Rolf Harris' "Two Little Boys"? Elvis Presley's vast body of work turns up some real choice turkeys, particularly from his middle movie period when he unquestioningly sung, without a trace of emotion or even interest, absolutely anything that was placed in front of him. At the top of the list would be "Old MacDonald Had A Farm", "There's No Room To Rhumba In A Sports Car", "Yoga Is As Yoga Does", "The Bullfighter Was A Lady", and the story of an impotent bull called "Dominic."

Elvis is by no means the only superstar to disgrace himself on vinyl. Ever since "Tonight's The Night", Rod Stewart's hits have been one continuous narcissistic wank, culminating in the unbearable "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?" Willie Nelson & Julio Iglesias dabbled in that field themselves with their meandering duet "To All The Girls I've Ever Loved", in which they seem most intent on convincing themselves of their stud status.

This catalogue of catastrophe began with Henry marching home from the Korean War minus his eyesight. Thus it is fitting that it concludes with the trials and tribulations of the first high-profile Vietnam veteran, chronicled way back in 1969, when *nobody* was touching on that most contentious of subjects in commercial pop songs (at least ones that they expected to get played on the radio). In "Ruby, Don't Take Your Love to Town", Kenny Rogers' unnamed hero is "proud to go and do my patriotic chore" but ends up "not the man I used to be." His real troubles begin when his missus gets a bit frisky and decides to slip away to the local watering hole for a little dalliance. The veteran understands the reason: "It's hard to love a man whose legs are bent and paralysed. And the wants and the needs of a woman your age, Ruby I realise." But he certainly doesn't condone the betrayal: "If I could move I'd get my gun and put her in the ground."

However, as we discover, he's impotent in more ways than one. As the screen door slams his self-respect is finished ... and so is this analysis of popular music's least memorable moments. **OTR**



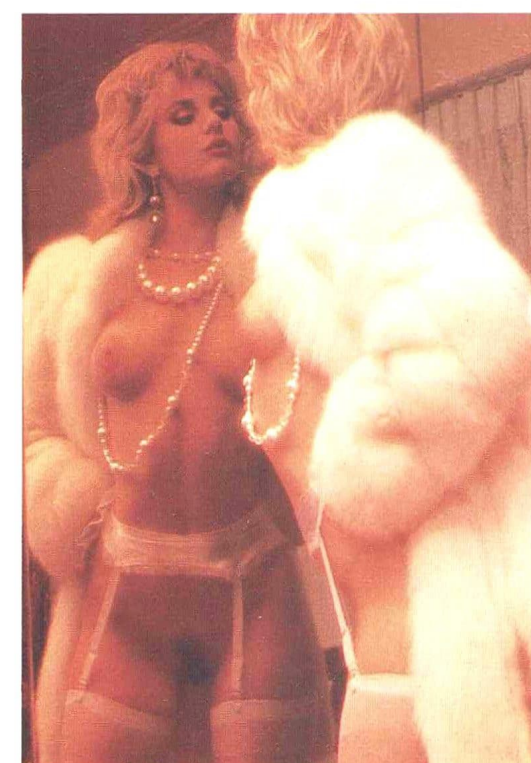
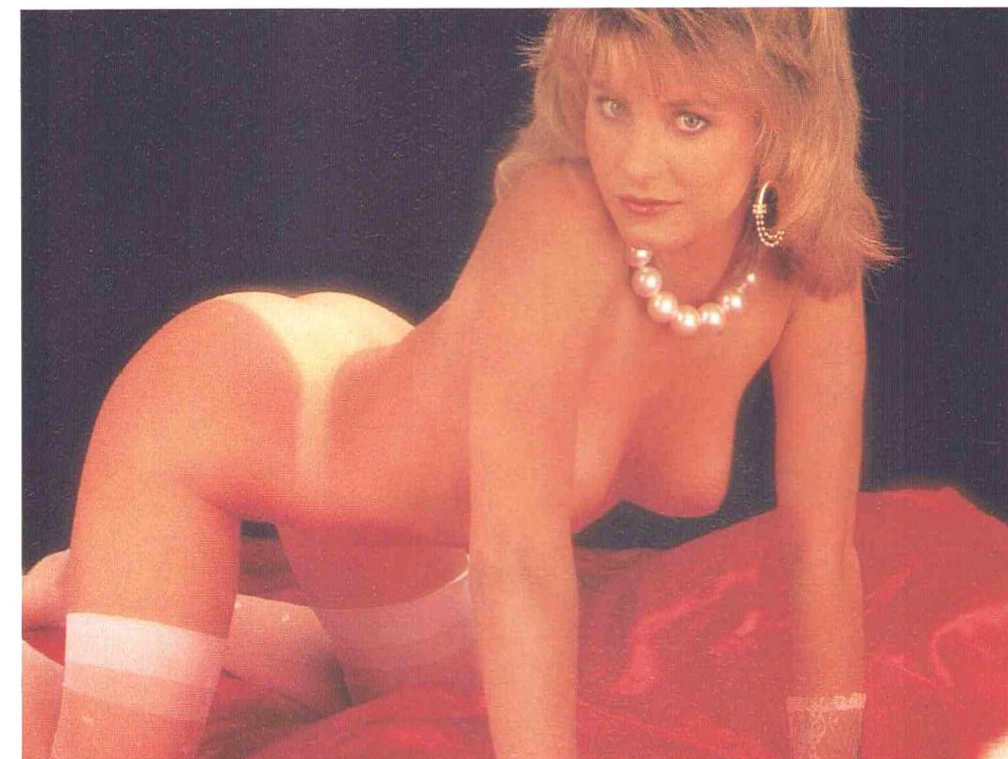
R O S I E

Fur by Bernhard Hammerman; Jewellery by Cash Palace; Gloves by Dents; Shoes and leather garments by Joshua; Shirt by Ian MacMaugh; Lingerie by Estelle Glamourware, Surry Hills; Lambswool by Aries The Ram, Sydney.

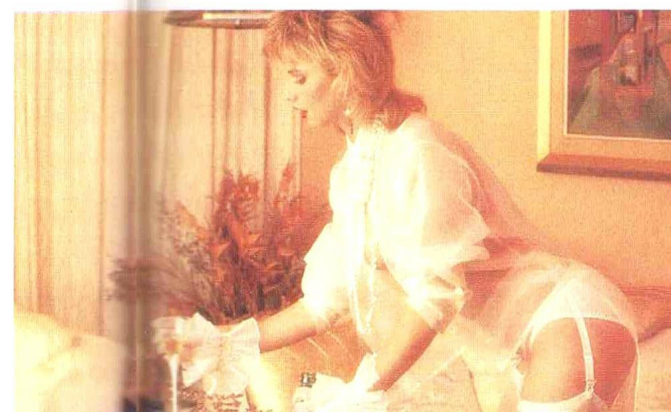


PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEREMY TAYLOR

L I V E W I R E



It's no coincidence that the sound of popping champagne corks is a familiar one to Sydney's bubbling Rosie Kosman. That's because when men meet her, they feel like celebrating — and that's because she loves meeting men, and it rubs off. She's vivacious and dynamic — just 20 — and when her face lights up as it does so often, it's enough for any man to feel special . . . *Waiter!*





But it's no case of all play and no work for this livewire. She knows how to put her head down to achieve her goals in life, working as a secretary but still with enough energy to do a few nights a week bar work. Work offers the chance to meet new faces, and on that she thrives.

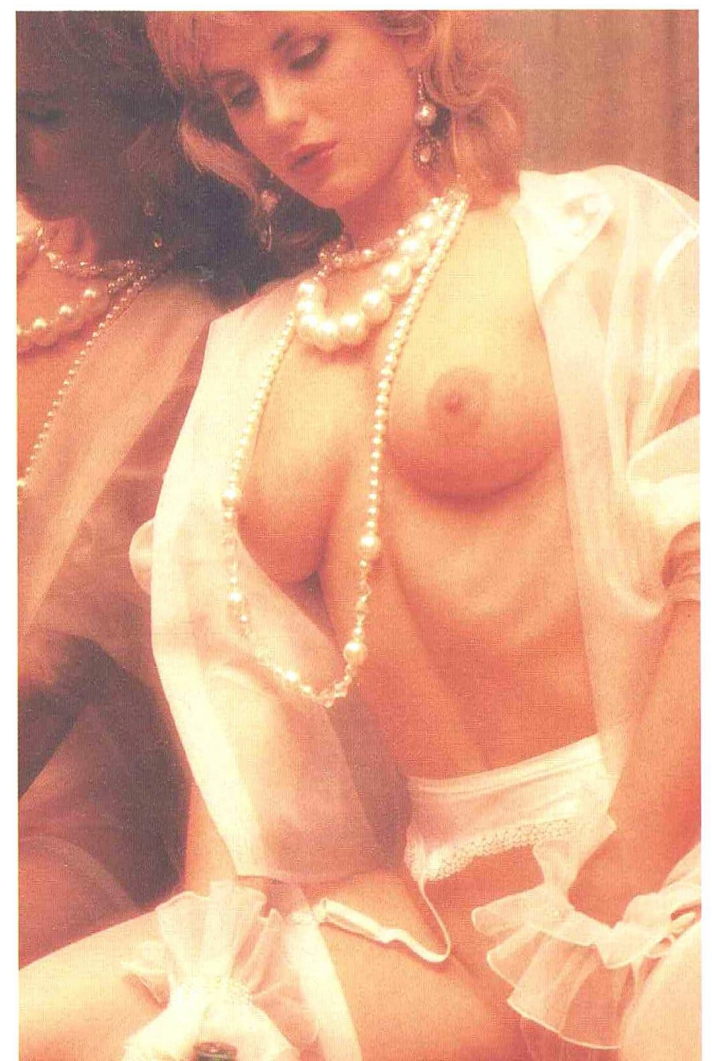
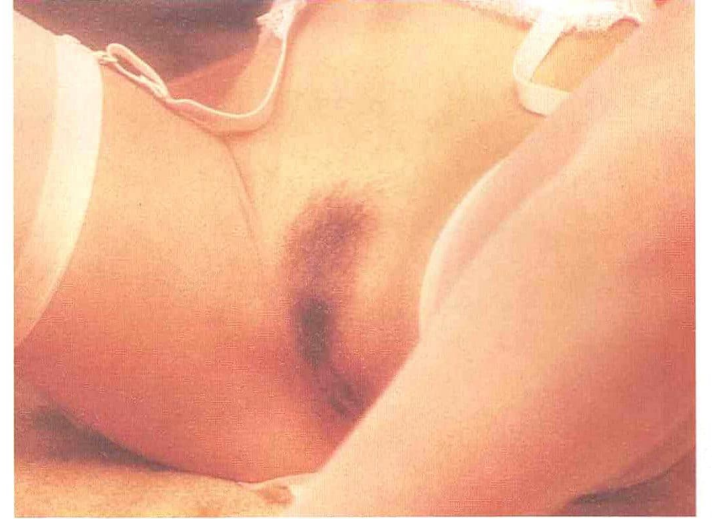




Rosie has sampled the settled life long enough to know it's not for her. Her independence and socialising are too important to be at home deciding whether to go out or not. She's impulsive and needs men who can match that style. Neatness and punctuality in men are other prerequisites, but they must also be full of ideas, attentive . . . and sexy.



This is one woman who
always looks sensational:
"You never know where you
might get invited, and I'm
always ready. People may
joke about those movie stars
who look great at seven in
the morning, but that
happens to be my way with
things."





Organisation comes easily to her, in both her personal and professional life. That's a quality likely to see her leap ahead in the business world, with the right offers. The idea of a little more power, "instead of men making all the decisions", is very attractive to her; meanwhile, her electric powers of attraction have glasses charged . . .

OTB



MISS ROSIE KOSMAN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

AMERICAN ORGY

Anything can happen when 800 desperately seeking singles get together for a weekend at a secluded resort

BY BOB SPITZ

Last winter, suffering from the post-holiday blahs, I was perusing the personals column in a local tabloid when an adjacent ad caught my attention: "Singles Weekend," the bold type proclaimed. "Spend a fantastic holiday in our mountain resort where you'll meet people just like you!" I found the prospect of a holiday not too far from home intriguing, but the last thing in the world I needed was to meet people just like me — in other words, depressed, defeated, and degenerate.

Beneath the ad copy was a series of pictures depicting hordes of healthy-looking snow bunnies lounging around the hotel's ski slopes, skating rink, and swimming pool. The juxtaposition of all those ex-cheerleader types right across the page from the endless listings of lonely hearts kindled my imagination. Maybe I ought to look into this, I thought, jotting down the address. And when the brochure finally arrived, I had almost made up my mind to go.

"Give it a try," a friend urged me. "My cousin's gone to a few singles weekends there and came back with all sorts of mind-boggling stories." He related a few that made the "leisure activities" listed in the brochure sound more like heats at a sexu-



ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC SCOTT

al Olympics. "That's the only reason anyone goes there," he said. "What's more, you could stand the company of a new woman or two."

Or three, I thought.

The next thing I knew, I was heading upstate on the Thruway, speeding past the weather-beaten billboards of Paul Anka and Buddy Hackett. The Bc scht Belt — long-forgotten playground of the not-so-rich and famous. Who in their right mind would spend their winter vacation in such an out-of-the-way resort? But I already knew the answer to that: 800 single adults who were ready for anything. And by the time I turned into the hotel driveway, I was already intoxicated by the various possibilities of what lay ahead.

4:30 PM — IN THE LOBBY

The lobby of the hotel must have been the result of an interior decorator's bad dream: a stunning example of Hasidic rococo culled from the late-Miami Beach/Kitchen Sink period, in which taste was obviously considered *declassé*. Here among the Greek columns, crushed-velvet sofas, gilt-framed mirrors, crystal chandeliers, and potted palms is a small army of... well, singles, I guess: singles as far as the eye can see, engaged in a kind of predatory cakewalk.

And the merchandise, so to speak, is displayed like the boat show at the New York Coliseum. Clusters of unattached men and women have positioned themselves strategically along the great hall, posed just so with their blue-jean shanks sunk into the sofas, legs crossed, and arms draped circumspectly over the chair backs with fey mannequin detachment. Smiles convey deceptively mixed meanings while goblets of white wine sway exotically in free hands, never touching the molten surface of high-gloss varnished lips.

Here under one roof we have the available-elite, the ready-willing-and-able, the commitment-conscious who yearn for — ooohh, that word — *relationships* (say it again: *relationships*, aaahhhh), yet messages are flying around the room at a faster speed than if sent by Federal Express, and they all say the same thing: hands off, buster; this is strictly a preview of what's to come.

It's into this pageant I stumble. Dragging my suitcases through the fray, I prepare to trudge conspicuously toward the registration desk — past the suburban beauty queens and the jocks and the socially aloof — when a rouged-up woman in mauve pedal-pushers edges towards me, shifting her chassis into emotional overdrive.

"Here, I'll take those for you," she says, grabbing my suitcases. "It's pretty much of a hike over to registration. You should have parked by the west gate; you would

have saved yourself a lot of trouble." Slinging one of my bags over her shoulder, she manoeuvres through the crush of singles with missionary skill. "You do have a car, don't you?"

I admit as much, careful to sound as casual about it as possible.

"Yeah? What kind?"

I pull out my rental agreement to double-check. "An '84 Mustang."

"Oh." There is a long, painful silence before she shrugs and sighs. "Well, I guess that's okay. By the way, here's a spare key to my room," she says, removing a duplicate from what looks like a night watchman's ring of masters, "just in case we get separated later on."

We're shoulder-to-shoulder now, and I get the distinct impression I've been set upon like some weak-eyed jungle prey. I've been stalked, blitzed, and bagged by a big-game hunter — only, at some later time, to have my head mounted, so to speak, as an avocational trophy.

"What's your name?" I ask, more out of convention than curiosity.

"Debbie. So... whaddya do?"

What do I do? Let's see now, I do the mile in seven and a half flat, a mean roast leg of lamb, and occasionally drugs to take the edge off the ol' bones — all of which are irrelevant to Debbie's inquiring mind. For "What do you do?" is, to the singles weekender, the most pressing sociological question since "What is your sign?" fell out of vogue. Which is why I wince as I say, "I'm a [pause] writer."

The confession stops Debbie dead in her tracks. She turns to me, ashen-faced, and for a moment heaven and earth actually seem to stand still. Her brow knits itself into a grotesque thought pattern, an off-the-graph "w", as if I'm the personification of some Euclidean geometry problem she'd long ago given up trying to understand. I watch her lips form the now-epithetical "a writer" before she finally manages to utter, "Jesus!"

Then, without pausing, she drops my bags, snatches back the spare-room key, and moves away from me with the dispatch of a mortally wounded gazelle.

Not that I hadn't expected as much. I mean, a *writer*. The species hardly registers on the Catch Of The Century chart, let alone gleans respect. Word has it that this year's eligible bachelors come solely from the ranks of hard-core breadwinners: doctors, lawyers, stockbrokers, quarterbacks, coke dealers. Ideally, one might happen upon a quarterback who deals coke in the off-season, in which case even small talk is to be contingent upon the promise of marriage. Judging from the qualifications, one must rate my Singles Potential (or SP, if you speak the language) as grim at best.

Yet, the Debbie episode leaves me feeling the least bit put off. The bile in my throat begins to rise as I complete the inquisitive registration form. (It, too, wants to know what kind of car I drive; I put down "Mer-

cedes" lest they show me the door.)

Nevertheless, I'm determined to make the best of it. If anyone inquires about my profession, I'm determined to... lie. Yes! That's what I'll do. I'll tell her I'm a lawyer! Better yet, a lawyer-quarterback in the midst of a residency. (Let her worry about her own coke connection.)

5:30 PM — IN THE BAR

The Nightcap Lounge is sort of a provisional Demilitarised Zone located between the lobby and the disco, where beleaguered guests can find a dark corner in which to escape the hustling crowd. A combo plays snippets of Billy Joel hits from an elevated bandstand while, all around it, Bloomie's children swirl cheerfully in a social convention known throughout Western civilisation as "mingling."

Random sections of the lengthy S-shaped bar are packed with amaretto-sodden singles in the process of mingling themselves into submission. I'm more than a bit intimidated by the crowd's enviable finesse, the small talk, and the seductive stares. Instead of sticking around, I pad off to a relatively secluded section of the lounge, away from the bumper-to-bumper social traffic, in order to spend a few minutes looking over the "Weekend Activities Guide" provided by the hotel's social staff.

From the look of things, the three days promise to be — according to the program — *fantastic*. For starters, there's the *fantastic* "shim swim" clinic at the indoor pool, a *fantastic* art auction, a *fantastic* five-course dinner, followed by *fantastic* line and square-dancing with Miriam ("She's *fantastic*!" I hear someone say), *fantastic* under-the-stars ice skating, the *fantastic* Singles' Champagne Dance, *fandiscotastic* dancing, and, of course, the ever-*fantastic* Catskills staple: SHOW TIME IN THE IMPERIAL ROOM starring the *fantastic* DICK CAPRI. All, I might add, scheduled for the express purpose of introducing single guests to one another. And that only covers the next six *fantastic* hours or so.

I'm about to move on to Saturday's events when I feel a steamy amaretto-scented draft waft frothily along the nape of my neck. There, looming not more than three inches from my ear, is the face of an incredible-looking creature burdened with waxy skin and rheumy eyes. The face, I discover, belongs to Judy, a registered nurse in need of a little first aid of her own, who claims there's nothing like a singles weekend to cure one's primary social ills.

"The weekend sounds pretty... *fantastic*," I begin lamely, realising by now that I'd rather be anywhere else. "Especially the Get-Acquainted Bash on the tennis courts."

"I think it sucks," Judy says, inhaling a handful of cocktail peanuts like a hypersonic Hoover. "Mind answering a question for me?"

Uh-oh, here it comes, I think — one more

career interview to hurdle. Only this time I decide to head it off at the pass.

"I'm an attorney," I say, extending my chest with lawyerly pomp.

Judy looks at me like a bewildered owl, then laughs contemptuously. "Yeah? Well, who gives a shit?"

"I just thought..."

"Look, you can save that crap for the Cabbage Patch dolls," she says, jerking her head in the direction of a few single women working the other side of the bar. "I just want to know how many times you can come."

My best De Niro expression says, "You talkin' to me?" — only there's no-one else standing within reasonable earshot.

"Is this a toughie?" she asks, indicating my obvious hesitation.

I promise her that it's not. It's just that I've never stopped to take inventory of my various orgasmic performances before and need a few seconds to reflect on the facts.

"Look, you can save that crap for the Cabbage Patch dolls. I just want to know how many times you can come."

A moment later I come up with the only workable approach to a particularly ludicrous situation. "Do you want it in quarts or litres?" I ask.

"Times per night will do," Judy grins, obviously delighted that I'm getting into the spirit of things.

I finally give her a ball park figure, to which she shows neither disappointment nor surprise. Instead, her eyes drift down toward my lap where the proof of the pudding lies tucked securely behind a well-fortified pair of jeans. "Think you might want to go for a new record?" she asks coquettishly. "Word has it I can inspire the impossible."

"It's not impossible!" I snap back, before realising what has happened. Here in this misbegotten bar, this misbegotten Kewpie doll has successfully launched a ground attack on my ego. And I've played unwittingly into her hands. "Besides which, what makes you think you're so special?"

"Hey! Let's not get nasty, Bobby-baby. With such a so-so batting average you can't afford to pass up an opportunity like this to see if you can get it up... if you get my drift. And if anyone's going to raise your

consciousness, it's me. I've got a bagful of tricks that'll astound you." Judy throws out her arms and sighs in a kind of contented-grizzly bear yowl that alarms half the bar. "I don't know; I think it has something or other to do with the mountain air. So — whaddya say?"

Everyone's got their approach, I imagine. Debbie's was "Whaddya do", Judy works with "Whaddya say." Of equal desperation, they might be equally interchangeable. Only soon I am going to have to accept a challenge or settle for being a spectator for the duration of the weekend festivities. Which means, it is time to tender a commitment. *Why not try the impossible?* I think. Better to go down coming than not to come at all.

I let my hand lightly fall along the small (if there is such a place) of Judy's back, too dejected over what I am about to do to gaze once again into her eyes.

"I say, let's go for broke," I mutter, pulling her closer. But there seems to be a bit of resistance on her part. She doesn't answer, nor does she acknowledge the willingness of my hand, which has moved resolutely to her waist. Perhaps she didn't hear me above the drone of the combo's textbook rendition of "Just The Way You Are."

"Judy — whaddya say?" I ask, resorting to the native tongue. When I finally look up, however, her eyes are engaged in torrid flirtation with two sides of beef, in matching Sassons, which seem to have materialised out of the smoky miasma obfuscating the Nightcap. A moment later they've pulled up chairs and are discussing the possibility of combining resources in an effort to establish a new record for sexual longevity. A tag team, going over the moves.

"Just think of it," one of them says, "when one of us has to stop and refuel, the other takes over. You got nonstop action here, Judy. We can try for 30 times — 15 apiece. Whaddya say?"

"Whaddya say!" Judy echoes, wriggling free of my hold in a move that would impress Mark Gastineau.

I can't believe what's going on. "Judy, Judy — whaddya say!" I plead. "Whaddya say?"

She stops and turns back in my direction. "Excuse me? What was that?"

"Wha... whaddya say?" I whisper.

"What do I say? About what?"

"About going for a new record. About your bagful of tricks. The mountain air."

"Oh, right — those," she says, seemingly mystified by my interest. She looks over her shoulder at the two guys whispering madly to each other, then checks her watch. "Tell you what — I should be down before nine. Then we'll talk about it. Whaddya say?"

"Whaddya say!" I reply meekly.

"Whaddya say, Judy!" I hear from behind, and turn to find the bartender pointing to eight on the clock on the wall.

oh Henry!!...
....you're
such an
animal!!..

WOOF!

L.

6:45 PM — IN THE HALLWAY

With less than 15 minutes until dinner, I take the elevator to the sixth floor in order to shower and dress for the occasion. But getting back to my room is like running interference patterns through a live mine field. Everywhere I turn, a singles guest swings blindly into my path on his or her way to a neighboring room. Doors have been routinely left ajar, and if one is clever enough, a resourceful eye can glimpse images of shapely young women in various stages of undress.

Across the hall, I notice a gorgeous young thing, hardly into her twenties, as she removes a football jersey she's wearing, then stares at her naked reflection in the bedroom mirror. I inch toward her door to get a better look at what appears to be the makings of an incredible body. She has that lean, leggy look, finely sculpted breasts, with strawberry-blonde hair that matches the finespun tuft nestled snugly between her legs. Slowly, she begins to knead her shoulders, then lets her hand languish over her breasts until the nipples are erect. While one hand continues to tease a nipple, the other traces a line to a magical place between her legs that causes her to rock back and forth in a slow, steady rhythm.

This must be the *fantastic* fuckfest, I think, preparing to make some kind of an entry. After all, she's left the door ajar. Anyone walking by might stumble into the wrong room. Hell, it's an honest mistake. I figure I've got nothing to lose. What's more, I can't help feeling this whole thing has been staged for my benefit. I'm convinced she saw me in the hall and is playing to a happily captive audience.

Just as I'm about to cross the threshold, however, a door opens to the adjoining bathroom and another young, naked couple emerges. The man is on the rugged side with overly developed muscles that seem almost comical in contrast to his puny cock. But his partner is a different story altogether. Tall and shapely, she has one of the most remarkable arses I've ever seen, and I stop dead in my tracks lest I break up this promising scene. "Hope we didn't keep you waiting too long," she says, curling up on the unmade bed. "Gary, here, has one hell of an imagination when it comes to taking a shower."

"Actually, it looks like we got here just in time," Gary says, shuffling up behind the girl in the mirror. "Looks like your roomie worked herself into a lather while we were gone." He nuzzles up against the nymphet and replaces her hand with his without breaking the rhythm.

"Not fair leaving me all here by myself," his former partner sighs, rolling over.

Gary smiles, then gently turns the young woman around and steers her toward the bed.

This is too much for me to bear. I back up a few steps, preparing to leave, when I realise I am not watching the action alone.

"They weren't kidding when they promised us 'a room with a view,'" someone says. Behind me, languishing in an open doorway, is a tousle-haired man grinning with a panoramic show of teeth. "I'm Joey," he says, coming at me with an outstretched hand. "Looks like we're gonna be neighbors this weekend. This your first time here?"

I admit that it is, only to learn that Joey and his roommate, Stanley, haven't missed a singles weekend in over two years. "It's the only sensible place to unwind when you find yourself in a slump. Just ask Stanley — there's nothing like it to raise the ol' batting average, if you get my drift," he says, grabbing a handful of gabardine at his crotch.

Joey is a self-confessed "Garmento" from New Jersey who deals in better qual-

"Dance with you?" she laughs. "Honey, it's too early in the night to make that concession. See if I'm here in an hour."

ity children's wear; Stanley's a pharmacist from New Rochelle. And together they're the incarnation of Dan Ackroyd and Steve Martin's wild-and-crazy guys: grotesquely patterned shirts, polyester suits, Naugahyde ankle boots — all the accoutrements necessary to woo the "foxy chicks."

"You gotta look sharp to get results," he says with a bit of a swagger. "There's too much action around, but if you're not head and shoulders above the competition, you won't make points."

"Get a load of this," Stanley says, leading me to an adjoining bedroom door. Dropping to one knee, he jams his eye up against the keyhole and grins appreciatively. "Here, see for yourself."

There, on the other side of the door, is a couple rehearsing what looks like a scene from the X-rated version of *The Pirates of Penzance*. The woman, a thin-waisted waltz with great tits, is tied to the bed's headboard with a pair of her lover's neckties. She is struggling to get free — but not too hard, especially since his mouth, buried in the dark folds of her twat, is making a good argument to convince her otherwise. Moments later, she comes in great bucking

jolts that shake the walls of our room.

"Those two just met a half hour ago," Stanley sighs, helping me to my feet.

"Yeah," Joey concurs. "I was the schmuck who gave her directions to the ice-skating rink. My good neighbor said he'd take her there personally. Guess they sorta took a detour. It just goes to show that you've gotta capitalise on every opportunity, or learn to go without."

Stanley informs me that sex in every variation is the unwritten rule of the weekend. "Every man and woman comes with an open mind," he says, then snickers roguishly, pleased by his unintentional joke. "Most are willing to try anything new. As a matter of fact, I already bumped into a woman at the bar who presented me with an interesting physiological challenge."

"Was her name, by any chance, Judy?" I ask.

Stanley looks at me with deadpan surprise. "Yeah. How did you know?"

"Lucky guess."

"The trouble with you," Joey advises me, "is you gotta unwind — y'know, loosen up a bit. No matter how you look at it, you're gonna get laid — it's a *fait accompli*. So take the pressure off. Relax. Think of the next few hours as taking a stroll down Fifth Avenue, window-shopping. You see something you like, you take it home with you."

"Yeah," Stanley says, "and if you're not happy with the merchandise, return it in the morning. No questions asked."

Still, there's a measure of finesse involved in the process, and both men fall back on their own respective strategies. The night's usually filled with possibilities and places to pick up single women. And if all else fails, they both agree there's no place for scoring like — the disco.

10:30 PM — AT THE DISCO

By ten o'clock, the flock of young birds in their off-the-shoulder dresses flit noisily around the entrance to the no-frills disco that resembles a shadowy Romper Room for emotionally arrested adults. Eight hundred predominantly suburban, predominantly upscale singles lurch about to electronically simulated jungle rhythms, thoroughly convinced that this is the most effective way to impress someone of the opposite sex. And rest assured that everyone is pulling out all the stops to do exactly that. This is the weekend's main event before bedtime — the "final heat", so to speak — and to the discerning eye, the anticipation is almost palpable.

I take up a position just inside the door to facilitate a bird's-eye appraisal of late arrivals. Within seconds, the ground rules pertaining to this style of singles courtship are made strikingly clear, with partners-that-be doing their best to prove the adage that love, indeed, hath no pride. From where I stand, a steady flow of gussied-up men and women file past a makeshift reception line, where they get a shameless once-over

before making their way to the floor. I watch with mounting fascination as Phil, a 36-year-old dentist from Connecticut, corners a woman standing alone at the bar and asks her to dance.

"With you?" she laughs, crunching on a chunk of crushed ice. "Honey, it's too early in the night to make that kind of concession. But who knows? See if I'm still here in an hour."

He stumbles pathetically away, only to be intercepted by a chesty discophile trussed up in a see-through party dress. "Wanna dance?" she asks.

Phil leans at her truculently. "Get lost!" "Wanna fuck?"

"I guess so," he shrugs, looking her up and down as if she were a late-blooming philodendron. "Just give me five minutes." Whereupon Phil retreats to a balcony overlooking the floor to see if it's worth, as he puts it, "holding out for a more promising-looking partner."

I feel increasingly like a visitor to some para-sexual stockmarket where humiliation is the current medium of exchange. The time-honored negotiations of two partners similarly attracted to each other are nonexistent here. There's none of the usual smiling, flirting, having a drink, chatting, getting a phone number, or, if you're lucky, lining up a date. That brand of leisurely romantic *pas de deux* might be better likened at a singles weekend to a Toreador harassing the bull.

"The idea is not to leave here alone," says a veteran named Beverly, who admits she has successfully "paired off" with a different man each night of the last four singles weekends she's attended. "It's all right to be on your own when you check in, or around the pool, and even at dinner. But here, you're in a do-or-die situation. You've got to hook up with a guy or face spending the night — and maybe the rest of your life — by yourself. Or worse: having to make that long walk to the elevators without a man, only to wind up sitting alone outside your room for a couple of hours. Just walk down a few hallways after midnight and see what I mean. Thanks, but no thanks. My philosophy is 'every girl for herself', and, take it from me, it gets pretty hostile in here as the night grows older."

I see what Beverly means when she spots her roommate leaving with a guy who looks smug enough to actually have a couple of bucks. "Who's the lucky man, Jackie?"

"None of your business," Jackie says, hooking her arm through one belonging to her prize catch. "C'mon, let's get out of here."

Beverly snickers contemptuously. "Okay, be that way. But I refuse to spend another night suffering while some guy hangs around trying unsuccessfully to get into your pants. One of these days, dearie, you're gonna have to throw in the towel and give sex a try."

Jackie yanks her arm free. It occurs to

me she's about to pop Beverly one in the snout. Instead, she stomps fitfully on the floor with both feet and rushes away from us without another word.

The guy watches Jackie depart with a sense of dumbfounded humiliation. "Don't look so crestfallen," Beverly says, brushing his shoulder with the back of her hand. "I just saved you from five or six hours of fruitless begging. Which, as I see it, puts you soundly in my debt."

"How can I ever repay you?" he asks, sliding an arm around Beverly's waist.

"I'm not sure. But come on up to the room and let's talk it over."

A few minutes later, I decide I've had enough. I choose to turn in early, buoyed by the inexplicable feeling that I'm much better off right now than any of my fellow participants. Going upstairs alone seems to me like a triumph of the spirit, a victory for self-esteem. Equally incongruous, I realise it's the first (and last) time I've ever flirted with the concept of celibacy and didn't seriously question my emotional outlook.

AND LATER THAT NIGHT . . .

The corridor outside my room looks like a branch of the Centre for Displaced Refugees. So many women sit spreadeagled on the floor outside their rooms, cradling their heads in their hands, that for a moment I imagine they're sconces that have been placed there in another display of the resort's garish architecture. A few have

fallen mercifully asleep; others wince periodically, reacting in part to the muffled noises emanating from behind the locked doors, in part to the procession of eager couples who step over them (sometimes on them!) on their way to other rendezvous.

I prefer to feign blindness. For any number of reasons, it seems easier not to look directly into the eyes of the vanquished multitude, especially when under less favorable circumstances I might be sitting there among them. My objective is to simply get to my room without incident and close the door on this decidedly unfortunate chapter in the ongoing saga of courtship hysteria.

It occurs to me that I'm the only single man negotiating his way through a mass of wounded women when an arm lashes out and, in one swift action reminiscent of something I saw on *Wild Kingdom*, snares me by the ankle.

"What's the hurry, Tiger?" my captor inquires, uncoiling from her former striking position. Standing up, she introduces herself as Eileen, a physical therapist from Yonkers, and assures me that her professional dexterity carries over into other areas of her life. Eileen, I learn, considers herself a victim of circumstance. She and her roommate both brought men back to their room at the same time earlier in the evening. When the situation of who-is-going-to

Continued on page 144



"Was it something I said, something I did, or something I ate?"



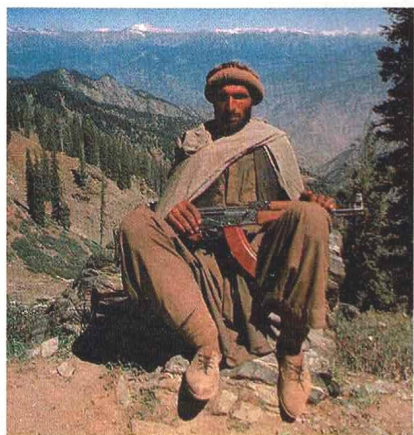
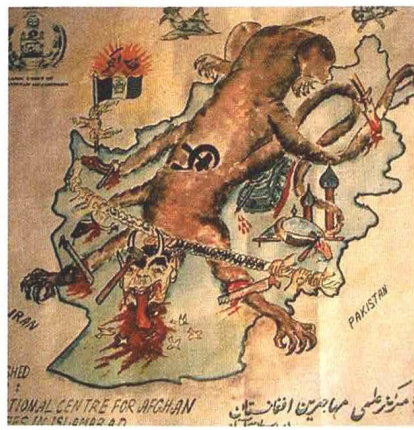
After six years of conflict, war has become a routine business for the Afghan freedom fighters

ENDLESS WAR

WORDS AND PHOTOS BY JEFF B. HARMON

In 1985, I went to Afghanistan to direct and produce a documentary for BBC television. There are times when a journalist or film maker unintentionally becomes part of the story; travelling clandestinely with Afghan guerrillas, there is always the risk of capture and execution. On my fifth trip inside Afghanistan — in Kandahar, the country's second largest city — the Soviets launched an operation to capture me and my cameraman, Alexander Lindsay. The following is my report.

The most wanted man in the south of Afghanistan is a 76-year-old guerrilla commander known as the "Lion of Kandahar." The communist regime of President Barbrak Karmal has offered a reward of five million afghanis (\$270,000) for Haji Abdul Latif, dead or alive. Haji Latif, a commander for Mahaz-i-Milli Islami Afghanistan, is no ordinary guerrilla. To supporters and foes alike, this old man is the living symbol of resistance against the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.



Top: Poster showing former Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev slain by the forces of Islam. Middle: A rebel's horse, slaughtered by the Afghani government troops. Bottom: A mujtahid guerrilla anxiously awaits the enemy. Right: A mujtahid commander on an abandoned tank.



The war in the south of Afghanistan has been largely neglected — even though the fighting there is more constant than the well-publicised battles in the east of the country. In Kandahar, Afghanistan's former imperial capital, Soviet and Afghan forces have been unable to wrest control of the city from the *mujtahideen* — the Afghani freedom fighters.

"There's no war in Panjshir!" shouts Haji Latif. "In Kandahar, we mujtahideen do not hide in the mountains. We fight in the streets, in the fields, in the bazaar." The Lion of Kandahar is not exaggerating. In the two weeks I have spent in Kandahar, there has been heavy fighting every day.

Most of the 4500 mujtahideen under Haji Latif's command are centered in Malajat, the sixth municipal district of Kandahar. They face a force of ten to 12 thousand Soviet and Afghan army troops — the majority of whom are billeted at the airport and the Kandahar garrison, the second-largest Soviet garrison in the country.

After six years of fighting, war is routine

in Kandahar. Soviet tanks and helicopters maintain their daily schedule of shelling and bombing runs. Afghan troops and mujtahideen pass each other on the roads and in the bazaar. Spies abound on both sides. There are dead and wounded almost every day. Exchange of fire comes to a strange standstill in the hot noon hour, as guerrillas and Afghan army troops consume their platters of *okra*. Bomb craters dot the streets and fields, and the mujtahideen career around them on their trail bikes — the main mode of transportation.

This casual attitude toward warfare is exemplified by the weekly mujtahideen rocket attack on the Kandahar airport. Motorcycling to a field of grapevines, the mujtahideen spend 30 minutes canvassing the vines. Sated with grapes, the mujtahideen prepare their 11 107mm free-flying missiles, as a fellow *mujtahid* films the process with his Betamax.

The rockets are set against boulders and detonated electronically. By the time the Soviets return fire, the mujtahideen are

scooting back to Malajat for a pot of green tea. Their raucous shouts of "*Afghanistan Zindabad!* [Long Live Afghanistan!]" are punctuated by artillery shells now crashing about the launch site.

Even to a visitor, the sense of immediate danger passes quickly. One eats and sleeps to the sounds of continuous shelling and weapons fire. In the courtyard of Haji Latif's headquarters, HIND MI-24 helicopter gunships fly overhead, belching forth their rockets at nearby positions — but in no way affecting the mundane chores of chopping wood and sweeping house.

Dominating this surreal existence is Haji Latif, whom the mujtahideen also refer to as "Haji Baba" — Haji Grandfather. The nickname is aptly reflected in the patriarchal role of this fighting septuagenarian. Protected by a flank of boys and young men, Haji Latif cooks their meals, distributes money, and leads them into battle.

Even before the *jihad*, or holy war, Haji Latif was famous throughout Afghanistan as the leader of the Pai Luch, the

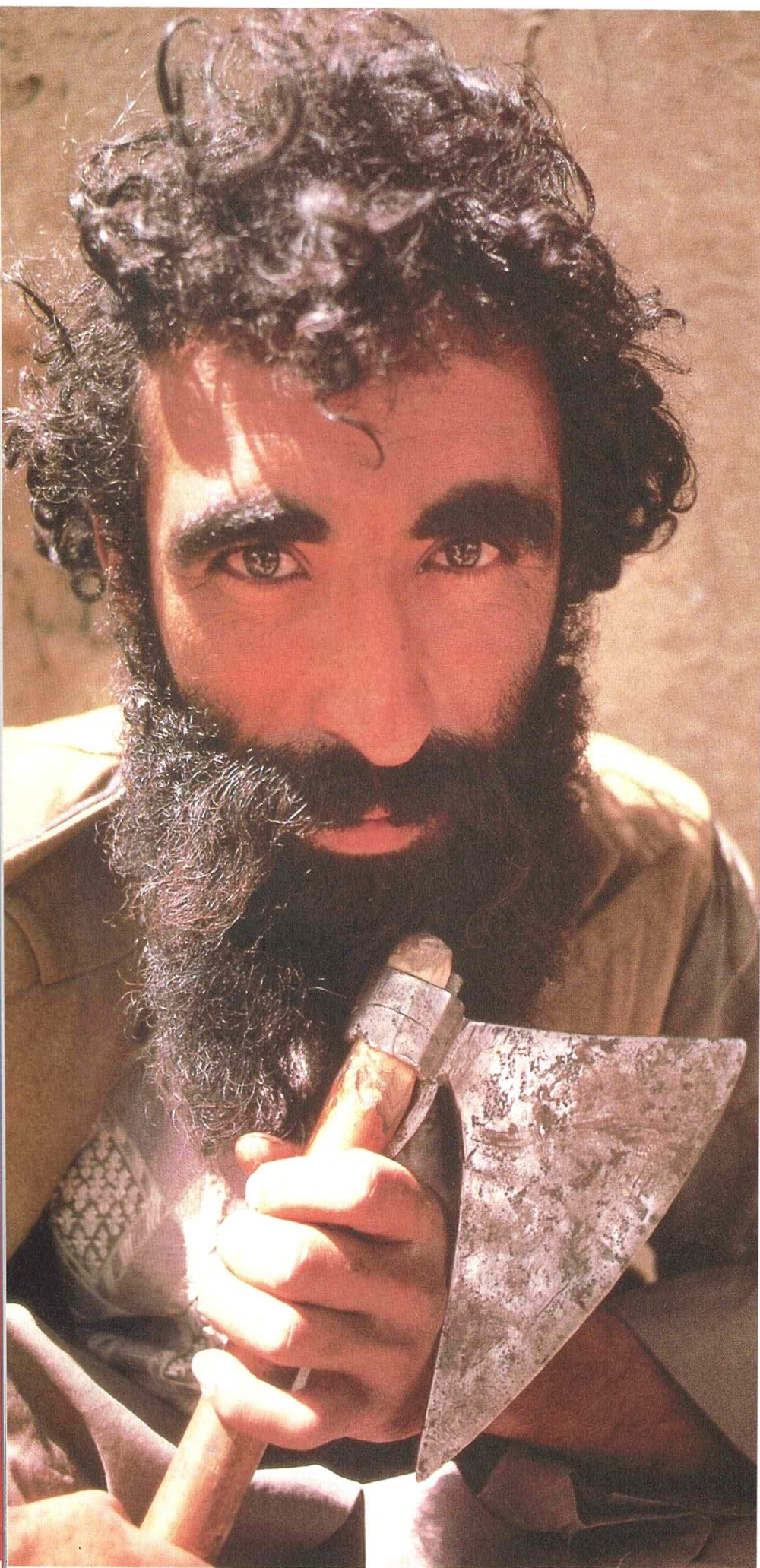
"Barefoots." Sporting distinctive turbans and tattoos, the Pai Luch of previous generations would extort rich merchants and rob caravans — distributing money and justice to the poor. Bred on their ancestors' warrior ethics, today's Pai Luch, properly trained, have the potential to be the best fighting force in the country.

Pai Luch are also famed hashish smokers — a fact that further displeases the *mul-lahs*. Almost every mujtahid house in Kandahar boasts a *chilum*, a water pipe, some standing a metre and a half tall. "Hashish is good for fighting," claims Lalwan, a 24-year old mujtahid who spent seven months in Kabul's notorious Poli-Charki prison. A true Pai Luch, he kept steadfastly silent while being beaten and tortured by electric jolts to the genitals. "Of course, I am not a hashish addict," Lalwan says, as he sucks in the pungent smoke from a dark hashish pancake crumbled into his *chilum*. "Too much hashish is bad for the head. That's why I only smoke in the mornings, afternoons, and evenings."

As early as the age of eight, boys are recruited into the Pai Luch as spies and assassins (a tactic also employed by the Soviets, who send young boys to Moscow for special training). Known as *cherokees*, these street urchins deliver messages back and forth to Pakistan, as well as hurling grenades at enemy posts and shooting Russian soldiers in the back with Chinese pistols. One nine-year-old *cherokee* claimed to have killed 300 enemy troops in the past year. ("This is an exaggeration," says Haji Latif. "He has only killed 82.") Five days after we interviewed this *cherokee*, he was captured while on his way to Pakistan to deliver a military report.

The mentality that the war produces is evidenced by Kandahar's system of justice. The Soviet and Afghan armies routinely execute and mutilate their prisoners. Civilian homes are mercilessly bombed in retaliation for mujtahideen attacks. Mujtahideen justice is similarly stern.

In the camp, a stooped figure in a tattered uniform is led around in circles by a



Far left: Mohammad Juma, the rebels' head executioner, fondles his axe, patiently waiting for the judge's orders to decapitate his prisoners. Left: The rebels hold members of Afghanistan's Communist Party hostage.

heavy chain. After 30 days in the camp, the Khalqi prisoner is no longer a human being. The soles of both feet sliced by daggers, one knee crippled during torture, the guerrillas derisively call him "char [donkey]," which is exactly how they treat him. Pulling up his eyelids, spitting into his face, playfully running a dagger across his neck, the mujtahideen compete to get a reaction from their prisoner.

But the expression on the man's face is devoid of emotion. His trembling lower lip is the only sign of pent-up rage and humiliation. In the month since his capture, the Khalqi has not uttered a single word. Says the commander of the camp, "This communist spy is an infidel. He does not even pray. The day that he speaks, I will cut his throat."

Although the war seems a planet away from neighboring Pakistan, Kandahar is only 115 kilometres from the Pakistani border town of Chaman. Yet a journey to the city is a five-day ordeal in the back of a pickup truck — driving a circuitous route through hills and desert, exposed to helicopter gunships and militia posts. A trip by the mujtahideen used to take eight hours. But on March 28, 1985, Ismatullah Muslim, a mujtahid commander who controlled the border area, defected to the Karmal government. His knowledge of all the mujtahideen routes and hiding places has forced the guerrillas to devise a longer, tortuous route through the hinterlands.

Ismatullah Muslim has proven himself a formidable enemy, and his militia is in the forefront of many battles against Haji Latif's Pai Luch. Says one officer of a local intelligence agency, "Ismatullah Muslim speaks English and Russian, and has captured armored personnel carriers by jumping on to moving vehicles."

Ismatullah Muslim's relationship with the Soviets dates back to 1973, when he trained as a military officer in Moscow. Arrested for smuggling gold, he spent two months in a Soviet jail. He was deported back to Afghanistan, where he became one of Kandahar's top mujtahideen commanders after the Soviet invasion in December 1979. Says the intelligence officer, "Ismatullah Muslim is the most dangerous man in Afghanistan." The mujtahideen would rather kill him than Barbrak Karmal, the communist president of the country.

Former allies, Ismatullah Muslim and Haji Latif are now sworn enemies. Filming under the noses of the Soviet and Afghan armies, my cameraman and I are inadvertently drawn into the rivalry. "A spy has reported your names to Ismatullah Muslim and the Soviets," warns Haji Latif. "If you're captured, you may not be as lucky as that Frenchman." Jacques Abouchar, a correspondent for the French television network Antenne 2, was ambushed and captured by Soviet troops on September 17, 1984, while on his way to Kandahar. He was released six weeks

later, due to intense diplomatic pressure by the Mitterrand government and the French Communist Party. Upon Abouchar's return to France, Vitaly S. Smirnov, the former Soviet ambassador to Pakistan, announced that the next journalist captured inside Afghanistan would be executed.

Producing a documentary for the BBC, we are, according to Haji Latif, the first film crew to reach Kandahar in close to a year. Filming in the heart of the city, only a block away from an Afghan Army post, just crossing the street is an act of peril. "No, no," shout the mujtahideen, as we film hundreds of citizens devotedly crowding about Haji Latif. "On that side of the road you get shot." On another occasion, we creep up to a low wall, 300 metres from a Soviet post, to film a convoy of tanks. Sighting us, the Soviets shell and machine gun our position.

But such acceptable risks pale in comparison with those experienced on our sixth day in Kandahar. At 7am we wake up to shell explosions and mujtahideen shouts of "Shuravi! Shuravi! [Russians!]" Seven hundred tanks and APCs have surrounded Malajat and are shelling the district. Burying most of our equipment, we abandon the house, running past narrow streets into a field of grass. Three hundred and fifty metres away, grey smoke billows from two tanks just rocketed by a band of cheering mujtahideen. But joy turns to panic as Soviet tanks and mortars unleash a mas-

sive barrage of shell fire.

Unable to fire back with their inferior weapons, Haji Latif's Pai Luch are pinned down as shells explode helter-skelter about the field. One shell explodes 20 metres away, the concussion knocking off my headphones and seriously wounding two mujtahideen. They lie moaning on the ground, bleeding profusely from the arms and head.

Another mujtahid, a short distance behind me, is killed instantly by an exploding tank shell. Trapped for nearly two hours, the group of us make a break for it during a brief lull in the shelling. The wounded are carried piggyback through the streets under heavy automatic-weapons fire. The dead mujtahid is wrapped in a blanket. Several mujtahideen run with their heavy loads, blood and debris trailing behind them.

Splattered with mud, our unit returns to the house. Shells exploding near the courtyard, the mujtahideen lay their dead companion on the floor of the dank room, the whites of his eyes staring blankly at the ceiling. "Ghazi [conqueror of death]," says a mujtahid, offering a quick prayer and closing the half-open lids. With HIND M1-24s flying overhead, we evacuate.

For three days and nights, the Soviets and Ismatullah Muslim's militia mercilessly shell Malajat. Through the night, BM-21s rocket the sixth municipal district, orange flashes from the explosions lighting up the mujtahideen stronghold.

According to a mujtahid spy at the Soviet garrison, Ismatullah Muslim has promised the Soviets and the Karmal government that he would capture Haji Latif and the two foreign journalists. Two days into the fighting, the spy's report is confirmed.

Mounted on a Jares tank, Ismatullah Muslim approaches within 30 metres of Haji Latif's headquarters. Speaking through a bullhorn, he falsely announces: "Sufi Jaffar [my pseudonym], Scandar [Alex Lindsay, my cameraman], and Haji Abdul Latif have been captured. They are in chains, on their way to Pol-i-Charki prison. Mujtahideen, your leader is gone. Come out with your hands up!"

This wishful thinking is answered by a volley of bullets, one of which grazes Ismatullah Muslim's neck. "Just one more centimetre," groans Haji Latif, as he races about Malajat — proving he is still in command.

After three days of fighting, the Soviet and Karmal government troops retreat

Right: After butchering him with a bayonet, the mujtahidheen tossed this Russian soldier into a makeshift grave, leaving one foot jutting out of the ground. Far right, top: After torturing a communist prisoner, two rebels torment him. Far right, bottom: a mujtahid strafes the positions of Afghani government troops.

from Malajat, as they have been forced to do countless times in the past six years. Twenty-seven mujtahideen lie dead, 35 wounded. The mujtahideen claim to have killed several hundred Russian and Afghan Army soldiers.

Haji Latif roars with laughter at a report from the mujtahid spy at the Soviet garrison. "Major Abdul Shahoo [of the Afghan Army] is furious," claims the spy. "He told his colonel, 'Ismatullah not only didn't capture those journalists, he couldn't even fuck our wives and mothers.'"

But the laughter is short-lived, as several mujtahideen succumb to their wounds. I speak to one young man groaning with pain from a shrapnel wound in the stomach. Describing his wound, he suddenly excuses himself to lie down. Twenty minutes later, he is dead. There is not a single doctor in Kandahar to tend the mujtahideen wounded. Lacking basic medical supplies, this mujtahid, like many others, dies unnecessarily.

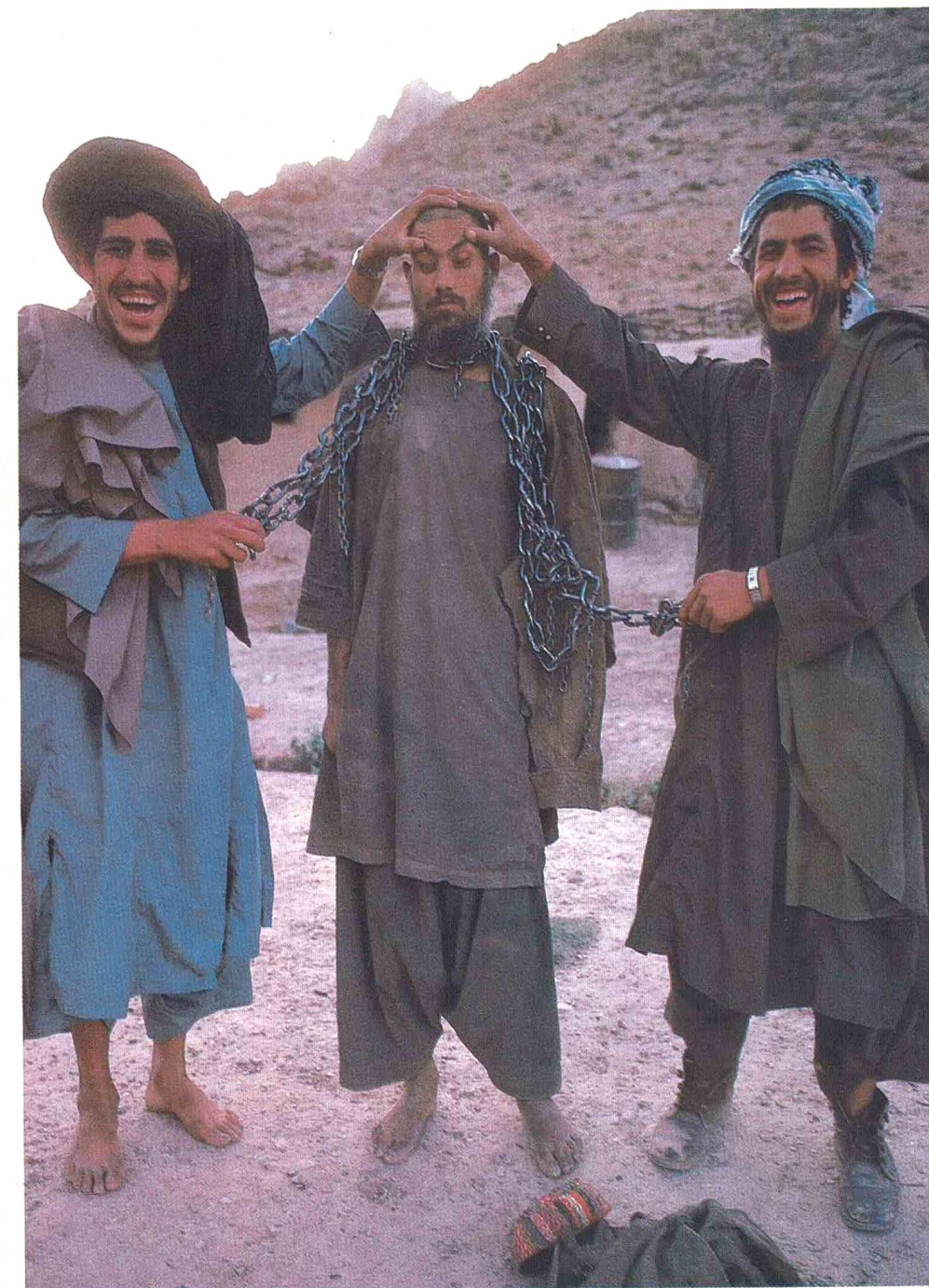
"This is *ji*had," replies Ibrahim, a 22-year-old mujtahid, in response to the death of his friend. "This is holy war" — the answer to all questions regarding the gravity of fighting and dying in Kandahar.

In Kandahar, as in the rest of Afghanistan, the Soviets seem content with the status quo. With Afghan Army troops bearing the brunt of the fighting, Soviet losses are tolerable. While half the pre-war population of Kandahar has fled to Pakistan, an equal number of Afghans from the province's villages have come to take their place. After six years of *ji*had war has become an acceptable way of life for the mujtahideen also, who refuse to become refugees.

"Have you ever thought about going to Pakistan?" I ask Ibrahim.

"What for?" he replies. "There's no war in Pakistan." Strange words from a young man who wears black eye shadow and does not fit the stereotype of an Afghan Muslim warrior. But Ibrahim has just shot to death three Russian soldiers and has killed 20 men in the five years he has been a *Pai Luch*.

"I like Kandahar," continues Ibrahim. "I like Kandahar, and in Kandahar, there's war." ○ —





THREE'S COMPANY

Two women, a camera,
mix gently and it'll bring itself
to the boil

BY CHRIS BASTEN

Ever since he'd seen *Blow Up* as a hormone-swollen teenager, Roger Wilco had nursed an abiding, secret desire to indulge — if only once — in a three-some. Himself and two women. It didn't have to be a pair of apple-breasted French nymphets, as in the movie: just about *any* two women would have done.

He wasn't obsessive though. Indeed, for the last decade and a half he might not have given it a thought from one year to the next. But it was there all the same, lying dormant in a little-used filing cabinet in his brain, to be recalled and dusted off, retrieved and given an airing during those moments when he reflected on the "what ifs?" of his life.

Roger was a photographer. Nothing Freudian there though; he'd had an interest in photography before he'd seen *Blow Up*.

ILLUSTRATION BY GRAHAM RENDOTH

COMPANY

It was the reason he'd seen the movie in the first place and the *menage a trois* was a pleasant spinoff. He had quite a reputation in his field, industrial photography, and had made a more than comfortable living doing arty shots of polypropylene fluid connectors for trade catalogues.

One of his biggest "what ifs?" was if he'd gone into fashion. More than likely he'd have had his threesome by now. Roger's mate Laurie Thario had, or so he said. "Happens all the time, mate. You go away on a shoot with a couple of chicks and they spend all day wriggling in and out of their clothes and you're constantly telling them to, you know, get all slinky and sexy. By the end of the day you're all so bloody horny it's ridiculous. So before you go somewhere for a drink and a feed you all get it on. Big deal."

Yeah, thought Roger, his palms oozing moisture, *big deal*. He knew, though, that he'd never get into that side of it. He felt more comfortable with inanimate objects than with animate ones and he loved his wife, which was another drawback. He'd feel guilty; Laurie probably didn't know what the word meant.

So Roger stayed with the polypropylene fluid connectors. He scored the occasional assignment to tour oilfields and open-cut mines and was intermittently presented

with awards for his photos that appeared in company annual reports.

Roger was 35, his wife Dana 32. He owned a sandstone cottage that backed on to the water at East Balmain and rented part of a warehouse in Rozelle where he had his workspace. Dana did layouts for a national women's magazine. Their friends were advertising types who bought bottles of red wine from obscure vineyards.

If a person's lifespan is taken as the Biblical three-score and ten, Roger had reached his well-upholstered, affluent middle age and basically, except for that one small "what if?", he was content. Then one evening he perused the TV listings and saw that *that* movie was on. Submerged memories were suddenly revived.

After dinner he gave Dana the rundown on the evening's programs, making the alternatives sound as unappetising as possible: "Let's see . . . We've got a show on the ABC about flower arranging in the 14th Century. Seven has a cop show featuring an autistic rabbi who moonlights as a stuntman, there's an Albanian soapie on SBS and Nine's got a two-hour special with Charlie's Angels going to Cuba on *The Love Boat*."

He paused for effect. "This might be okay: *Blow Up* on Ten."

"I've seen it," replied Dana. "Slow, boring and pretentious."

"As opposed to flower arranging in the 14th Century?"

"I don't care — I'm buggered anyway. I don't think I'll be up too long."

So they settled down to watch *Blow Up*. Dana was right. He'd only seen it once, all those years ago, and then it had been pretty hot stuff. But it had dated badly and the only thing that kept him awake was the anticipation of the scene with David Hemmings and the two girls cavorting with the colored paper. His interest must have been obvious, because when they finally got to that scene Dana spoke.

"You'd enjoy that, wouldn't you?"

"Why?" He'd felt himself flush, but tried to sound non-committal.

Dana laughed. "Why? If you smiled any wider your face would split in two."

"Well hell, you've got to be realistic . . . any guy would."

"I'm not talking about any guy," she teased. It was a game she often played — putting him on the spot and watching him squirm.

Roger thought what the hell. "Yeah, I would. How 'bout you?"

"What? A threesome?"

"Yeah . . ."

"Oh, I don't know. Yeah, why not? Me and two guys."

"What about with another woman?"

Dana laughed. "It'd be like playing tennis without any balls. I'm going to bed — coming?"

"Yeah. I might as well."

A couple of weeks later Roger and Dana went to a party. He used to enjoy going to parties; she still did, which is why they kept going to them. If it was up to Roger, they would have given up parties long ago. Years ago there had been a point to them: you'd meet new people, there'd be loud music, he'd get half-stonkered and dance, and there was always the possibility of picking up a woman and going home with her for the night. That was how he'd met Dana. She was a one-night stand who'd stayed for seven years.

Lately, though, he'd noticed that whenever he went to a party things were more subdued. For starters, the participants were usually the same dozen or so couples. Each year he averaged one party a month and each of the couples hosted theirs in turn. A dozen times a year he'd stand around in a living room that looked much the same as the one he had at home. He'd always drink too much.

As the years passed some couples started breeding, which meant that the parties began to end earlier, post-midnight loadings for babysitters being what they were. If nothing else, children were the one excuse for an early departure. There wasn't any host who could argue with that, or feel paranoid that the leave-taking was prompted by terminal boredom. Roger and Dana, being childless, had to hang in for the duration no matter what the party was like.

In addition to the burgeoning early marks Roger had also noticed that with the pass-

ing of the years the music had become softer. He could recall parties when the neighbors had called in the law to deal with the noise. You didn't even have to know the address then; you could hear it streets away. Not anymore. The only concern the neighbors had now was that everyone was okay. Maybe someone had tainted the oysters with dioxin. People do desperate things when they've exhausted the conversational possibilities of real estate prices and related the kitchen renovation horror stories for the umpteenth time.

That was the way parties were and that was the way the one Roger was at was progressing. He was slumped in a bean bag nursing a can of full strength beer. Quite a treat. They were only a couple of streets from home so he and Dana had walked: no booze bus to worry about so he could drink as much as he liked. He was leaning toward one of the speakers, trying to hear some music over the conversation. Dana was out the back somewhere. The 12 couples had arranged themselves in various combinations and spread themselves thinly throughout the kitchen and living room. Roger was part of a group that sprawled on the floor passing bottles of Chardonnay around, sipping from long-stemmed glasses where once they'd swigged from flagons. Ken Whitcombe, a teacher, was doing his bit for nuclear disarmament and Roger was well into someone else's stash of tinnies.

"Disarmament's crap, Kenny."

Ken turned to Roger, a look of astonishment barely managing to add some character to his face. "You've got a better solution, eh Rog?"

The others politely chuckled and freshened the bubbles in their glasses.

"I've got a final one . . ." Roger paused; the others waited. "Peace through superiority or firepower — it's the only way."

No-one could work out whether he was joking or not.

"A bigger bang for the buck. Make it so hot Ivan Commissar wouldn't be game to try it on."

"That's madness," Ken was horrified.

"That's what's kept us safe for the last 40 years," Roger said smugly.

"You can't be serious, Roger? We've got to stop the madness, not acquiesce to it."

"Why? Who says so? It's been happening ever since some prehistoric Mr T picked up a rock and beamed the sucker next door. It's history, Ken, and you're not going to stop it."

"That's exactly the type of attitude we're trying to change. If everybody organised and demanded a stop they'd have to listen."

"Why? Shit, if everybody organised and made demands they couldn't get a recount on their phone bill. What makes you think they could dismantle the entire military-industrial complex on both sides of the curtain? What do you think would happen if the Americans took notice of the peace

movement? What would happen if they scrapped their nukes? I'll tell you. The Russians wouldn't and guess what color scarf your daughter will be wearing when she skips off to the local Palace of Youthful Endeavor for her lectures in Marxist-Leninism?"

"That's incredibly paranoid, Roger," said Ken, raising an eyebrow.

"Damned right it is, but it's justified 'cause they're out to get us."

Ken had decided it wasn't worthwhile trying to argue rationally. You could only really do that with people you could agree with and nobody outside a padded cell in the bowels of the Pentagon could possibly agree with Roger Wilco. He smiled and said, "Maybe we should talk about it when you're a bit more sober."

"How about we talk when you leave high school and get a job in the real world? Anybody care for a refill?"

It felt good alienating a roomful of peo-

“What about a threesome with another woman?” Dana laughed. “It’d be like playing tennis without any balls.”

ple. Roger burped on the way out and again in the hall leading to the back of the house. Dana was out there, sitting at the kitchen table talking over a bottle of vodka to a woman he'd never seen before. From the look of them they were both half-gone.

"Roger," she slurred. "Roger, Roger."

He went over and stood smiling politely.

"Roger, this is Carmel."

Carmel smiled. Roger smiled.

"It's unbelievable. Carmel and I went to school together."

"What's unbelievable about that?"

Carmel giggled.

"What? No, no. The thing is, we haven't seen each other since we left. Isn't that amazing? Then bang, I'm sitting with the bottle here" — she picked it up and took a swig — "just me and the bottle minding our business, and who should walk in?"

"Carmel?"

"Got it in one, fella . . . We were in the same dorm and everything."

"Unbelievable!"

Dana looked at Carmel. "I was just saying that, wasn't I?"

"Yep," answered Carmel, who then took

the bottle from Dana.

"So Carmel," Roger said, "you're a friend of Lynn and Tony?"

"Carmel," cut in Dana. "Her name's Carmel."

"Narna," blurted Carmel.

Dana laughed. Carmel laughed.

"Right." Dana banged the table with a hand. "That's what we used to call ourselves, Narna and Carmel — the desperate duo."

"I called her Narna 'cause she was crazy about bananas."

It was hard to tell who was drunker. Dana squawked, "Shh, shh . . . don't say things like that. I'm a respectable married woman now. I don't do things like that any more." There was a pause while she burped and screwed up her face in thought. "Well," she continued, "not often." Both of them collapsed over the table.

Carmel wasn't a friend of Lynn and Tony. Her boyfriend Damien was, or an acquaintance, actually. She was just along for the ride; Damien was there to cultivate contacts.

"So Roger," Carmel looked up and blew a lock of hair from her forehead, "Carmel tells me you're a photographer."

"Narna," laughed Dana.

"What?"

"I'm Narna, you're Carmel, and that's Roger. Right?"

"Right!"

It was obvious that coherent conversation from these two was as likely as a visitation from the Virgin Mary. Roger pulled up a chair and got comfortable.

"Yes, Carmel. I'm a photographer. How 'bout you?"

"No. I'm not a photographer."

"So what do you do?"

"Depends. What do you want me to do?"

Both of the women screamed with laughter. Dana looked at Roger.

"She's a maniac."

Roger cocked his head and smiled gamely. "She's a real pip all right."

"Thanks Roger," said Carmel. "That's the nicest thing anybody's said to me tonight. Come to think of it, it's the only thing 'cept for Narna, of course."

"Do you want to go?" asked Dana.

"Can't. We haven't got any kids," sighed Roger.

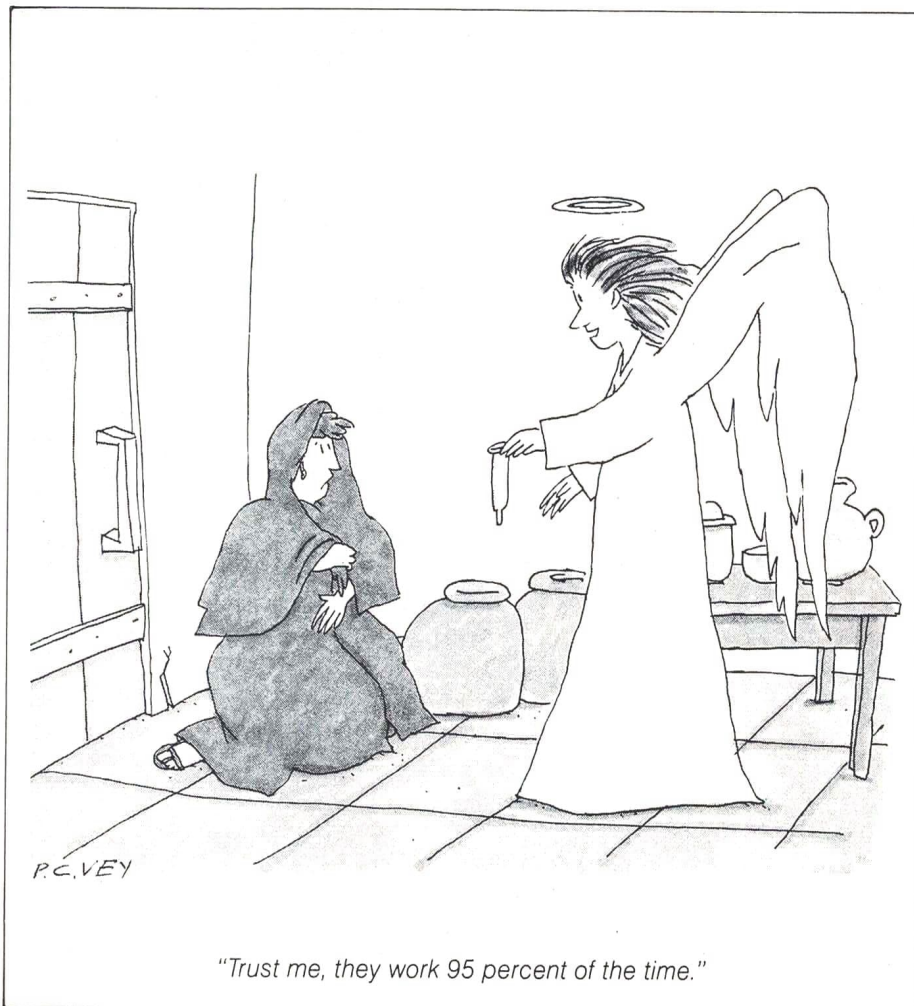
"Boring party," said Carmel.

"Have you got any kids?" asked Roger.

"One," Carmel replied.

"You can leave then."

"No." She was adamant. "If you two can stick it out, so can I. Can't let the old school down. That's Damien over there." She pointed at a group clustered between the fridge and the back door. "The one with the fat arse. Hey, Damy! You up to the part where you're going to ban South African tinned salmon from every deli in the municipality?" She turned to Roger. "He's running for the council."



"Trust me, they work 95 percent of the time."

COMPANY

Damien's head and shoulders started to turn towards the table. His eyes flashed in anger, but he stopped and turned back to his audience.

"You're pissed, Carmel," said Dana. "Yeah. Great, isn't it? I haven't been pissed like this for months. Hey," she picked up a bag from the floor and started rummaging, "let's have a line . . . for old time's sake."

Carmel put a small square mirror on the table, and placed a razor blade and a cut length of drinking straw on the mirror. She produced some white powder and started deftly chopping.

Damien came over and stood behind her, each of his hands on a shoulder and his bearded cheek brushing hers. He smiled at Roger and Dana and spoke through closed teeth to Carmel. "I really don't think that's appropriate, darling."

Carmel replied with wide-eyed innocence: "Why not, sweetheart? It's from Peru. That's a Third World country, isn't it?"

"Come now, Carmel. You know how important that seat is to me."

"Damien," she said, "these are my friends, this is my coke and if you don't like it you can take your seat and stick it up your nuclear free zone." She smiled sweetly, although her voice had been just loud enough for everybody in the room to hear.

Roger straightened out his slouch. At last, he thought, after years of interminable, pointless conclaves, something exciting was going to happen. Naturally, it took a couple of ring-ins to provide the fireworks.

"Can I talk to you outside please, Carmel?" Damien was a sensitive, aware Yuppie trying to be firm with his life-partner. He was mad as hell but couldn't show it — these people were voters; the women were feminists.

"Why, Damsy? Aren't the acoustics good enough in here?"

"Carmel, Jesus. Lynn and Tony only tolerate cigarette smoking because of their duties as hosts. Don't push it, eh?"

Carmel snorted a line of the powder, then looked up at Damien and said: "That's cool, Dam. I only tolerate gin and tonic because of my duty as a guest." She pointed to a couple of white lines on the mirror but Dana and Roger both declined. Carmel shrugged and started packing up. Then she stood and threw her bag over her shoulder. "Coming?" she asked.

"No," asserted Damien.

Carmel gave a sigh and without looking back strode up the hall and out of the house.

"I'll see if she's okay," said Dana, following her.

The others in the room resumed their conversation, pretending they hadn't seen a thing.

"Spirited gal," said Roger as Damien sat down in a vacant, still warm seat.

When Dana reached Carmel she found her on the footpath, leaning against the front wall, giggling . . . or crying. It was hard to tell in the dark. "What brought all that on?" she asked tentatively.

Carmel wiped her nose on the back of her hand and blew the lock of hair from her forehead. "The booze. I can only tell him what I really think of him when I'm pissed. Isn't that pathetic?"

"It's worrying."

"Yeah." Carmel stared at the sky. "You think there's a planet out there where they don't have politics?"

"No."

"Scary, isn't it? A whole universe full of Damiens."

"He's that bad, eh?"

"And getting worse. The other night he wouldn't let me watch this show on TV. You know why? Because it was sponsored by BP and he thought we should boycott it because of their involvement in uranium

He could see
clothes scattered all
over the floor. Hers . . .
and hers. Theirs!
Jesus, there were two
women in the bed.

mining."

"You've got problems."

"I had problems, Narna. As of five minutes ago I've left them all behind me." Carmel rummaged in her bag. "Except one problem . . . he's got the bloody keys."

"Do you want me to get them?"

"No, to hell with him. I'll be all right." She whipped an Amex card from her wallet. "Da-dah! What would I do without Karl Malden?"

"Carmel," responded Dana firmly, "you're staying at my place if you're not going home."

Carmel didn't even utter a mock protest. "Thanks," she said.

Dana went back inside to tell Roger what was happening.

"Do you want me to come?" he asked. "No . . . you stay here and enjoy yourself."

"How can I do that when you're taking the floorshow with you?"

"Only half of it, mate. See you later." Dana didn't say goodbye to the others; no one bothered to notice her departure.

Roger cracked another tinie from a

cooler under the table, and as he did Robin entered the room. Robin was a community resources co-ordinator, whatever that was. He had a beard and the type of Prince Valiant hair you usually only saw on hip flautists. He never stopped thanking the divine life force for endowing his parents with the prescience to give him a non-sexist name. He sat down at Roger's table. Roger offered a beer and Robin declined, holding up a steaming mug.

"That's the trouble with the breathalyser, Rob," commented Roger. "You've gotta get into the coffee too early."

"It's mint tea actually," was the reply. Roger couldn't trust himself to reply.

Robin squirmed in his seat and looked for indications of the future in his mint tea. After a while he spoke. "Ah, I don't want you to take me the wrong way . . . it's not that I'm criticising . . ."

There was a pause before he plucked up his courage, took a deep breath and came out with what he wanted to say. "You were a bit confrontational with Ken a while back, Roger."

"You think so?"

Robin nodded.

"Shit, only confrontational? I was trying to be aggro. I guess next time I'll have to get violent." Roger didn't give Robin a chance to reply. He stood, smiled and gave everyone a Reaganesque salute.

"Bye all. Thanks gin, thanks tonic . . . it was lovely." He slapped Damien on the back. "Nice ta met ya fella. Keep the abos out of the unsold townhouses and you've got my vote."

The evening chill helped to ventilate Roger's head and made him cough as he walked along the street. His step was lightened by knowing that with any luck he wouldn't be asked to the next gathering of the clan. But he knew he would. Those turkeys needed everyone they could get to make them believe that they had a satisfactory social life. "Fuck it," he mumbled. He walked faster. He wanted to get to bed. He wanted to curl up spoon fashion and sleep in the dark with Dana.

And Carmel. Both of them had flaked in the bed. The only light came from the hallway and he could see clothes scattered all over the floor. Hers . . . and hers. Theirs! Jesus, there were two women in the bed.

Blow Up started to flash before Roger's eyes. He knelt down by Dana's side.

"Dana," he whispered and shook her shoulder. "Dana."

"What?" Her voice was raspy.

"Where am I going to sleep, for Christ's sake?"

Dana's eyes were alert but her brain was like a bear in the middle of winter. "Rog. Sorry, ah, she collapsed as soon as I got her home." She pushed Carmel across the bed with her bum. "Get in, for God's sake."

Roger doffed his shirt and dropped his trousers. He kicked off his shoes, pulled off his socks and put his thumbs into the waist-

band of his BVDs.

"You'd better leave those on," Dana yawned.

"Have you got knickers on?"

"No."

"So why shouldn't I take mine off?"

"Because she hasn't either."

Roger climbed into bed . . . on the outside, next to Dana. He lay still, his knees poking over the edge of the mattress. There weren't enough sheets or blankets to cover himself with and there were only two pillows. But, he figured, surely a stiff neck and the flu are a small price to pay for a night with two women in the same bed.

He couldn't sleep. The discomfort and the thought of Carmel being only a matter of inches away stopped that. So he lay there wondering about how he was going to manage it. Which one should he approach first? Dana? She was his wife, after all. It was really only common courtesy. Or Carmel. Maybe he should quietly dip his toes in the water early in the morning when he sensed her stirring. He could just . . . what? Before he did anything he'd have to somehow climb over Dana.

Then it hit him. He was a photographer, wasn't he? Why not some snaps? Most natural thing in the world. Pictures of them both hungover in bed — they'd love it. Keepsakes of their unexpected reunion. And like his mate Laurie said, "It's a recipe for dynamite, mate: two chicks, a roll of film,

add a camera, mix gently, start simmering and it'll bring itself to the boil."

He was still awake when Carmel got out of bed and stumbled to the loo. Dana stirred, said something about not being able to breathe, and occupied the vacant space.

Roger moved over with her. When Carmel came back she was holding her head and groaning. She felt toes, in the dark, to guide herself back to bed, then stopped and said "Whoa." Then she got into bed, thinking that she must be drunker than she realised — she could have sworn she'd been on the other side.

Roger lay on his back. Carmel, naked, snuggled up to him. She put a leg over his and a hand on his stomach; from what he could determine she was essentially asleep. She pressed her body against his.

"I'm sorry, Damien," she mumbled into his neck.

"Roger," he whispered.

"I'm sorry, Roger."

"Don't be."

"Mmm . . ." Carmel hugged him again — only one part of him didn't have the self-discipline to keep still.

Roger couldn't sleep the rest of the night. At one stage Dana turned over towards him and cradled her head in his arm. He had his other hand lying quietly on Carmel's leg. He wasn't going to waste the whole thing by sleeping through it. He lay there and thought about the morning . . .

which came all too quickly.

Roger got out of bed when he heard the newsboy's whistle, taking pains not to wake either of the women, as he gently extricated himself from their combined embrace. He went to the kitchen, put a tray on the table and made coffee for three. He went to the spare room and found the household Pentax, put it on the fridge, and checked the bedroom . . . they were both still asleep. The newsboy's whistle was getting louder so he went outside to buy a paper to read while waiting for the ladies to stir.

As Roger came back inside he heard the toilet flushing. In the kitchen he found Dana, a kimono tightly wrapped about her, coughing into the open fridge.

"Have we got any Coke?" she demanded. "Or anything for a hangover? Something cold and fizzy."

"No, no. We're right out of soft drinks," he replied, making a show of being casual by reading the headlines. "Says here the CPI has shot up again. Is that good or bad? What the hell is the CPI, anyway?"

"Well, I'll have coffee then." She then saw that the tray had been set up and noticed the camera on the fridge. She smiled to herself, retrieved a mug from the shelf and turned the jug on.

Roger stood scanning the paper; all he could think of was something she'd said a while back — something about playing tennis without any balls. 

**LICK
SIP
SUCK**

salt . . . El Toro . . . lemon

That's how the Mexicans take their kicks straight.

But if that sounds a little heavy, it's quite OK to bend the rules by mixing El Toro Tequila with whatever turns you on . . . for just a tap, instead of a kick. So lick, sip, suck . . . or mix, El Toro Tequila.

Fully imported from Mexico. **And that's no bull.**

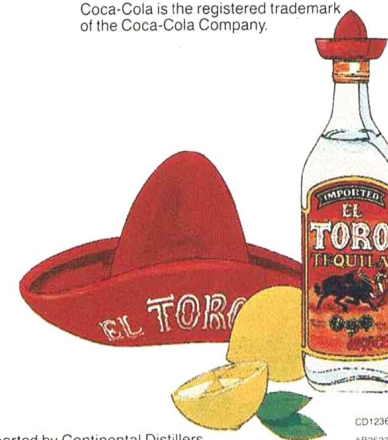
Sunrise

(El Toro, Grenadine & Orange.)
Pour 1½ oz El Toro into a tall glass over ice cubes. Add a dash of Grenadine. Fill with orange juice and stir.

Te-Cola

Pour 1½ oz El Toro over ice, into a tall glass. Fill to top with Coca-Cola. Stir. Garnish with lemon or lime. Tee-rific!

Coca-Cola is the registered trademark of the Coca-Cola Company.



El Toro Tequila — another fine product imported by Continental Distillers

CD1236A
AB2623 83

A full-page photograph of a woman lying on her back on a white, quilted bed. She is wearing a gold sequined garment that is draped over her head and shoulders. The lighting is soft and warm, creating a relaxed and intimate atmosphere. The woman's face is partially visible on the right side of the frame, looking towards the camera with a slight smile.

WINNING SMILE

As excitement mounts with the upcoming announcement of *Australian Penthouse* Pet of the Year, captivating Cody Carmack's presentation here serves as a tantalising prelude. She is the newly crowned 1986 American Pet of Pets, a station for which this stunner amply qualifies.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB GUCCIONE



A Texan originally, with part American-Indian blood, she's now sampling the fruits of Big Apple fast-lane life. Still, she promises that the increased attention won't change her personality. Rather, Cody is simply counting her blessings.





True to Texan tradition, she's a horsewoman of note and still rides on her own every week in New York's notorious Central Park. However the muggers don't worry her, as she knows she can outrun them on her trusty steed.



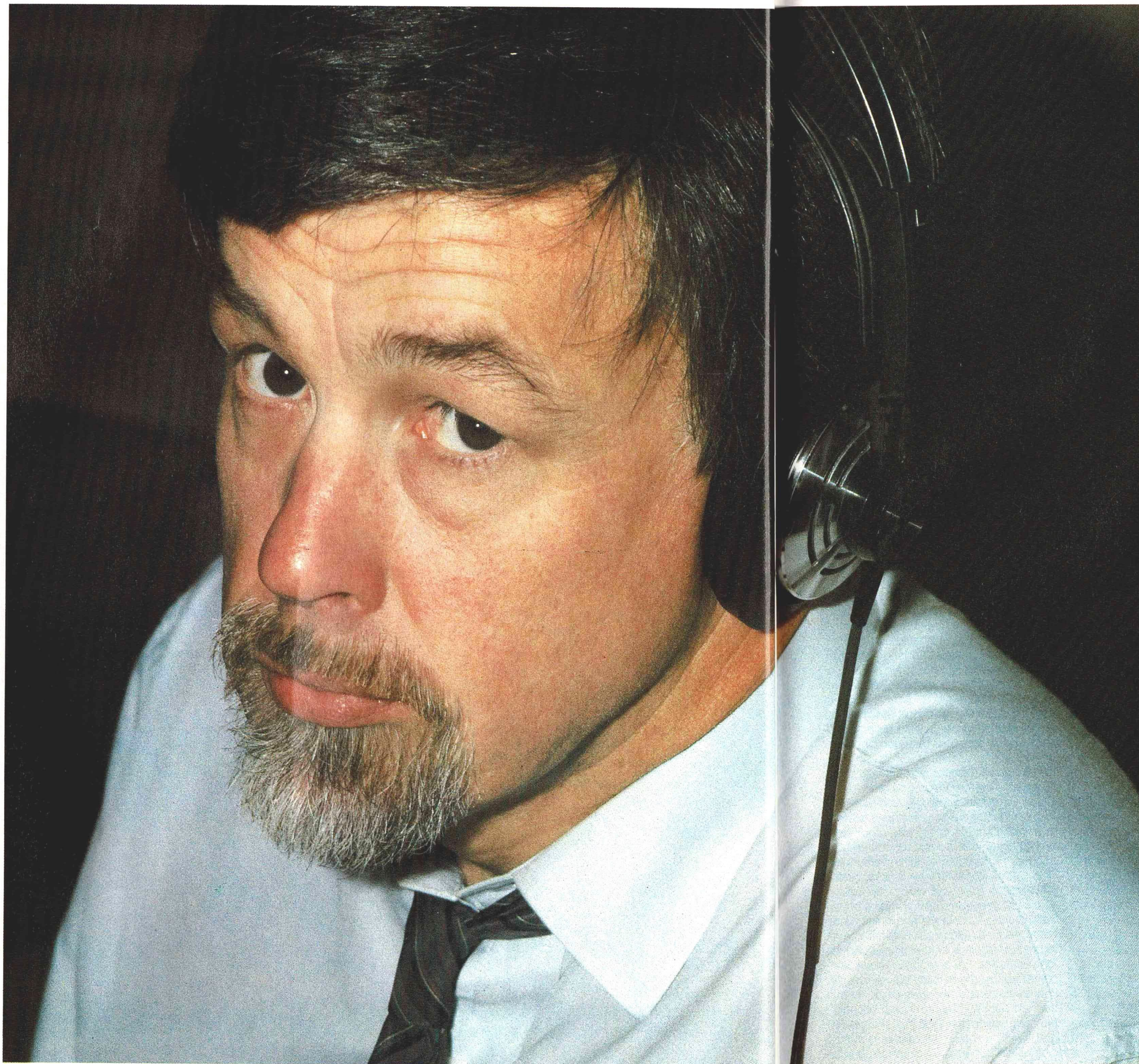
With her added responsibilities now, though, it means much less time to herself. "Even my boyfriend hardly gets to see me, I'm so busy," she says. Her work involves extensive touring, as well as photographic work for posters and videos.





"Young girls are pretty narcissistic as a rule and I guess I've been no exception in the past," Cody says. "But now I'm cultivating interests and talents that will augment my career, health and physical appearance as years go by."





PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

“I often wonder what I’ll do when I don’t work 70 hours a week. But I’m perfectly able to slip back into obscurity.”

MARK DAY

BY ADRIAN TAME

It was around the time the Old Whore of La Trobe Street moved to the wrong side of the tracks that his staff at *Truth* newspaper began referring to Mark Day as God. And the odd point about this wry, rather than reverential, bestowal of deification was that it came three or four years before Day began showing any vague signs of harboring God-like qualities. In those days, the early Eighties, he was very much what he still likes to see himself as today — a knockabout journo. He had bought the struggling Old Whore, as *Truth* had been known for the best part of a century, from his former boss Rupert Murdoch, with enough cash behind him and partner Owen Thomson to pay staff two weeks’ salary, and no more. Months after the purchase the paper had been moved out of the Murdoch building in central La Trobe Street, and dumped unceremoniously alongside the railway sidings in gritty West Melbourne.

The story today is very different. *Truth* is still in West Melbourne, but Day has swapped his spartan editor’s office, next to the copy boys’ room, for a pastel pink citadel of air-conditioned leather and pine in a separate area of the building. In the garage below, his Commodore has been replaced by the obligatory fire engine-red Porsche, and across town in Windsor, Day’s superbly converted church home has acquired a new wing and impressive pool. There have been changes in the man, too. His bulky frame and often gruff persona earned Day the reputation of being a

PHOTO BY JOHN MURIE

INTERVIEW

bear of a man at the time of the takeover. All that remains of that image today are two teddy bear black-button eyes; a typically self-willed weight-loss campaign has stripped a significant number of kilos from that once ponderous form.

As well as these material and physical changes Day has been elevated to the level of 18-carat multi-media personality. The public perception of the man in the past three years has been a metamorphosis from obscure newspaper and magazine publisher to an instantly recognisable face on advertising hoardings and taxi boots. A top-rating drive-time radio show on Melbourne's 3AW, and a surprisingly well-received (two stars from *The Age* since inception) Channel Seven current affairs show, *Day By Day*, have fuelled his spectacular lift-off. Day is the first to ridicule the fame that has accompanied his good fortune, and is still torn between disbelief and mild irritation when autograph books are thrust under his nose in a restaurant or at the football.

If there is any logical explanation behind his success it must be connected with his journalistic roots. Still possessed of an almost child-like enthusiasm for a good story, he has brought all the hard-earned traditions and disciplines of a good newsman — accuracy, speed and an unshakeable

conviction in the right to know — to the worlds of radio and television. He has little time for the prima donna talking heads of the latter medium, respecting a good nose for news much more than well-coiffured locks. Nearly two decades with Murdoch in the newsrooms of Sydney and New York have made it difficult to disguise his contempt for the "Is my hair all right?" brigade. But he is enough of a realist to know that public acceptance of his TV show depends more on fickle and shifting tastes than professionalism and hard work. When the bubble bursts, as he believes it will, he plans to move into TV production, probably geared at the lucrative American market.

Meanwhile, back in West Melbourne, the *Truth* empire is growing. Two country radio stations, various specialist magazines, a book publishing section and other spin-offs have all been added to the corporate structure. Mark Hardy Day may have a long way to go before he emulates the Murdochs and the Packers of this world, but, now in his early forties, he is rapidly approaching the rank of press baronet.

Contributing Editor Adrian Tame, himself a senior journalist on *Truth*, interviewed the man for *Penthouse*. His close association with Day offered the chance to present a discussion which generates numerous insights into the psyche of his boss. As a hard-nosed journalist, Day expected nothing less than close scrutiny from his

employee — and that's what he got.

Penthouse: You did a lot of things when you were young. You started journalism at 16. What was the first paper?

Day: *The Adelaide News*. When I was 14 I read a book by Noel Monks, *Eye Witness*. He was a war correspondent, and I was terribly excited by all the places he went, the things he saw and the people he met. After that it was journalism for me.

Penthouse: The *Adelaide Sunday Mail* was the first editorship you got. How long did that take?

Day: Ten years. From copy boy to editor.

Penthouse: That's pretty meteoric, considering the first five years is a learning, rather than a climbing, process.

Day: I was a year as copy boy, then three years a cadet, and I did the sporting department, the finance department and the supplements department. I learned about graft and contra in the supplements department from the *Adelaide* king of contra. He loved the home-maker section. He was heavily into graft, telling me: "There's a good story here — go and see this bloke. He's taking an ad." And the ad would be about one inch by one column, and it would lead the page. And this bloke was picking up all this stuff on the side. I never got any; I was just his lackey. And one of the nice things was he turned out to be a sub-editor on one of the papers I later edited. So I was in the position to disrespect him greatly and show it. Always be kind to the copy boys — one day you'll be working for one of them.

Penthouse: At *Truth* you seem to stick to the old philosophy that you come up through the ranks — get the sandwich orders right, and one day you evolve into a cadet. Why do you see that as a better way of becoming a journalist than learning in a classroom?

Day: I'm not sure you're right. I don't see that as a better way.

Penthouse: Why do you still practise it at *Truth*, then?

Day: Mainly because you don't need a university degree to . . .

Penthouse: Chase tits and bums in West Melbourne?

Day: You're right. You don't need a degree to have that innate nose for news. I think that instinct is born in you, and then brought out by bawlings out by chief subs and kicks in the arse by senior reporters. That's the adrenalin of news. Like climbing under a train and asking the fellow who's just been run over if it's his birthday. So it's horses for courses, and I think we're the dinosaurs. I worry about the future of journalism. Last year I was exposed to television, and I'm apologetic to say that half of what some of those bloody people in television know about news is: "Is my hair all right?" They're hired because they're pretty faces. Their job is to get the grab which will fit in the middle of pretty picture wallpaper. A 90-second report is

the longest you will see in the news.

Penthouse: It's been said of you that you still have a child-like, or cadet-like, enthusiasm for news. But isn't part of news sense just the desire to be a good story teller?

Day: It's that. I get turned on when a big story is breaking between four and six any afternoon, because that's the real beauty of radio. You're there and you're part of it. You're talking to the people involved. And you can get a really big buzz out of getting a story, splashing it in the paper, and watching people buy it on the streets and hearing it talked about next morning on a talk-back program. You see, the papers set the agenda. All else reacts. What they say about print media is bullshit. Print's not dead and will never be dead.

Penthouse: You said earlier you were worried about the future of journalism.

Day: Mainly because too many people are coming into it without basic training, particularly in the electronic media.

Penthouse: Twelve years or so ago the public perception of a journalist was very much higher than it is today, in terms of both status and salary. Then, journalists weren't a million miles behind lawyers or doctors in earning capacity, but they certainly are today. And journalists generally finish slightly above car salesmen in polls gauging public reaction to the various professions.

Day: I have never been that much aware of the industry status. I don't know how you arrive at that. I think it's generally true that a *Truth* journalist doesn't enjoy the status of an *Age* journalist. If I was the owner of *The Age* or *The Australian* I'm sure I'd be higher up the scale as people perceive me. But does it matter?

Penthouse: Does it matter to you?

Day: No. As long as the job's being done to the best of your ability, and you believe the job's worthwhile, and the results are worthwhile, it doesn't matter. I don't give a stuff about status. It's certainly nice not to be pelted with rotten eggs, but if you really got wounded by any of these things you wouldn't be in the business. I look at three pages of derision in the 3AW red book, the consumer complaint book, and I've walked away from it and said: "Well, what do they expect me to do?" The stupid thing is you get three pages of derision one day, and three pages of hurrahs the next.

Penthouse: Equally irrelevant to you?

Day: Equally irrelevant. I prefer the latter. But you just know that those people who ring up to say what they think are motivated either by madness and their own narrow-minded view of the world or the issue, or genuine concern. And that is more rare. And I think the note of someone who is genuinely moved or impressed by something is better than the rabid comment of someone who is . . .

Penthouse: But anything's better than indifference.

Day: Sure.

Penthouse: You said to me many years ago that if one is interested in a career the job must always come before the family. You've had one broken marriage — possibly, I don't know — as a result of putting the job before the marriage . . .

Day: No, it was as a result of getting married far too young, and "growing apart." I grew up in one direction and she in another. And I have no ill feelings whatsoever. But we should never have got married.

Penthouse: But on the point of family versus career . . .

Day: I certainly don't live by that. I think I have a degree of compassion if people want time off, whatever their reasons. But I live by our profession being a 24-hour profession, and always being on duty, as it were. It's a very much give and take situation. If there's work to be done, and you're in the box seat, then you do it. If there's no work to be done, and you want

That's the adrenalin
of news. Like climbing
under a train and
asking the fellow who's
just been run over if
it's his birthday

to slope off, you won't find an argument from me.

Penthouse: Going on to your Sydney period, when you were editing *The Daily Mirror* and Derryn Hinch was editing *The Sun*. There aren't too many times in a journalist's career when he's in that head-on confrontation situation with another paper, fighting for circulation, covering the same stories, working to the same deadlines.

Day: Doesn't that happen all the time?

Penthouse: I'm talking about last minute competition, where you're going out on a murder, and if you get there first and get the family pictures first, that means they won't get them. So personal antagonisms become involved.

Day: You're right. Happiness is celebrating a great victory over the opposition; unhappiness is getting the circulation figures and realising your excellence did nothing.

Penthouse: I want to take a look at your relationship with Hinch, because I'm sure there's been more mythological bullshit written about it than any other rivalry in recent Australian newspaper history. I get the feeling a lot of the rivalry between you is purely for publicity purposes.

Day: Let's go back and I'll tell the Hinch story as I remember it, chronologically. I met Derryn Hinch in the Tudor Hotel in New York, one or two days after arriving in New York in '68. He'd been there for quite some time, and I didn't know the man from a bar of soap. Well, I'd come from Adelaide, worked about two days in Sydney for *The Mirror* and then come straight to New York so I knew nothing about Sydney or the Sydney situation, but I was pretty excited about being in New York in my mid-twenties. And after the 37th Budweiser I said to Derryn: "You know, one of the sad things about working for the number one evening paper in Sydney is that the number two paper is so ratshit bad." And Derryn looked around sharply, and started to defend *The Sun*, and tore strips off me — what would I know, etc etc, and started recalling stories where he thought *The Mirror* had done badly and *The Sun* well, particularly stories from New York which he had done.

Penthouse: You'd have been out of your depth in that situation, being a newcomer.

Day: Quite. But it was just a throwaway line, albeit pretty close to the truth, and he berated me for it, pretty well until the 45th Budweiser. And I know more about this altercation between the two of us from reports the next day from people like Steve Dunleavy who were there. "Did you ever rip into Hinch last night?" "Oh, did I? What did I say?" That was in '68. We covered a lot of the same stories. I remember when Jolly John Gorton visited Washington we both went down. During the briefing from the Prime Minister, Hinch pounced on the story of the hotline from Canberra to Washington and I missed it. I was talking to someone else. And I don't deny that he got that scoop. And the next day I got a rocket from Sydney — "*Sun* saying hotline; what do you say?" And I got in touch with the State Department and sent a matcher (covering story) which wasn't as enthusiastic as his was. But I thought: "You bastard, you really pulled one on me there." So next morning I went down to see how Jolly John was. And the security guard standing there said: "Just hang on a minute, stay where you are." And a telephoto lens came over my shoulder and went click. And I said: "What are you doing?" He said: "Just taking a photo of that guy over there." The guy was a local Washington nutter. The security people had their eyes on this bloke, and I was used as a convenient shield for them to take a photo. So we got talking about this bloke: "He's not an assassin, is he?" "Oh, you never know with these people." "He wouldn't be attacking our Prime Minister, would he?" "You never know who they're going to attack." "Are you worried about him?" "Sure, we're worried, we're always worried about people." **Penthouse:** I know what's coming next: ASSASSIN TERROR FOR PM.

Day: Right. Well I wrote the story and it must have been a bad news day in Syd-





INTERVIEW

ney because they stuck it all over page one: GORTON ASSASSIN ARREST — because shortly after they picked up this bloke and took him away. And I happened to be having a drink with Derryn when he filed his 2GB radio report. And he said: "What have the papers got today?" "Oh, they've got the Gorton assassin arrest story." "What?" And he looked up at me and he said: "You bastard." And I said: "Gotcha."

Penthouse: Was he a good loser?

Day: No. No. He scooped me and I scooped him, and that's when he took the gloves off. And after that Derryn always had something to prove, and back in Sydney he always set out to let us know when he'd scooped us. When he came back, with a big fanfare, he set out on a path to point out *The Sun* had gone upmarket, and *The Mirror* was in the sewer. And then there was a confrontation between us on the ABC.

We were debating whether *The Sun* or *The Mirror* had greater circulation figures and readership figures. To his credit he argued and went around and around refusing to accept that he was talking chalk and I was talking cheese. And it was a ferocious televised argument. I said: "Derryn, you deliver your radio stuff with brilliant conviction, but you can't believe it all." And he went apeshit. "Of course I believe it. I believe everything I say." We were having a red wine at the time, and he looked up and he said: "I believe, I believe. How dare you impugn my integrity?" Look, Hinch is a very good communicator. He is very good at what he does, but as a person I wouldn't piss on him if he was on fire.

Penthouse: After Sydney, let's jump forward a few years to Melbourne. Hinch is ensconced king of the heap on radio 3AW, and you come along as the new boy. Your first program is an unmitigated disaster and you swear you'll never go on air again...

Day: No, I didn't. I said to Brian White [station manager]: "We've made a terrible mistake. It was a disaster."

Penthouse: Okay, you started badly, but then in the next three years you establish your own territory, and the two of you are still bickering at each other. I get the impression the rivalry is much more important to him than it is to you.

Day: It's of no importance to me. I don't know what motivates the man.

Penthouse: Is there any outstanding litigation between the two of you?

Day: No. He at one stage threatened to sue me, and we came to a meeting in Brian White's office, where he demanded an apology. And I said: "All right, prove to me all the things I've said are wrong, and I'll apologise." He said: "Okay, I will." He agreed to prove it, but I never heard from him again. Recently he had a most unfair go at me, when he reported the Tony Barber comment that I was a "scumbag."

Penthouse: A popular theory regarding the rivalry between you says that it has something to do with his performance on television and your comparative success, and there's perhaps a fraction of jealousy there.

Day: You've got to understand that Derryn is the most egocentric person I've ever met, and the world revolves around his own ego. We've all got an ego, but Derryn really can't converse on anything without bringing himself into it. This is sounding like a hate-Hinch session. Let me repeat he does his program with consummate skill. I have nothing but respect for him professionally, but I have no respect for him as a person. None. I used to have, but he's burned me too often.

Penthouse: Another newspaper figure who has passed into and out of your life is Rupert Murdoch. During the period you were publisher of *The Australian* you were popping across to New York for conferences with Murdoch, spending time in his company. You were in a unique position to see on a fairly regular basis, at close hand, one of the most interesting and powerful men alive today. What are your views on him as a man, as a boss, and a model for yourself?

Day: As a man I feel privileged to have known and worked closely with him. He is not the ogre he is portrayed as. I have always found him slightly taciturn, even Presbyterian in his own values. There is no wanking on Murdoch's part. Look, I reckon

on he's a good bloke, but in my experience it's not possible to separate the man from the boss, because I've only known him as a boss. And yet he could be threatening; he could be annoying.

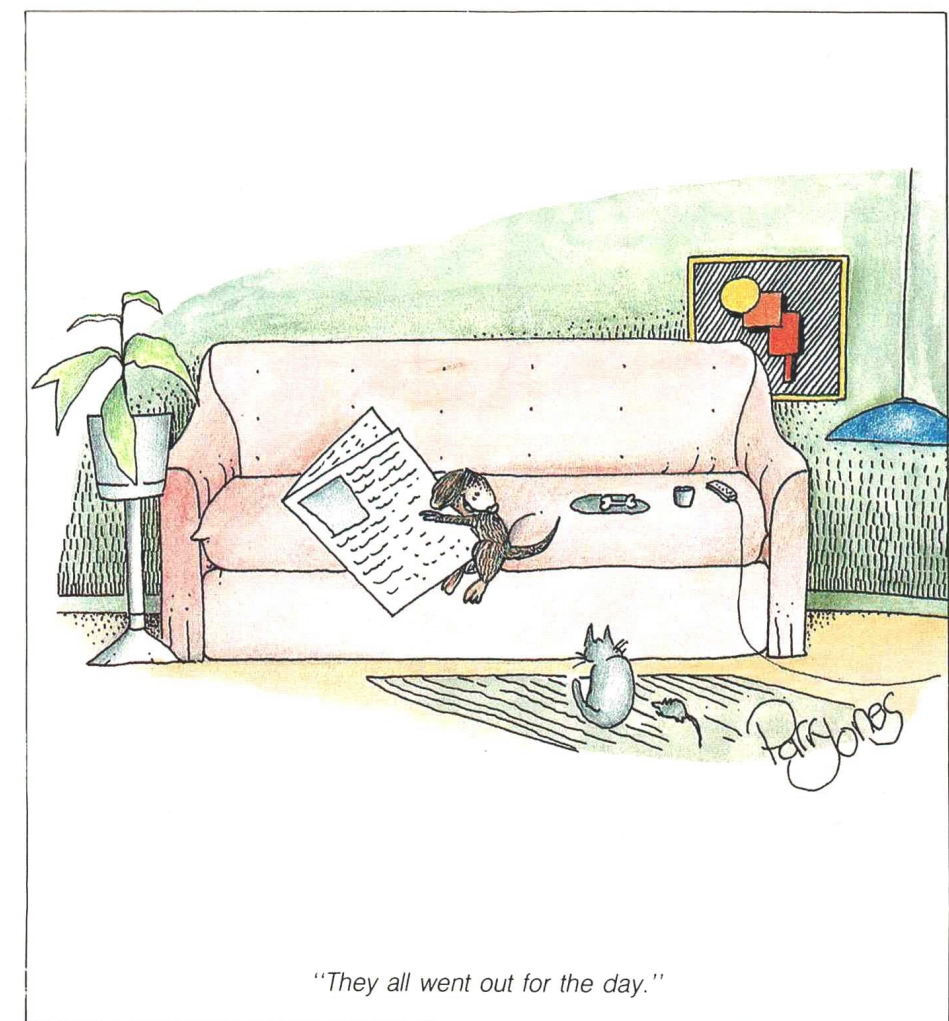
Penthouse: When you say "threatening", I have seen him have an amazing effect on very high-powered newspaper executives, not so much for what he's done at the time, but for people's expectations of him. I suppose that's part of being almost infinitely powerful.

Day: In as much as if he thinks you're not doing your job, he can come down on you like a ton of bricks.

Penthouse: Is he as ruthless as...

Day: Only in the sense that if he believes the job that has to be done is not being done by a person with the degree of skill or success or enthusiasm he perceives it demands, he will say: "All right, you're not doing the job, therefore I'm going to have to get somebody else to do it." He knows that you're going to be hurt, and so he says: "All right, we'll find another job for you, and if your pride is such that you won't take the job, here's 12 months salary. Thanks and good luck." That, to my way of thinking, is a pretty rational, reasonable thing to do. Within his organisation people will come and go. He may change editors more than most, but since Rupert has gone overseas there is probably more stability in his organisation than ever.

Penthouse: Because of his absence?



INTERVIEW

Day: Because editors are not being exposed on a day to day, minute to minute basis for him to lose faith in them. He leaves those decisions to Ken Cowley [News Ltd Chief Executive] who doesn't see as necessary the creative tensions that Rupert saw were valuable to his product.

Penthouse: Talking of creative tension, I believe there was a time when he had a policy of appointing a new executive, and appointing the man directly under him in a vaguely threatening sort of way.

Day: I don't believe that was ever a policy. It certainly happened at times. When for instance he bought *The Telegraph* in Sydney, and he moved them into *The Mirror* operation, he had a hell of a lot of people looking around, and it became very cliquey. So he threw all the cards up and changed everything and did a big reshuffle. He had a lot of very ambitious people, and that was the period when creative tension became the myth. What else could he do? He had a situation where he needed change, he needed to break up the cliques, and he put a lot of senior people in a position where they could only work it out for themselves, and only the strong would survive. To my way of thinking that was smart management — I happened to be one of the beneficiaries of it.

If I sound sycophantic about Murdoch, it's because I believe he will go down in history as certainly the major Australian of our lifetime, and one of the major Australians of this century. He's a man who was prepared to take a gamble, to build, to create, and he's left our shores and he's in the process of creating a global news network.

Penthouse: Hasn't he already done so?

Day: Yes, but he hasn't finished.

Penthouse: What about his role as king maker: the story that he got Whitlam into power, and then when he didn't like what he saw, got him out of power. One of those stories was that Whitlam said, very loudly within earshot of Murdoch, at an art gallery opening or some such thing, that he had spent an evening at Yass on Murdoch's farm and it had been the most unutterably boring time of his life. And that was the end of Whitlam. Did he have too much power as a king maker?

Day: I've heard lots of those stories. I've been at the source of some of them, and know them to be false. But I do believe that Murdoch felt, like the majority of voting Australians, that it was time for a change, and he got very enthusiastic about it. The Liberals had had 23 years, and had had it, and having got to that point he was enticed by the Whitlam vision; weren't we all? And he was in a position where he could do something about it.

Penthouse: But isn't that the point? He's in a position to do something about it.

Day: I'll tell you, in 18 years working for him

he only once briefed me on a leader [editorial], the leader he wanted. It's certainly true we would have talks about the economy and people, and you would bear that in mind when you did the leaders. You wouldn't come out and say: "The cricketers should have gone to South Africa", if Rupert had said over dinner last night: "This going to South Africa is a shocker; it's morally wrong." If you disagreed with him you would argue at dinner.

Penthouse: Would he ever say: "I don't give a damn what you think, if you're going to do a leader on it, you're going to do it my way."

Day: I never put him in a position where he would have felt he had to say that, and he never did. If I wanted an editorial policy of closing off all the residential streets of the city so no trucks could go through, running down our kids, and he disagreed with that — and I was editor — he would be perfectly happy for me to go ahead and

“
In terms of
working for a
proprietor, if Rupert
was tough, then Kerry
Packer was
a tyrant
”

say it. The one occasion he did brief me was on the day Kerr sacked Whitlam. He came in and said: "Do a leader, more in sorrow than in anger, that Whitlam has to go. Bring up all the points of why he has failed and why the country can no longer afford this experiment." And I sat down at a typewriter and tapped it out, and took it round to his office, and it came back with one word changed. That was the leader which so angered the rallying crowds. They marched on *The Mirror* office, they surrounded the building, they beat up a truck driver, picketed and refused to let trucks get out, they tore papers off the backs of trucks, they lit them and burned them in the street. It was just like bloody Nazi Germany . . . and that radicalised me. I thought that if the power of my words can do that, then there is something very wrong.

Penthouse: Did you ever feel you got to know Murdoch on a personal level, or was it always an employer-employee relationship?

Day: I never regarded him as a bosom buddy and he never regarded me as his best friend, of course not. We were suffi-

ciently close for me to say: "Oh, Rupert, don't come on with that crap." One Saturday morning when I was suffering from an enormous hangover he rang up and asked me why I had led last Monday's paper with such and such a story when it should have been something else, and I said: "Hang on Rupert, it's seven on a Saturday morning — I don't know what you're talking about." And he laughed and said: "You shouldn't go out and get on the turps." I left because I felt I had given him a hell of a lot of loyalty over a long period, and I felt he had berated me quite wrongly over something. One of the more insensitive things he did hurt me for a while, and my pride, or whatever, was wounded. It was the time of the Hilton bombing, and we had worked our guts out around the clock. We decided to do a four-page wrap-round because all these things were going to happen, and in fact we got locked in with very little to report. It had all the impact of a wet fish, and six or seven days later Murdoch phoned up and abused me for wasting all that money on newsprint when there was nothing there.

Penthouse: Would he get personal in those circumstances? Call you an idiot, and so on?

Day: No, he says: "What are you doing? Don't you know your job?" He doesn't swear or get deeply personal, but he can get pretty cutting. Anyway, I said: "For Christ's sake, Rupert, you're in New York. We're over here playing it as we see it. I will concede with hindsight it was extravagant, but we thought it was the right thing to do at the time. And if you're going to shit-can me seven days later from 10,000 miles away, then you can fucking well find someone else." We were both unrepentant, and I got pissed and fell into the company of people from ACP, and they offered me a job. I resigned, but I would have done very much better to have got sacked, because sacked editors got a year's salary.

Penthouse: Why did Murdoch decide to get rid of *Truth*?

Day: I think he felt it became a corporate embarrassment. I understand Nicholson, now his honor Judge Nicholson, stood up as the ALP counsel at the Channel Ten hearings and, waving a copy of *Truth*, said: "The man that publishes this now wants to broadcast to your children."

Penthouse: Do you see it ever becoming a corporate embarrassment to you?

Day: No. For a long time *Truth* and its success shored up other ventures in Murdoch's company, but for us it's the cornerstone. We fiddle around with other things, but the basis of it all is *Truth*. We have quite successfully put it on to a solid and sound footing.

Penthouse: The rumor persists that Murdoch still has a financial holding in *Truth*.

Day: I don't know why that persists. It may have something to do with the incredulity that a couple of knockabout journalists [Day and Owen Thomson] could raise the

EXPECTATIONS OF PLEASURE.



SUNNY DAY. SCENT OF GRASS. TINKLE OF ICE.
AND THE UNMISTAKABLE TASTE OF GORDON'S.

INTERVIEW

money to buy it. But there is certainly no connection whatsoever on the corporate level.

Penthouse: What made you decide to buy *Truth*?

Day: After I left Rupert I realised I had made an enormous mistake going to ACP, but I knew I couldn't leave there until the first issues of *Playboy* were out.

Penthouse: Why was it an enormous mistake?

Day: In terms of working for a proprietor, if Rupert was tough, Kerry Packer was a tyrant. As soon as was decently possible I decided I would get out of ACP. I didn't want to go back to News Ltd, because Rupert's last words, "You'll be back", were ringing in my ears. Because of the success of *Playboy* they asked me to edit *Penthouse* so I asked for what was in my mind a ridiculously large amount of money, and they agreed to it. After a while I was running the show, and it made me realise there is room for an independent publisher. I was with *Penthouse* for about 18 months, and I'm pleased to say we got it right. It still eats *Playboy* in terms of what a magazine of that genre should be.

Penthouse: What's the lifestyle of a *Penthouse* or *Playboy* editor or publisher like?

Day: Very boring. You're dealing with words and pictures and lay-outs and journalism and publishing. You're not dealing with flesh. In the two and a half years I was involved with both magazines I only on one occasion saw any naked women. And that was overkill — there were about 12 of them during the making of a TV documentary.

Penthouse: Does it hurt or annoy you when people like Hinch talk about *Truth* and the massage parlor ads?

Day: I do find it a little galling from time to time, but I just have to cop it.

Penthouse: A newspaper article recently

questioned your right to get hot under the collar about paedophiles, for instance, when according to this article, you are a "principal contributing merchant of the sexual alertness our children inherit." Is that an accurate statement, and if so does it concern you?

Day: The question is: am I leading people down the track of sexuality, or have I, over the years, been editing or publishing magazines which respond to marketing desires? I would say the latter.

Penthouse: If it could be successful would you rather own a newspaper like *The National Times* which involves itself in investigative journalism?

Day: We sell 230,000 — they sell 83,000. The reality is people are more interested in what we give them.

Penthouse: Do you see your move into the worlds of radio and TV as a move into the world of showbiz?

Day: I do not see myself as being in showbiz.

Penthouse: What about seeing your face on a huge billboard, or the back of a cab or side of a tram? Is that showbiz?

Day: It's frightening. When I first used to see them I used to gulp and say, "I really don't believe this." It was almost cringing. Since the television program I've become aware that I'll go in a restaurant and people will turn their heads and look. I don't like it, but accept it as inevitable. Kids come up to you at the footy and shove a book and a pen under your nose. You respond automatically. You can't say no, so you say, "Good day. What's your name?" I would never seek it. I could quite happily walk away from it. There are some funny things. I got a letter yesterday saying: "This is hard to write so I'll come straight to the point — I'm in love with you." You have a good giggle about those things.

Penthouse: What is the most disastrous thing that has happened to you on radio?

Day: The first day. Nobody knew what we were bloody well doing. I didn't know what to expect. I didn't have any material built up — it was just a total disaster. On the second day it was very much better.

Penthouse: Now you've done the TV thing for long enough to stand back and take an objective look at yourself, how do you see Mark Day in terms of Willesee, Negus and company?

Day: Different, just different. Willesee is the master. I watch him night after night in awe. I realise that his style of interview is confrontation. I can't copy it, so I don't try.

Penthouse: What are your failings?

Day: When you are dealing with people like Hawke and Cain, they are very, very quick-witted. They are very sure of how far they're going to go, and how far they're not going to go, and I'm just not quick enough to ask the same question six different ways.

Penthouse: What about your future in TV?

Day: If invited, I may do *Day By Day* for another year, and then maybe move into TV production.

Penthouse: Will there be any sense of loss?

Day: I often wonder what I will do when I don't work 70 hours a week. But just as I slipped out of obscurity, I'm perfectly able to slip back into it. And I will be perfectly able to cop people saying: "Don't I know you from somewhere way back?"

Penthouse: People are always writing about your 70-hour week and your workload. I'm aware you're quite capable of coming home from an impossible day and knocking up a wooden wine rack, or a bunk bed. Where does the energy come from? Don't you ever long for boredom?

Day: Yes, that's all right for a week. It's great to go off and be a sort of sun lizard. I've never been really big on laying back and doing nothing. I'd much rather be tinkering with something, or weeding the garden. I get endless pleasure out of the garden.

Penthouse: But aren't there days when you wake and say: "Oh, no. I really couldn't face going on TV tonight."

Day: No, that just doesn't happen. There are five minutes a day when I just shut my eyes and have a quiet moment, and it's really therapeutic. That's when they put the make-up on.

Penthouse: You've already expanded successfully into country radio stations, books, papers like *Singles* and so on. What future expansion can we expect to see?

Day: The future of this business lies in more and more forms of dissemination, and the people who can provide the information to be disseminated will be in the box seat. That's why this year at Seven has been such a valuable learning experience.

Penthouse: You said you couldn't believe you were lucky enough to have found someone who was prepared to pay you to learn about TV.

Day: Yes, a couple of years ago I said by '86 I'll drop out of radio, and Melbourne, and spend a lot of time touring around Los Angeles and New York, just working out where the holes are for us. If you're going to make it, you make it for the world, not for 16 million people. If we're going to produce material, I want it to be material capable of being sold all round the world.

Penthouse: What sort of material?

Day: There is an enormous market for good international material, and it can be mini-series, information services such as . . . cook books. That's off the top of my head.

Penthouse: Who are you doing all this for?

Day: A very interesting question because I sometimes wonder. In the quiet times when I'm feeling a bit weary, I think: "I could sell all of it. If I capitalised it all now, invested and lived off the interest, I'd live very well. So why am I doing it? Who am I doing it for?" I hope in the next decade or so I can kick a few goals and create a company with the chance of becoming a second level player in Australian communications. 



Instant Protection with Remote Control

Protect your prestige investment with Piranha — the range of car alarms that have swept Australia with the latest in hi-tech burglar proof technology.

The Piranha car alarms feature instant protection on all points of entry; glass, body and wheels protection with the revolutionary piezoelectric shock sensor, quartz

ultrasonic movement detector, backup battery and powerful siren all in one unit.

The Piranha alarm may also be connected to your central door locking system. When activating or deactivating the alarm system, it will simultaneously lock and unlock your car via the remote control.



For immediate installation at home or work telephone Piranha Security Systems

SYDNEY
(02) 327 5646

MELBOURNE
(03) 480 6200

BRISBANE
(07) 369 3033

JFM059KD

FOR THE VERY BEST

Adult
Video
Tapes

Books
Aids
Lingerie

At
Lowest
Prices

Kings Cross Mail Orders
Dept. PH P.O. Box 238,
WAVERLEY, NSW 2024

☐ FREE CATALOGUE

☐ 3 FULL COLOUR
MAGAZINES
(hard core)
ENCL. \$15.

Chg ☐ MO ☐ Cash ☐
Bankcard No

Name:

Address:

..... P/C

I am over 18 years of age.

Signature

517 Botany Rd., Waterloo, N.S.W. 2017.



The Toyota feeling has left
Australia's other big car manufacturers reeling

GOOD SPORTS

The red coupe with the rounded tail and bulldog stance was travelling fast. The speedo needle, hovering around 210 km/h on the straight stretches, dipped to 190 as it sliced through the sweeping roller coaster left-hander near Tumut. There was a slight lurch sideways as the car nosed into the bend; the tyres skipped across the bitumen surface, searching for grip, and then the corner flattened out. It wasn't exactly desperate stuff, but it was an interesting passage. And through it all the small man in the passenger seat showed no outward signs of concern. There was no change of skin color, no slackness of jaw, no tell-tale signs of white knuckle fever.

Akihiro Wada was the impassive gent in the grey pin-stripe suit sitting alongside. Wada, the chief engineer of the Toyota Celica models, was

illustrating faith. Faith in the latest car of his creation.

The occasion was the launch of the all-new 1986 Celica, and Wada-san had not been warned that his belief in his engineering design integrity was to be put to the test. It was a mean trick, sure. But what better, surer way of discovering whether the father of the Celica had reservations about its ability without putting its human cargo — namely him — at risk?

Experience of past Celicas was not comforting. Earlier Celicas, had in fact, been bad jokes. While they looked sporting enough on the surface, underneath they were wimpy and undernourished, sloppy in the suspension, with disinterested steering, and an engine that worked about as enthusiastically as a file clerk.

No more, though. The latest batch of

MOTORING

BY PETER MCKAY PHOTO BY MICHAEL COYNE

SPORTS

Toyotas are sharper in areas which have in the past been the Japanese Waterloo: ride, handling, steering, and NVH (noise vibration harshness). Maybe we can thank Toyota's recent business liaison with Lotus of England (Toyota owns 20 percent). The Supra and Sprinter heralded a new direction; the '86 Celica confirms it. Mr Wada says Lotus had no direct input into the Celica but nevertheless the Lotus engineering influence is everywhere.

The new car, the first of the Toyotas with engines engineered to accept unleaded petrol, sailed through the searching trial with few blemishes. It points into corners brilliantly, has a copybook ride while handling impeccably, and covers ground in a marvellously brisk manner. The '86 Celica is a wonderful motor car by any standards. Certainly, something startling is happening at Toyota. The sleeping giant is stirring . . .

Toyota, the biggest auto maker in Japan, is third in the world, behind General Motors and Ford. In Australia, Ford is number one, with Toyota and Holden scrapping for second. Not many people are prepared to bet that Toyota won't be King of the Road within the next decade. The pieces are falling into place. The company — incredibly strong in the commercial vehicle field — is now committed to bolstering its car range in Australia. Weak

models are being expunged as more creditable offerings come on stream.

Ford is steeling itself for the predictable Toyota battle-plan of lobbing a myriad of models into the marketplace. Without a real killer car in its stable right now, Toyota will concentrate on filling market niches Ford can't cover. It has the specialist cars to do it.

Ford appeared to have Toyota stuffed with its all-new Laser, one of the ULP fore-runners. The current Corolla hasn't bumped the smallest Ford from top spot among the littlies. But the imminent arrival of a twin-cam Corolla will hurt Laser sales. The Laser is a good motor car, except it lacks the goods in one vital area — performance. The twin-cam Corolla goes like a cut snake.

Ford's superstar sellers are Falcon and Telstar. The Telstar, an attractive but in many ways coarse vehicle, is vulnerable to a Toyota broadside; the Falcon — almost an Australian institution — will be tougher to bring down.

Toyota's Camry won the Australian Car of '83 Award and continues to have its fans today. However, the present rear-wheel-drive Corona has been savaged in the volatile mid-sized family car sector. Toyota hoped the Corona would be its bread-and-butter trump card. Instead it has struggled to hold a respectable market share, particularly since Mitsubishi pitched its super-refined Magna on to the playing

field. The word is that Toyota is rushing to ready a Magna-chaser to replace the current lacklustre Corona. The replacement will be front-wheel-drive and bodied generously in the Magna fashion.

Of course Ford won't merely stand still and be clubbed to death. It too has some significant moves underway with the Falcon in line for a spectacular redesign. Ford's chances of clinging to the number one position probably depend on the public's acceptance of the new Falcon, with its extensively re-engineered 3.9-litre version of the long-service six and rounded European styling. If it's as good as insiders suggest, maybe Toyota will be frustrated a little longer.

At the ritzier end of the market, Ford's solid, attractive LTD canes the tizzy, too-soft Toyota Crown. But up against the ageing Fairlane is the splendid Cressida; now with a rorty twin-cam 2.8-litre six, it is a genuine 200 km/h-plus flier.

Ford has no contender to go in against specialist cars such as the Supra and Celica, though sales of these cars are comparatively small in the context of a total annual vehicle market of around 675,000. But 4000 Celicas will be sold during 1986 and Ford won't be able to do a darn thing about it.

More than this, superb new models like the Celica and the even more dashing M2 two-seater sports car (a possibility for later in the year) give Toyota a dramatic change of image. At the same time Ford is in danger of slipping into the very trap that caught out Holden in the late Seventies and early Eighties: complacency. The motoring press has floated such a possibility with high-placed Ford men who, quite predictably, flap arms and put on a compelling show of affront and indignation.

The people from the commercial arm, Thiess Toyota, show no signs of bashfulness. They're already way up on top of the four-wheel-drive and light truck market. Figures tell a mean tale, and spearheaded by the rugged LandCruiser, Toyota holds a whopping 35 percent of the commercial business, with nearest rival, Ford, toting 13 percent and trailing dismally. And, incredibly, Toyota's slice of the 4WD market is close to half. The secret is offering a vehicle for all occasions and at last count there were 160 different models in the Toyota commercial line-up, which stops short of heavy trucks and buses. There's no respite in sight for the opposition, either; a collection of new models — with the emphasis on more powerful engines — is due for a Down Under launch about now.

Thiess Toyota had the humble fairytale beginning. Les (now Sir Leslie) Thiess, a contractor working on the Snowy Mountains hydro scheme in the late Fifties, had been impressed by a workhorse four-wheel-drive vehicle called a LandCruiser. He approached Toyota for distribution rights, got the nod and funded the new company personally. Thiess imported his

first Toyota LandCruiser in 1958. Since then close on 200,000 'Cruisers have been sold here.

It's remarkable that Toyota has established such a solid beachhead here in such a short time. The Toyota Motor Company (now Toyota Motor Corporation) was established in 1937 by an ambitious little fellow named Kiichiro Toyoda.

Visions of Toyota becoming an influential automaker were suddenly and dramatically obscured by the contretemps in the Pacific. Come August, 1945, Toyota had 3000 employees, some bomb-damaged buildings and no business whatsoever. A minor setback.

Within a month TMC had resumed production although not without real fears that American and European vehicle manufacturers would quickly move to enter the Japanese market and steamroller their Japanese counterparts, weakened as they were both economically and technically. It was at this point in auto history that Toyota made the decision to specialise in the building of small cars. The US majors — GM, Ford and Chrysler — were catering for the traditional demand for big-bodied beasts, and the Japanese felt that to go small would avoid a head-on market confrontation.

These immediate post-war moves by Toyota are worthy of mention if only to illustrate the shell-shocked state — literally and metaphorically — of the Japanese car industry just 40 years ago. By 1958, just three years after its Crown passenger car was introduced in Japan, Toyota hit the export trail to the United States. The experiment failed miserably. The Crown, engineered for a life trolling along Japan's roads at a hardly testing 80 km/h maximum, was unable to withstand the higher speeds and longer distances of the US.

In Australia, the scenario was little different. Toyota's initial foray here, with a forgettable piece of ugliness called Tiara, did not send shivers down the spines of the men of Holden or Ford or, for that matter, BMC and Volkswagen (later to fall victims to the Japanese onslaught). In that first year of Toyota presence in Australia, 901 sales were eked out of a local market that regarded sixes or eights as obligatory and Japanese cars as a temporary novelty.

Then, in 1967, came the motor car that did more than any other to cement Toyota's reputation for reliability and economy, and, for that matter, blandness. That car was the Corolla. Today, many models and 11 million sales later, it is still Toyota's marketing cornerstone. The ubiquitous Corolla has supplanted the VW Beetle as the world's most popular model.

Pricing and fuel efficiency have been the double-barrelled weapons of the Japanese vehicle industry against the established names from the US, Europe and Australia.

It was the global energy crisis in 1973 that really swung the tide for the developing Japanese industry. Suddenly it was

anti-social — and bloody expensive — to drive a big Detroit gas-guzzler. Down Under, the crunch didn't hit as hard, but as petrol prices moved upward so prospective new car buyers were more inclined to contemplate sizing down. It mattered not a whit that, at this stage of their meagre development, the Japanese family sedans had the aesthetics of a Besser brick, the neck-snapping performance of a garden slug, the handling characteristics of a duny cart and the retardation of a rockslide. They were tinny — everyone said so — and their interiors carried more plastic than you'll find on the social pages of the Sunday papers. But Mr and Mrs Oz shoe-horned themselves and the sprogs into the latest Jap buzzbox and got 40 miles to the gallon on their God-forsaken annual Christmas jaunt to see grandma and pop.

After the initial impact of the ever-creeping petrol price wore off, however, people became aware that supplies of mo-

Ford is in danger of slipping into the very trap that caught out Holden: complacency

tion lotion would extend beyond 1980 and that driving a runtish Japanese econo-car was about as pleasant as wearing tight shoes; the motorist drifted back to the Aussie Sixties.

About then, the Japanese vehicle manufacturers recognised the need to improve the product in many areas, to make it acceptable — irresistible even — to Westerners. Honda got the message first. The others took a little longer. A reluctance to guzzle fuel coupled with an enthusiasm to answer roll-call each and every morning are desirable traits. But Australians and Kiwis, bless their inherent instincts for survival, also place priorities on a motor vehicle's primary safety: does it stop?

A minor miracle took place at the Iwata Proving Ground in Japan a couple of years ago. It illustrated hitherto new priorities for the technicians at Toyota. Members of the Australian motoring press were at the test track as guests of Toyota, ostensibly to sample some exciting new machines: a turbo Soarer, twin-cam and turbocharged Celicas and XX models (Supra). There was one Celica in particular that went around corners like a yellow centreline.

The lads, accustomed to wall-to-wall blandness from Toyota, lapped up the exciting new tarmac tornadoes. Afterwards, one by one, they were led across to a group of Toyota engineers, seated all in a row at a trestle table. The idea, so it appeared, was to fire questions at the engineers headed by Toyota's hi-tech trump, Dr Eiji Adachi. They answered in the usual Japanese fashion — in other words they gave away nothing much at all. Then they quickly turned the questioning routine around. Would these cars be well received in Australia? Yeah, but what about that Celica with the exceptional cornering ability? The significance of this by-play was the fact that Japanese engineers were openly canvassing views from outsiders.

Of interest too is the growing use of the Australian outback by Japanese auto producers to test prototypes. Maybe one day every vehicle sold here will have been durability-tested in conditions among the harshest in the world. In this respect the Japanese are ahead of some Europeans.

The Eighties then has seen serious, and valid, attempts by the Japanese to produce motor cars that approach accepted European standards of handling, braking and steering. Though the ostrich division of the motoring press might have themselves believe otherwise, let it be said there are cars with a "Made in Japan" label that are superior to Continental rivals in these crucial areas. A Mitsubishi Starion is streets ahead of an Alfa Romeo GTV6 in every conceivable way. It is not even a close contest. Honda's Accord range or the Australianised Nissan Pulsar ET Turbo have more going for them than a Fiat Regata or Alfa 33, and for thousands less. The examples go on . . .

The sheer speed at which Toyota established itself as a force in Australia shattered the existing vehicle industry structure. By 1969, or just six years after the first ungainly Tiara landed here, annual passenger car sales passed the 50,000 mark. The graph since shows a steady but somewhat less precipitous climb; around 65,000 Toyota cars were sold during 1985, the firm of Australian Motor Industries-Toyota turning over \$602 million. On the light commercial front, the Thiess success story is perhaps more impressive. From nowhere in '58, its market share had climbed to eight percent in '72 (turnover \$25 million), before accelerating wildly to 35 percent today (sales 72,000; turnover one billion). In most other world markets, Toyota passenger cars outsell Toyota light commercials two to one . . . but not in Australia.

Can Toyota knock off Ford? With sophisticated new models being aimed at specific market segments, Toyota's passenger car penetration seems destined to improve. And even if the graphs at Thiess and AMI do no more than retain their steady angle of ascent, the reality is that Ford's lead will be inexorably eroded. Toyota could be on top by 1990. 

IF YOUR SECRET AMBITION IS TO SAIL OFF TO THE ISLANDS, WHY ARE YOU WAITING?

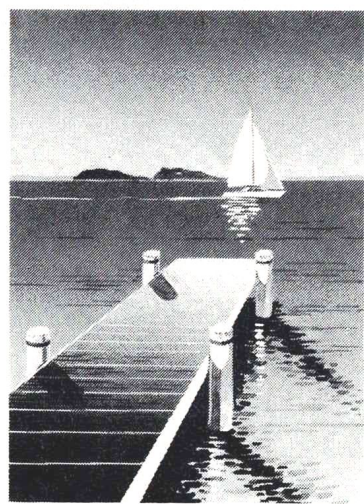
Firstly, don't waste your weekends building a boat. Instead, use one of our luxury cruisers or yachts. Now find a few friends who also want to get away from it all. Then call us.

We'll set you loose in a tropical paradise called the Whitsundays — 74 magical islands set in an aquamarine sea. A week of this freedom will cost you each about the same as a week on an island resort. The difference is nobody's going to tell you how to enjoy yourselves. We're sure you'll think of something.

Call us toll free now or see your travel agent for our free book of ways to pass the time.

WHITSUNDAY BOATING
HOLIDAYS

With Queensland Yacht Charters Pty. Ltd.,
P.O. Box 293, Airlie Beach, Qld. 4802.
Ph: (079) 46 9284 Telex: AA48522 (QLDYC)
TOLL FREE: 008-075 013



Gadonya QYC 005P



Fold down the rear seats and open up over 2 cubic metres of cargo space.



Take the top off and feel the warm sun and the wind in your hair.



Now you can get to all those places where an ordinary car can't go.



Get where you're going to in comfort and style.

How to fit 4 cars into one garage



CHECK UNDER THE BONNET

There's a brand new engine under the bonnet of the new 4Runner. Bigger and more economical, the 2.2 litre Super Responsive engine offers 11% more power and 16% more torque. Wedge shaped combustion chambers, bigger intake ports

At last. A great looking vehicle that takes you everywhere you want to go. Does everything you want it to. New Toyota 4Runner.

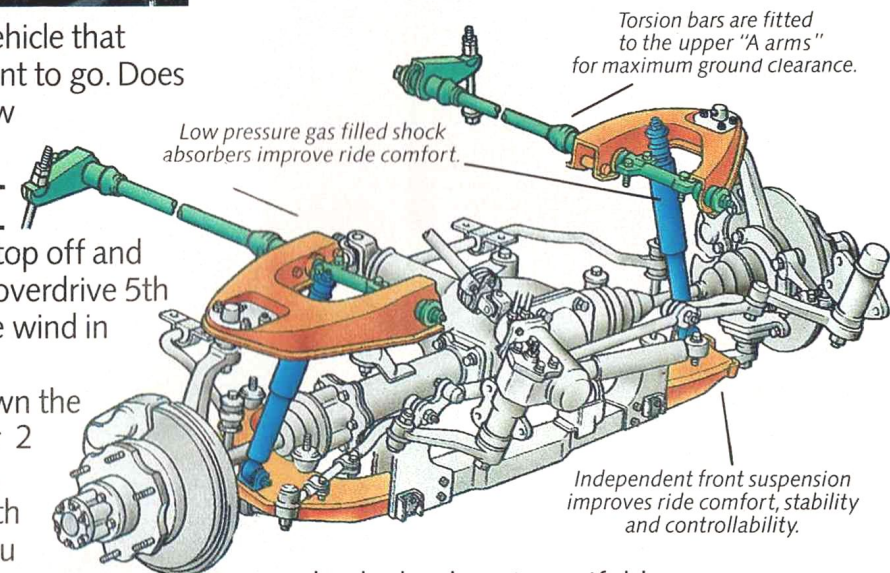
FOUR CARS IN ONE

It's built for fun. Take the top off and cruise the highway. Drop into overdrive 5th and feel the warm sun and the wind in your hair.

It's built to work. Fold down the rear seats and open up over 2 cubic metres in cargo space.

It's a real off roader. With the toughness and agility you need to get to places ordinary cars can't go.

And it's a nimble city car. With the luxury you need to get where you're going in comfort and style.



and a dual-exhaust manifold mean improved efficiency. And the new 4Y engine has been designed to run on unleaded petrol.

STAND OUT LOOKS

The new 4Runner stands out in a crowd. Flared guards ride high over chrome spoked wheels. But it's what's underneath that counts. New 4Runner's independent front suspension improves ride comfort, controllability and stability on the road. And double-acting, gas-filled shock absorbers help tame the roughest tracks. Big disc brakes haul you down from highway speeds and power steering makes light work of tight city car spaces.



STRETCH OUT COMFORT

Step into 4Runner through the wide opening doors and you're in luxury. There's comfortable seating for five, with plenty of head and leg room, lots of visibility and full carpeting. You'll find AM/FM cassette stereo, tilt steering, a centre console box, split rear seats and a power rear window.

YOUR FOUR CARS

If you can only be happy with a city car that's at home off the road and a highway cruiser that's happy hauling a heavy load, see your Toyota dealer. He'll show how 4Runner makes it easy to fit four cars into one garage.



TOYOTA
Oh what a feeling!



PROFILE BY ROY S. JOHNSON

THE RED BARON

What happens
after you've won the
world's most prestigious tennis
title at the age of 17?

One of the joys of being an avid sports fan comes during that rare moment when, by divine chance, one witnesses the birth of greatness. Like some six decades ago when a kid from Bowral named Don Bradman used to (according to legend) bash a golf ball against a corrugated iron water tank with a cricket stump. Or when Reg Gasnier, a gangly teenage prodigy, first donned the red and white jersey of the St George Rugby League side in 1958. Those who were lucky enough to see these and other future legends in the childhood of their careers speak of the experience in almost reverent tones, as if they were in on a secret before anyone else.

Ten years from now, I'll probably be that way, too. For I'll be able to say that in the northern summer of 1985, I saw Boris Becker win Wimbledon.

You should've seen him. He had no fear. Diving all over those hallowed grass courts. No respect. He was hitting winners from the seat of his pants, for Christ's sake. And serving blistering aces as easily as they served dishes of strawberries and cream just outside centre court. He was something. A strapping 185 centimetres tall and weighing 80 kilograms. And he was still growing! "Boom-Boom" they called him.

PHOTO BY BOB COLTON

BARON

He was only 17. You wouldn't have believed it.

It won't really matter that the exuberant West German with the hitman forehead, the wide-eyed smile, and the strawberry blond hair didn't have to play John McEnroe, Jimmy Connors, Ivan Lendl or Mats Wilander in order to become the youngest player — and the first from his country — ever to capture the most coveted tennis championship in the world. History will only note that on the first Sunday in July, an unseeded Boris Becker squashed Kevin Curren 6-3, 6-7, 7-6, 6-4, in 1985 gloriously thrilling minutes, and thus travelled from innocent obscurity to legend.

Since that day, Becker has held the tennis world by its fuzzy yellow balls. In his homeland he is a national hero, and the object of teenage girls' fantasies everywhere else. At the onset of the US Open last year at the National Tennis Centre in Flushing Meadows, New York, his name was on everyone's lips, and a potential duel in the sun against McEnroe in the quarter-final round was billed as the match of the year. Everywhere he went, from the practice courts to Greenwich Village in Manhattan, he was besieged by well-wishers and admirers.

That Becker was intimidated by most of

the attention at the tournament was just fine with some of the top seeds, especially those like Ivan Lendl, whose relationship with the media has been stormy, at best, throughout his career. "He is the hot name now," said the Czech, "which is fine with me. Maybe I won't get asked so many questions."

But others, while admiring Becker's success, felt labelling him as one of the world's best was a bit premature. And McEnroe was itching to prove it by facing the *wunderkind*. "It looks bad for everyone if someone that age can come through and take everyone by storm," he said. But he never got the chance. Becker was upset, in a few sets, by Sweden's Joakim Nystrom in Round 16, just one match away from the dream match. In that match, and for the first time since Wimbledon, Becker resembled the 17-year-old that he was: at times he was petulant and pouty. He played as if he were confused and frustrated. Near the end of the match he even cried into his towel.

Afterward, he said: "The first two sets, I wasn't on the court. It was the worst I've played in my life. I'm disappointed. I wanted to play McEnroe."

As has often been said, fame has its price. With that loss, Boris Becker began paying his bills.

It wasn't really very long ago that he could waltz through tennis clubs unnoticed, his head wrapped inside a Walkman. But

no more. In his hometown of Leimen, a small town (population 17,500) near Heidelberg, he was given a parade after Wimbledon that was attended by 30,000 celebrants, and immortalised with a poster showing his knees and shirt darkened with dirt after one of his famous dives. He was honored by a local baker with a new pretzel made with ham and sauerkraut and called the "Bobele" — for Boris Becker Leimen; he was serenaded with two songs written for him, and awarded the gold ring by the *burgermeister* (mayor), the city's highest honor.

A few days later, he made his first appearance since the Wimbledon final at the US Clay Court Championships in Indianapolis, and was pursued by such throngs of autograph seekers and giggling teenagers that he had to be assigned escorts to and from his practice courts. In August, Becker jetted to Los Angeles between matches at a tournament in Mason, Ohio, to appear on *The Johnny Carson Show*.

Beckerfever (*Beckerfieber*, if you will) peaked earlier that month when, in front of a frenzied, partisan German crowd in Hamburg he crushed fellow 17-year-old Aaron Krickstein 6-2, 6-1, 6-1 in the deciding match of the quarterfinal Davis Cup tie to lead the West Germans to a stunning 3-2 upset over the United States, their first victory in six meetings spanning 72 years. He had already sliced up America's other hope, Elliot Teltscher, 6-2, 6-2, 6-3,

proclaiming boldly that he "thought it would be a tougher fight. Like maybe four sets."

Ah, the arrogance of youth. And he isn't even old enough to drive.

Arthur Ashe, the beleaguered US Davis Cup captain who had to resort to using Krickstein and Teltscher, two erratic players not in the Top Ten, after McEnroe and Connors refused to sign behavioral codes required by sponsors, could only lament over the precocious teen. "We don't have any Boris Beckers in our ranks."

All told, Becker rose from a ranking of No 176 on June 25, 1984, to No 8 in just over a year. There is little disagreement that the emergence of Becker at a time when tennis was becoming stale and predictable — with the McEnroe-Connors-Lendl triumvirate winning the majority of the men's titles and Martina Navratilova and Chris Evert-Lloyd dominating the women's circuit — is a real boost for the sport. "He's a new name, a new spirit," said Bill Talbert, the former US national champion and current director of the US Open.

So here comes Boris, armed with the best of everything. With a playing style highlighted by a howitzer forehand, a cannon serve, kamikaze dives, and a little dance, "The Becker Boogie", that he does after winning an important point, he is as exciting a player to watch as anyone on the tour. Even his free-spirited personality has held up under worldwide scrutiny. He managed to find humor in his newfound fame; while being hounded by paparazzi on a beach in Monte Carlo just after Wimbledon, he turned to the group and said, "What are you going to do now, follow me into the bathroom?"

Despite having studied English for only four years, he speaks and understands the language well. His loose nature and sense of humor translate easily.

In Indianapolis, he said he didn't like the monikers — "Boom-Boom", "The Red Baron", "Der Bomber", "Heidelberg Hitman", and the like — that he was being tagged with, but he did it without offending anyone. "They are not my name," he said. "My mother, she say to me, 'Boris!' not 'Boom-Boom!'"

Are you enjoying the Midwest? "It's really kind of boring. I practise, eat, sleep, practise."

What is your greatest fear? "At the moment, my next opponent."

Your favorite foods? "Normal German foods. Not hamburgers."

How do you feel about being a teen idol? Smiling: "You're a man; I'm a man. I like women like you do."

Then at the Mason, Ohio tournament, where he trounced Mats Wilander in the final 6-4, 6-2 in just 66 minutes, he charmed his audience during the award presentation by saying, "I played my second-best week. I think you know my best one."

"You have to understand this about the guy," says Ken Flach, who teamed with

Robert Seguso to form the US Davis Cup doubles team. "Boris was never young."

But indeed he was. Becker was born on November 22, 1967, the last of Karl-Heinz and Elvira's three children, and their second son. Although it seems as if he was weaned on a racquet, that's only partially true, for Becker was also a promising soccer player. But tennis was in his blood. "I played many sports when I was young," he says, smiling at his unintended inference. "I also played basketball, and I think that helps me a lot now. But I chose tennis because my parents both played it."

His father, an architect, designed the Blau-Weiss (Blue-White) Club in Leimen, the tennis facility that became young Boris's second home. Even now, pictures of his progression through early youth are prominently displayed there.

Becker's first coach, and the one most responsible for his current free-fall style, was Boris Breskvar. Because his student

only strive to hit every ball, but also to weaken his opponent by striking every ball with the force of an attacking army.

By the beginning of 1984, Bosch believed Becker was ready for public scrutiny, so he telephoned his lifelong friend and tennis partner, Ion Tiriuc. "He talked to me very calmly," recalls Tiriuc, who managed Argentina's Guillermo Vilas during the peak of his career and is now in partnership with him in managing a few promising players. "He said, 'I want you to see this player I've been coaching.'"

Tiriuc went, saw, then called Vilas and urged him to agree to sign Becker before word got out. "He was a tennis player all through," says Vilas. "We could see that. So we signed him. If we hadn't, somebody else would've for sure."

Thus was born what could be called the Becker Brigade — Bosch, the coach; Tiriuc, the manager; and Becker, the pupil. The soft-spoken Bosch handles the on-the-court duties, although Tiriuc, who managed and coached Vilas through the most successful period of his career, often offers bits of strategic advice. But the grim-faced, moustachioed Romanian's primary function is to orchestrate Becker's now not-so-private private life, as well as his burgeoning bankbook. (By the end of the Open, Becker had already earned \$450,000 for 1985, or more than seven times what he had earned in 1984.) And make no mistake: on the rigorous and sometimes unforgiving tennis tour, both tasks are equally important.

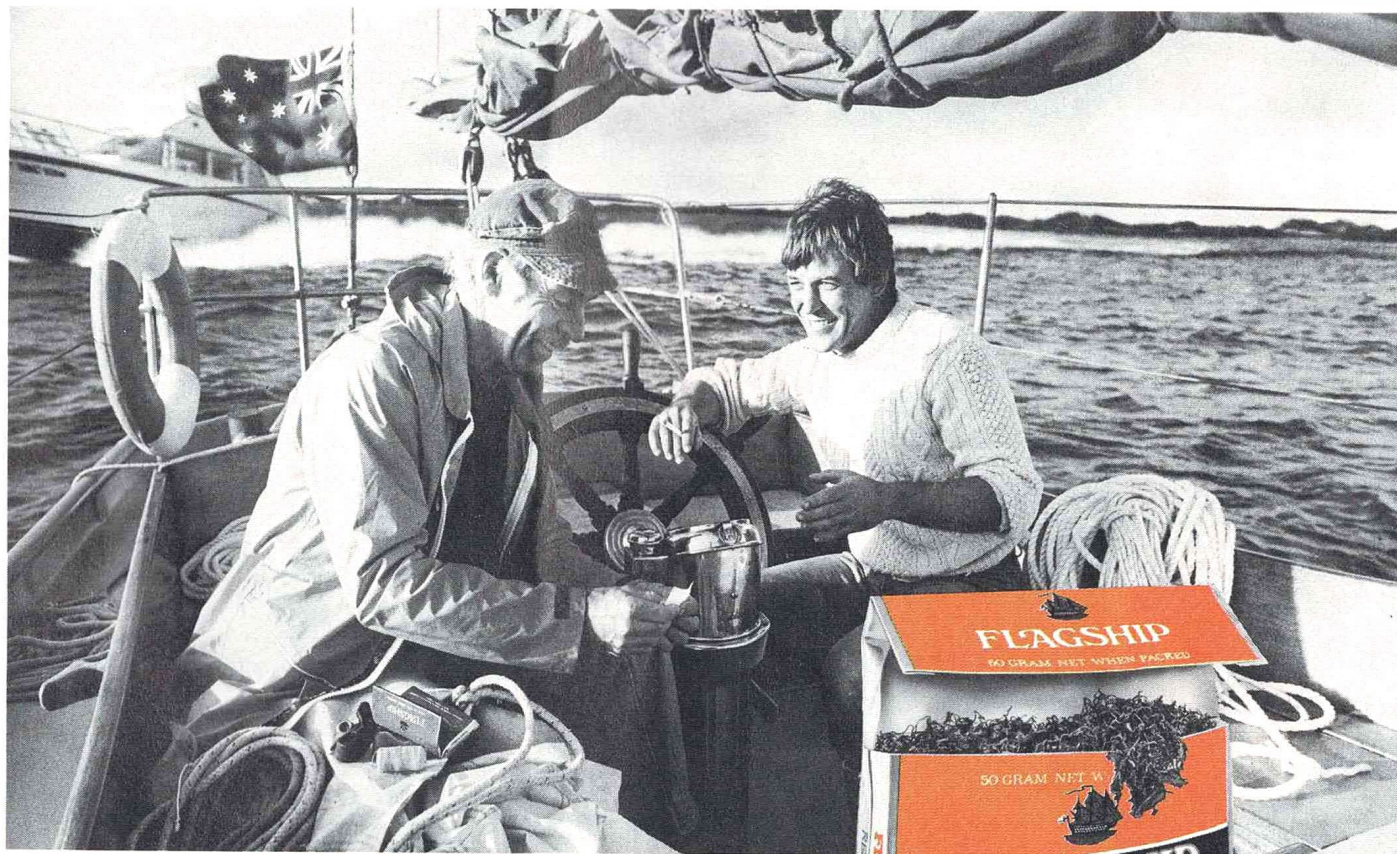
"It is like I have three fathers," says Becker. "My own, my coach, and my manager."

The adoption didn't come cheap. Although the numbers haven't been made public, it was widely reported that Tiriuc and company guaranteed Becker's parents \$250,000 for the right to oversee their son's development. Over and above that, Tiriuc would also cover the player's expenses. What was the catch? Well, the word in the street was that for his troubles, Tiriuc would keep the gravy, which, as it stands, could be quite fattening. (Besides his court winnings this year, Becker will earn about \$275,000, plus royalties, in endorsements: the Swiss-made Ebel watch, which he wears on the court; clothing by Ellese of Italy; a racquet and shoes by Puma of West Germany; and the electronics firm BASF, for which he wears a tiny logo on his sleeve.)

Becker's father has denied such an arrangement. Speaking to Curry Kirkpatrick, who covered tennis for *Sports Illustrated* during the Davis Cup tie, he said: "Tiriuc discussed no guarantees, no fixed sums. We will not get into numbers, but he did not obligate us to more than a logical percentage."

Which should still prove handsomely fruitful in the upcoming months as Madison Avenue clamors to pay Becker hundreds of thousands of dollars to wear

Becker possesses an almost icy will to win, a trait that belies his even off-the-court demeanor. It is a major reason for his success



Flagship. Too good to rush.

BARON

their clothes, eat their foods, and play tennis with their executives. "The good thing now is that we don't have to sell Boris," says Vilas. "They have to buy him."

All of which rankles John McEnroe even more. "When I started out, I was staying in fleabag, three-dollar-a-night hotels," he says. "He's already got a watch contract!"

Now, while you might expect to find Tiri-ac looking like the cat who ate the canary behind those dark sunglasses he wears almost constantly, consider this: his "arrangement" — whatever it entails — was actually a big risk. "Boom-Boom" could have gone bust-bust, and Tiri-ac would be eating crow. Yet even if Becker hadn't won Wimbledon, the jury would still have been out on his career. He was already being touted as one of the brightest stars of the next generation of tennis before the tournament began. And initially, Tiri-ac, Bosch, and Vilas devised a program that was to have Becker at his prime by the summer of 1986. Both Tiri-ac and Becker say winning Wimbledon didn't alter the program.

"Those two weeks are gone," Tiri-ac says. "We just have to go on. All of the victories, all the money, they are just numbers. They don't mean anything. In another few months, we hope to have him solid and sound." Tiri-ac pauses here, perhaps pondering that future. "I think we stand a good shot at it."

"My goal," Becker said at the Open, "was to win Wimbledon some time. Now I'm 17 and I won it, but I think it was a bit early. It has changed a lot for me since last year. It was a nice feeling when I warmed up and the umpire said, 'Wimbledon champion of '85', and the spectators were clapping and screaming. I am a little bit proud of it."

In the beginning of their relationship, Vilas, who at 33 is still one of the fittest players on the tour, introduced Becker to his rigorous conditioning regimen. "Anybody who trains with me would know how difficult it is, how hard it is to prepare," says Vilas. "I think he learned faster than anyone else. He became more serious very fast. But we said to him, 'We guarantee that you are going to play so much tennis that either you're going to be a great player or you're going to hate it and quit.'"

Becker didn't quit because he loves tennis, so much so that he has allowed it to snatch him from his family and home. He now resides in Monaco — land of the free-spirited and home of the tax-exempt — and spends most of his time amid a ceaseless string of tournaments, hotel suites, and various tennis villas around the world that are co-owned by Tiri-ac and Vilas. "It is my job now," he says. "My only obligation is to try to improve on everything, every day."

Boris also didn't quit because he possesses an almost icy will to win. It is a trait that belies his even off-the-court de-

meanor, but it is also a major reason for his success. What he does not possess in skill, he overcomes with guile and an irreverence for the pressures of the moment. In the Wimbledon final, he killed time between points by bouncing tennis balls off his head and thighs, soccer-style. Afterward, Curren, who sensed all along that he was no match for history-in-the-making, said: "He played out there like it was the first round."

Tiri-ac has called him "the most stubborn person I've ever known," and mentions that a ten-year-old Becker was expelled from the German Tennis Federation's youth program because "he was just too crazy." Says Becker: "When I was younger and I screwed up on the court, I did many bad things. Now I control myself. I'm very temperamental, so I have to work to control it more than, say, Wilander."

The resulting energy inside him almost oozes through his pores, especially during

As a ten-year-old
Becker was expelled
from the German Tennis
Federation's youth program
because "he was just
too crazy"

the most critical moments of a match. Exhibit A: Wimbledon. He came from behind in four matches. In the fifth and deciding set of his third-round match against Nystrom, he was broken twice. But each time he broke back, then held his own service and broke again for the victory. In the next round, he survived a twisted ankle to defeat Tim Mayotte 6-2 in the fifth set. And in the semis, Sweden's Anders Jarryd won the first set and had two set points in the second. Jarryd still hasn't recovered from the sonic boom-boom that caused him to lose 2-6, 7-6, 6-1, 6-1.

Exhibit B: Indianapolis. In his first match since Wimbledon, Becker swatted away five match points against an unknown named Michael Pernfors — a two-time NCAA champion who was ranked No 287 — and all with his opponent serving. But again, it was *auf wiedersehen* to another foe.

Exhibit C: The Davis Cup. After failing to clinch the tie in front of an extremely partisan crowd, because his serve was broken with his team leading 5-4 in the fifth against the American doubles team, he could have succumbed to the pressure of having to

defeat Aaron Krickstein. He didn't.

Vilas attributes some of Becker's post-Wimbledon success to a talk he had with the player just after that startling victory. The fiery Argentine drew upon his own experiences in 1977 when he won 15 singles titles, including the French and US Opens, and built a record 50-match winning streak that hasn't come close to being challenged.

"He was not used to all this," Vilas says. "I went through the same things, but not when I was 17. I was 22, so it was a little bit easier. It was at the end of a year, so I had two or three months to think it over. But he won Wimbledon and he's playing again right now. He has to start from scratch."

That means honing his obvious weaknesses — his backhand, which is powerful but erratic, and his footwork. Tiri-ac has said that Becker "moves like an elephant."

Despite his success this summer, Boris Becker will be haunted by questions in the upcoming months. Is he truly a hero for a new generation? Or will he become just another flash in the proverbial sports pan? After all, legends in sports are measured not only by the height of their achievements, but by their longevity.

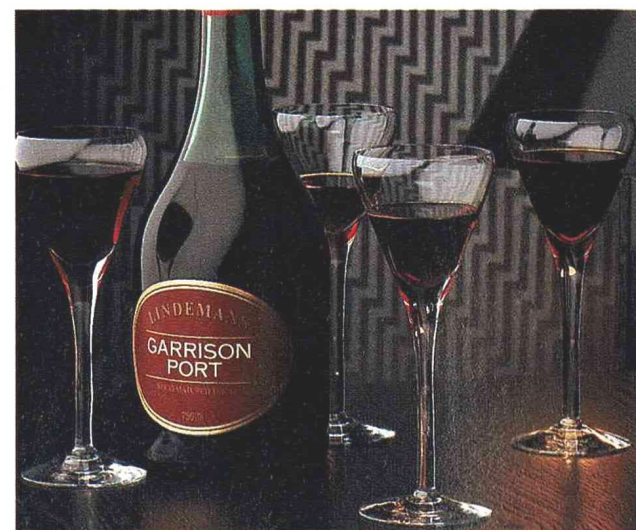
"The big thing is how long the champions can last," says Vilas, who was among the world's top six money-winners for nine of ten years before stumbling to 65th with a paltry \$79,972 in 1984. "That's what makes more than a champion. We don't want to burn Boris out. We will help him out. If he makes some mistakes, we will tell him. We will be all over whatever he does. But he is the Wimbledon champion. We can tell him as much as we want. We can show him whatever we think is right, but the final decision will be his."

Becker still must prove himself against the world's best. At the time of writing he has never faced Connors or McEnroe. His first meeting with Lendl, who eventually won the US Open, ended in a 5-7, 6-2, 6-2 defeat in the semi-finals at Indianapolis. The experienced Czech countered Becker's thunderous serves by lining up more than three metres behind the baseline to return them. This confused Becker, who never adjusted. "That would not happen against McEnroe or Connors," Lendl said.

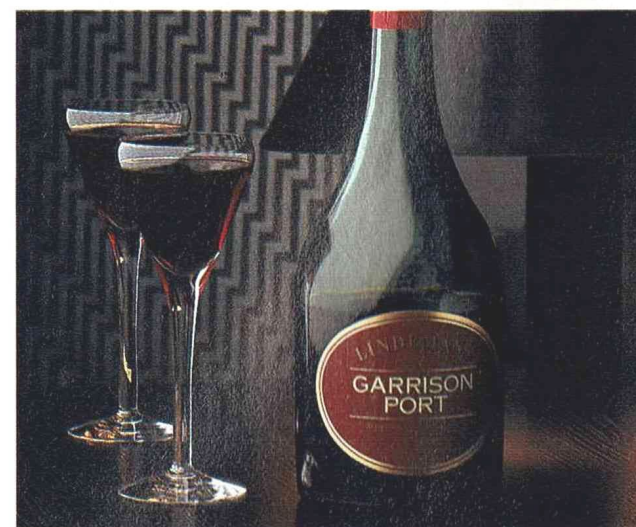
Their second encounter was in the Seiko Super Grand Prix Tournament in Tokyo last October. Becker accounted for Anders Jarryd in the quarter-final, but was out-gunned by the magnificently in-form Lendl 6-3, 7-6 in the semi-final. Nine Network commentator Fred Stolle later described it as the best televised match he'd ever seen.

It was after their first match that Becker described Lendl's game as being "on another planet."

The vote now is that Becker will someday inhabit that exclusive planet as well. Maybe even before he's old enough to drive. ☐



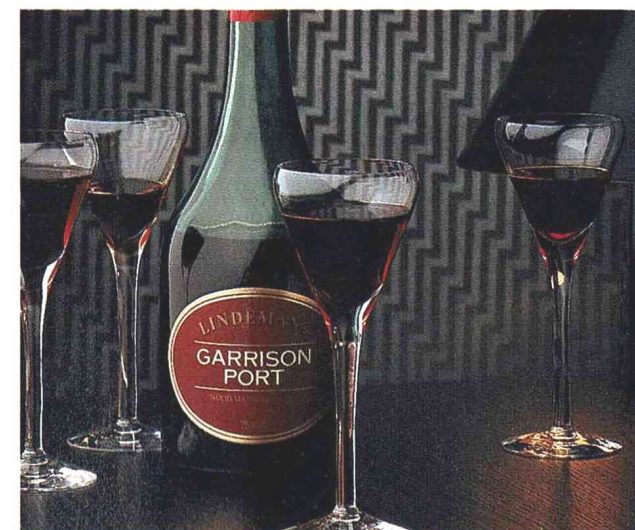
10.00 pm. Just a small
after dinner port.



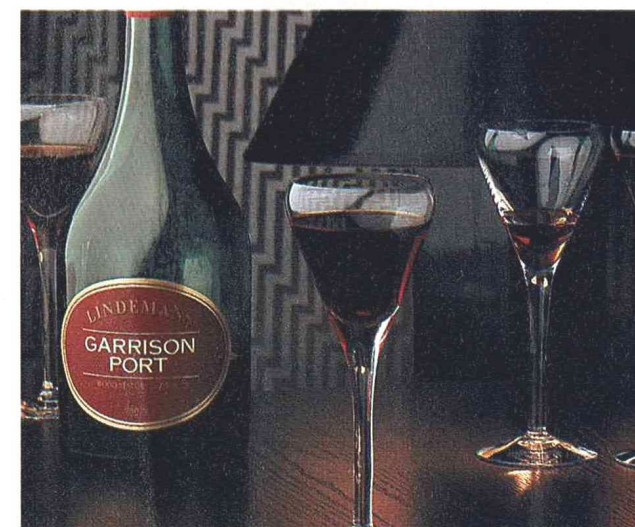
11.30 pm. Ronald Reagan is a
better president than actor.



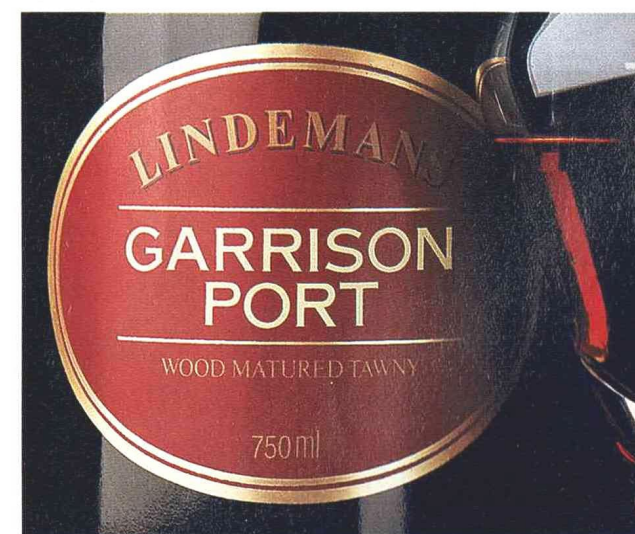
12.30 am. Maybe if Robert De Niro
ran for president...



10.30 pm. We agreed where
Paul Keating went wrong



12.00 am. Ronald Reagan is a
better actor than president.



Once breached,
there's no saving the Garrison.

TYING ONE ON

Ever get the feeling that the fashion industry has got you by the throat?

BY ARTURO F. GONZALEZ JR

Every day they grab the world's males by the throat. Foulard, rep stripe, ascot, leather, string, natural bow or clip-on — the necktie remains man's most useless single piece of clothing. Asphyxiating in the heat of summer, a tie is an adornment that practically demands its owner spill soup on it. It is a useless piece of apparel which chews up countless valuable minutes each morning as it is selected, donned and adjusted before the last-minute dash to the 7:54.

PHOTO BY GRAEME DAVEY



TIES

A century ago the necktie was unknown to most of the world's men. The Japanese in his *kimono*, the Indian in his *dhoti* and the Mexican in his *serape* must have all been most bemused by their first sight of a scarlet-faced Occidental blimp, choking on an unseasonable and inappropriate necktie. But today, like a patulous plague, the ubiquitous cravat which holds nothing up, down, in or on, and is at very best a purposeless splash of color underneath the Adam's apple, has reached out and grabbed males on every continent tightly around the neck.

Worse, ties are always changing size, colors and design. Around the world, closet racks of yesteryear's fannies are gathering dust, patiently waiting for the time when they're back in vogue.

There was a time in the Seventies when it appeared likely that neckties would join spats, homburgs and bell-bottoms on the endangered garments list. All sorts of white collar workers, including teachers, bank staff and public servants, loudly questioned the apparent necessity of tightening a noose around their necks each working day. Their push for a more casual dress code in the workplace coincided with disco's Golden Age, when every man deemed worthy of the title was expected to sport an ingot on a gold chain cloaked

by a forest of chest hair. Under the revolving mirror ball, the open-necked body shirt was always *de rigueur*. It was a time that those involved in the making and marketing of ties dread to recall.

But now, ties — specifically thin ties — are definitely back in favor. Michael Green, a director of Ensign Ties, says that today's 15 to 25-year-olds are far more fashion-conscious than their counterparts from the Seventies, and are more inclined to spend their money on fashion accessories, including ties.

John Dalgleish, NSW Manager of the Australian Tie Company, makers of Austico, Hardie Amies and Yves St Laurent ties, agrees. He sees neckties as being passports to promotion and success. "Young kids realise the importance of looking smart for job interviews these days," he says, "and to look smart you've got to wear a tie. All those fellows who took off their ties ten years ago, they've got nowhere. They're still doing the same job now as they were then."

Not everyone would go along with that strong statement, including such renowned anti-tie crusaders as Mike Carlton, Phillip Adams and Derryn Hinch (who *never* wears a tie, not even on formal occasions, always preferring to sport a rose in his lapel). But their opposition seems a rear-guard action: in Australia more than three million ties, with a retail value of \$20 million, are sold annually. That includes every-

thing from \$68 pure silk, Italian-designed imports to \$1.99 hand-painted horrors. Albert Schwabe, an American designer, has created a \$2500 tie in diamonds, silk and velvet. "When my customer is bored with it he can take the jewels off and make a brooch for his wife," he explains.

But the question remains: what makes a man keep tying one on?

Some psychologists say that these 1.2 metres of cloth are a representation of the penis. German psychiatrist Hemner Ertel recently told a medical conference in Dusseldorf that a man's tie gave a girl clues as to how he'd perform in bed. According to a survey he'd conducted most women preferred men with loosely knotted ties, hanging down about 40 centimetres.

Other psychologists have said that a man adjusting his tie in front of a woman is making a sexual gesture. And according to scientists conducting controlled tests, men wearing ties are able to outscore tieless males in picking up girls on the street. Men themselves appear to be aware of the sexual power possessed by neckties. In a New York survey of men aged 18 to 25, virtually all of them saw the color and design of their ties as "sexual signals."

Forty years ago a red tie was considered to be the badge of a homosexual. Today a tie is more likely to be regarded as a key to a man's personal taste and individuality. Take the case of ties that carry messages. One of the more popular ones says it all: it features a hog motif and the repeated initials "MCP", identifying the reader as a Male Chauvinist Pig. In England, a best-seller is a tie with a "V" on it. That stands for vasectomy, not victory. Another English tie is emblazoned with "IITYWTMWYB-MAD." Those who question its significance are asked, "If I tell you what this means will you buy me a drink?" And that's exactly what the letters stand for. In Australia some of the more popular messages are "MCP", "No Smoking", "Screw You" and the *tres chic* "Get Fucked."

In the US the desire to make a statement with one's neckwear has led to an increase in the sale of individually hand-crafted ties. A San Francisco stockbroker who runs a tie-creating boutique named Stars And Ties Forever says: "A lot of city businessmen have a secret desire to be more flamboyant, but they're afraid to express that desire. Right now, the typical stockbroker virtually goes to bed with his vest on. Hopefully my hand-crafted ties will help start a new trend." Yellow is the new power color for American financiers' neckties, according to a recent *Wall Street Journal* article.

Andrew Isles, marketing manager of A. Royale & Co, who make Trent Nathan, Vogue and Lanvin ties, is very dubious about the relevance of such assertions to the Australian tie scene. "When it comes to ties, Australia is very different from everywhere else in the world," he says. "We're largely influenced by what happens in Europe, but a trend in Europe might take two

years before it's picked up here. Australia and New Zealand must be the only countries in the world where narrow four centimetre-wide ties are fashionable."

Isles doesn't see hand-made ties catching on in Australia. There are only a handful of recognised hand-made tie manufacturers here, producing perhaps 2000 ties a year, and their creations cannot be washed, dry-cleaned or ironed. He scoffs at the suggestion that hand-made ties allow for greater individual expression. "We weave a maximum of 80 ties from any one loom. With only 80 ties — and that's presuming they're all sold — circulating around the country, it makes it virtually impossible that on any one day two guys wearing exactly the same tie are going to come face to face."

Yellow might be the "power color" among American stockbrokers, but according to those in the industry it won't open too many doors in Australia. The consensus is that the colors for '86 will be grey, black and white, with decoration provided by bright greens, reds, blues and burgundies.

The feeling is also that ties will continue their boom in popularity right through 1986. According to Andrew Isles, the skinny ties that have proved so fashionable over the last couple of years will widen to about five to six centimetres this year. He also expects Jacquard designs — which appear to follow a characteristic random pattern, although in fact they don't — to make something of a resurgence through this winter.

Another recent neckwear event has been the revival of the bow tie. Mississippi riverboat gamblers, vaudevillians and bar-men once had the bow as their trademark, while others to stamp their individuality by always being seen in a bow have included Sir Winston Churchill, former US President Harry Truman and Australia's Barry Humphries.

Between three and four percent of the ties now sold in Australia are bow ties; that might not sound like much but it's a far greater number than was the case six years ago. No-one in the trade can pinpoint why there has been a boom in bows. Maybe there are just more fashion-conscious men around now who dare to be different: opting to don a bow tie during the daytime is certainly a bold expression. Retailers expect bright, perky bow ties to continue to sell well for some time to come.

Historically, the tie dates back to about 1400 BC, when an otherwise obscure Assyrian monarch declared that all men should wear special neck scarves to indicate their rank in society. The tie picked up another name in 1660AD when French dandies, tired of the huge, starched ruffs they had been wearing, started devising neckwear aping the casual dress of Croat mercenaries serving in the French army. The word "cravat", in fact, comes from the

French for Croat.

A quarter-century later, a new neckwear fashion — the Steinkirk — was all the rage. French officers accidentally created the fashion (a loop of cloth around the neck and carelessly drawn through shirt button-holes) when they hastily threw on their uniforms and galloped into a sudden firefight in 1692. French dandies of subsequent eras were to spend hours in front of their mirrors attempting to duplicate the effect.

By 1800, cravat madness in Europe had reached its height with young bloods wearing two neckties: a white "pudding cravat" fluffed up around the neck, topped by a black necktie of the same material. These cravats were immense — specially designed to fill in the vee of a waistcoat and cover up the usually unwashed shirt beneath. When the foppish habits and fashion philosophy of Beau Brummel prevailed, men took baths, so fashionable ties got narrower and, as shirts came cleaner, more white began to show behind the neckwear.

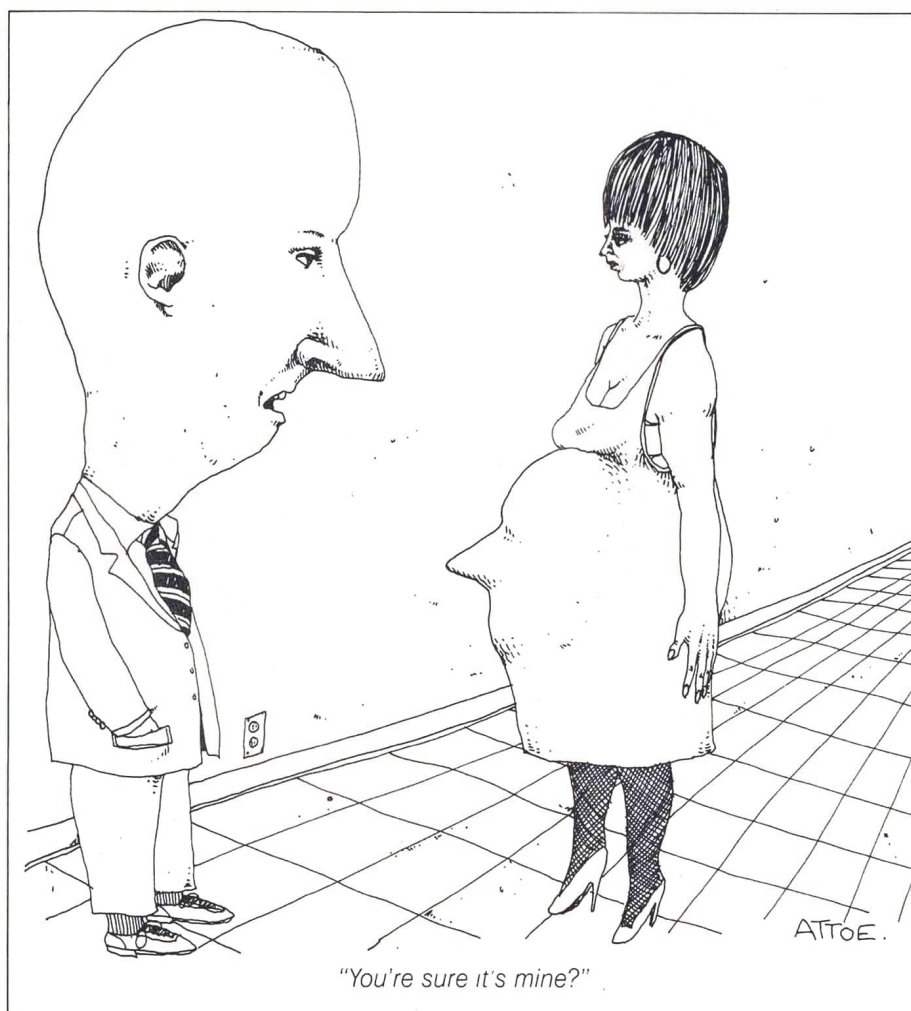
During the 19th Century England's old school ties came into being. OSTs are bits of striped silk which, when knotted beneath a man's chin, shed light on his academic past. Amongst class-conscious Britons they are unambiguous badges of rank, instantly recognisable from Harley Street to Zanzibar.

The old school tie tradition spread from Harrow and Rugby schools, whose Old

Boys have always fiercely argued over which school was the first to so enshrine its representative strip of cloth, through other British schools into various Army regiments, the Royal Navy and the RAAF. Universities, professions and clubs all caught on to the game and now they all have their own ties as well.

For the better part of this century it's been a rare upwardly mobile Englishman who hasn't travelled to work without a piece of silk under his chin telling everyone on his bus where he went to school or university, or which regiment he served in, or what his profession is or which club he belongs to. On the store racks of London there are thousands of tradition-bound ties awaiting perusal, from the British Police Drug Squad tie which depicts an eagle swooping on a syringe to the striped salmon and cucumber — rumored to be the colors of Sarah Bernhardt's panties — of the Garrick Club. But it's simply not the done thing to don a tie which you're not entitled to wear — noses have been bloodied over even suggestions of such sacrilege. Lewin's, of exclusive Jermyn Street in London, has 11,000 designs on its files and insists on inspecting all credentials before selling any of them.

In Australia, old school ties don't necessarily guarantee the same safe passage through life that they do in England, though if you are the proud bearer of a Melbourne/Geelong/Sydney Grammar strip it



TIES

will do your career prospects no harm by flagrantly exposing it to any potential employer. Club ties can also make useful appendages. Admittedly, some tend to be more helpful than others: a Cruising Yacht Club tie will certainly open more doors than, say, one from the Wagga Wagga Blue Heelers.

In the business world, company ties are now coming into their own, with many firms using their logo or colors on a tie to instil a regimental pride in corporate achievements. Andrew Isles of Vogue Ties says

that corporate ties now make up two to three percent of the total tie market, and that market share will continue to grow as more companies recognise that ties are one of the cheapest forms of advertising. "They're not left behind like pens or lighters and if the tie's message is fairly low-key they make great gifts," he says. "People — employees and clients alike — are very happy to wear them if they look like fashion ties."

Vogue manufacture ties for hundreds of companies and government departments, including such diverse crowds as Rank Xerox, Texas Instruments, Westpac and the Prime Minister's Department.

Women have also assumed an important role in grappling with neckwear. To start with, 65 percent of ties are bought by women as presents for men. Retailers must therefore primarily appeal to the female eye when selecting their stock. And as women's fashions have grown increasingly unisex, the *haute couture* columns in newspapers and glossy magazines have started running step-by-step diagrams on how to tie the four-in-hand. In New York there already exists a tie boutique called Tie One On, catering exclusively for women.

In Australia less than one percent of all ties sold are bought by women to wear themselves. And the ties they buy for themselves are largely different from the ones they buy for their men. Women tend to wear brighter, bolder patterns including tartans and checks.

Demands by some of the more upmarket clubs and restaurants around the country requiring their male patrons to be always dressed in a tie have eased, although a few of the more exclusive clubs see themselves as bastions of gentility and forever protectors of all that the Empire stood for. You still won't get within cooee of haunts like the Sydney Club or the Melbourne Club if you're not wearing a coat and tie.

If some doorman gets a little heavy-handed in insisting that you can't enter a particular premises without a tie, however, it might be worth your while to take a cue from a recent court case in the US. There, refusing to serve two tieless diners cost a restaurant US\$18,000 in sexual discrimination damages on the grounds that the eatery had no similar dress code for women. Anti-discrimination legislation in Australia contains similar provisions regarding dress codes, although it has yet to be tested in court. No doubt before too long some bush lawyer in an open-necked shirt should see it as something of a challenge.

Will the crusade for a more casual dress code mean the days of the necktie are numbered? Given current fashion events, that seems a most unlikely proposition. But even if it looks like being a long time before that last tie is enshrined forever as a museum piece, there already exists in Texas the first tie to earn a place in a trophy cabinet. As a reward for winning a key football game, the University of Texas Longhorns were each given a specially-made \$20 tie.

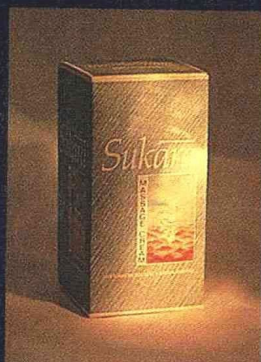
The boys all rolled along to the post-game dance, resplendent in their new ties, where a girl from the beaten college decided she wanted one. When her boyfriend tried to swipe one for her an all-in melee resulted that put him and eight others in hospital and caused \$14,000 worth of damage. All the neckties — bar one — were reduced to tattered threads in the brawl, and that sole survivor now proudly sits amongst the university's most prized trophies. 



Give someone you love a Sukara massage.

Sukara is a massage cream and a luxury body lotion combined into one. As your partner's hands gently relax you, Sukara's moisturising complexes are toning and conditioning your skin. Sukara is non-greasy, leaving your skin soft and smooth.

Fragrance-free or Rose: about \$12.95. At Department Stores and Pharmacies everywhere.



Trade enquiries: Australian Hair Products, 2 Kumulla Rd, Miranda, NSW 2228.

CYC 12449

GET IT!

**12 TERRIFIC ISSUES OF
AUSTRALIA'S HOTTEST
MAGAZINE
NOW JUST \$48.00**

☐ I want one year of Australian Penthouse for just \$48.00 posted to my address please!

NAME

ADDRESS

POSTCODE

I enclose my cheque/money order for \$48 or debit my:
☐ Bankcard ☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

Account No.

Expiry Date

Signature

(Allow six weeks for initial subscription copy please)

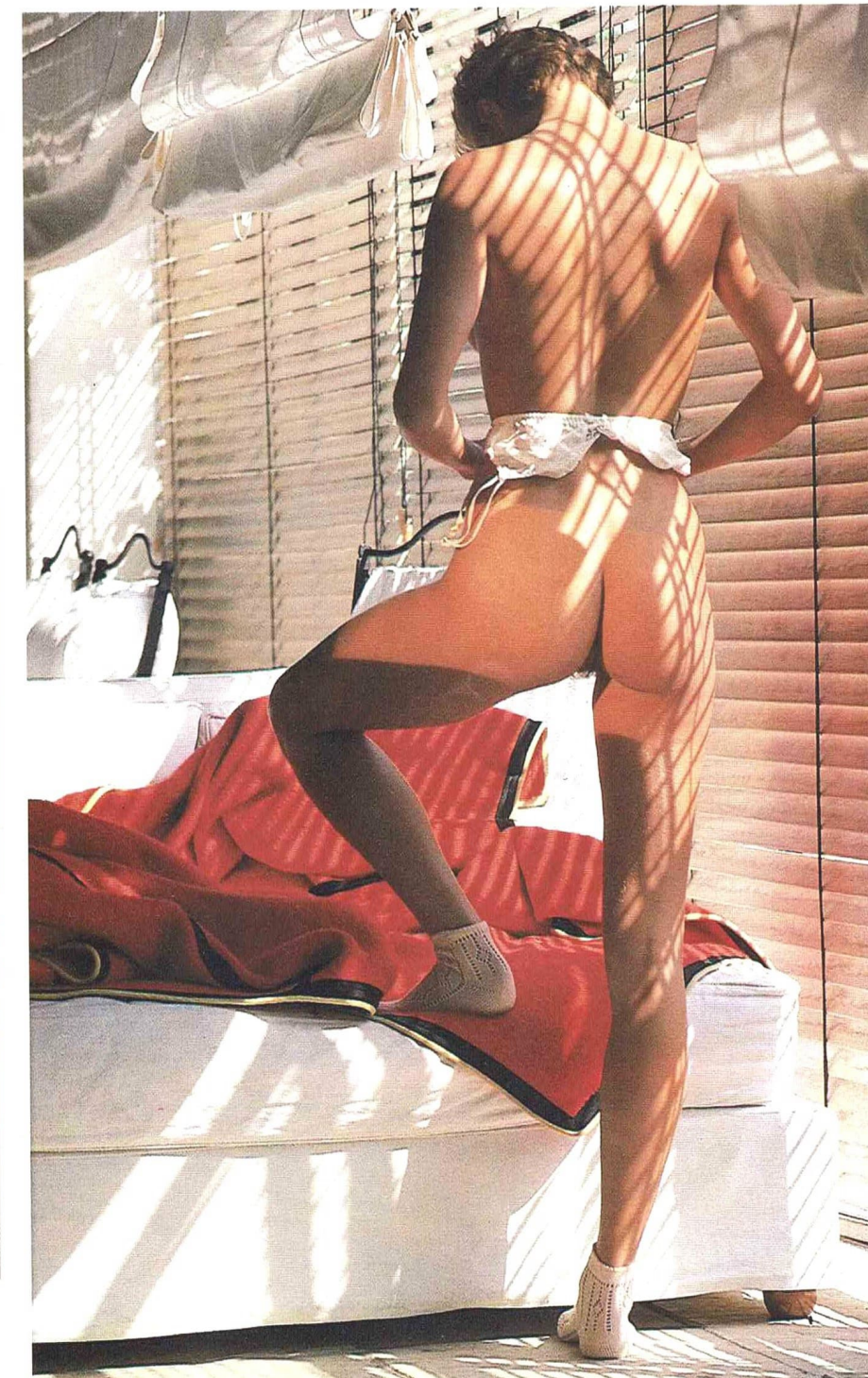


PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIETER SCHMIDT

TEMPERATURE'S RISING

"Most men seem to think I'm extremely shy," says Karena, "and I think it's because I spend a lot of time at home alone. Men don't usually see much of me. I love to be alone. Perhaps I am shy . . ." Hmm, breaking the ice with this beauty requires more than *Titanic* tact.

Once admitted to her inner circle, though, she is as warm and sensitive as they come. "I'm certainly not shy in bed," she says. "Quite a few men have been amazed at me when I attack them like a tiger."





"When I'm hot, nothing cools me down quicker than some of the come-on lines men use on me. To me, sex is fantastic — not filthy. So dirty jokes never fail to turn me off. I demand discretion in a man." O+





Keep them in their place!

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

However, as only a very limited number of them have been produced, we suggest you mail your

order now to avoid disappointment.

The price for the Penthouse binder is only \$11.50.

That includes administration costs, packaging and postage.

There are no extras.

And if you are not totally satisfied with the binder, return it to us within 10 days and your money will be refunded.

Australian PENTHOUSE

Australian Penthouse
P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, N.S.W.

Please find attached cheque/money order for

_____ Penthouse binders at \$11.50 ea. \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode _____

Jacka 943

LOOSE ENDS

SMOKE SIGNALS

You see her across the smoky, crowded room. You know she's the likeliest prospect in the joint because you just caught her checking you out. But what to do after that initial eye contact through the cigarette haze? What opening line should you employ to best represent yourself as the suave man-about-town you want her to think you are?

Well, the thinking man's first move is to artfully ascertain his environment, before making a move, lest he blow that all-important introduction. The smart man *will use the cigarette haze that cloaks the room to his advantage* by analysing it and following a few rules of nose.

Say, after a couple of good snorts at the ceiling, his hooter discerns a blend of fumes from St Moritz, Balkan Sobranie or Cartier. He knows immediately that a very sophisticated opening line is required. Ideal openers in such expensive pollution must both play on the target's mental image of herself as a high-fashion fox and imply the user has a crust — like that which diamonds form when set in profusion.

Having made this evaluation, and feeling confident enough of the next step, our subject orders a glass of something trendy like Cointreau or Amaretto on the rocks and swaggers over nonchalantly to deliver one of the following lines: "Pardon if I'm mistaken, but aren't you the girl from the Lichfield spread in French

Vogue?" This approach will blind the quarry with flattery and impress her that here's a man that dabbles in photography and knows *real class* when he sees it.

"I couldn't help noticing that your gown is very similar to one previewed at Halston's Spring showing in Paris," will set the female mental processes rolling thus: "He travels. Obviously someone in the fashion world. Maybe a pofter, but what the heck, I might wangle a few cheap designer labels."

"Weren't you the continuity girl on George Miller's last film?" is a good one. The target will deduce that you're something to do with movies and see you as her foot in the door to stardom and maybe even a chance to meet Mel Gibson.

Follow-up lines are tricky but if you pull it off remember to suggest that you go to her place as Harry Seidler is renovating your warehouse apartment and the place is in absolute turmoil.

Now, if the air is redolent of B&H, Dunhill, a hint of Marlboro and a high note of Sterling or Kent you're on easier ground. Here flattery will not go astray, but you may temper it with a *soupcan* more humor or pathos. "I would ask you to dance but I had polio as a child" evokes sympathy and a reluctance to piss you off for fear of being seen as too callous. "I suppose you want to know what a nice boy like me is doing in a place like this?" projects rakish good

humor. If your mark flashes the green light you may be daring enough to follow through with a waggish: "Frankly, I'd rather be back at my place with you and a bottle of baby oil." Whether this works or not, you're looking at spending a fortune on Preen, either to get the Johnson and Johnson's out of your sheets or the glass of Coolabah claret out of the front of your shirt. "Do you come here as often as the host informs me you do?" is a neat variation on the standard opening line which may serve to confuse your intended into continued conversation. If she's

wise to you and parries with: "It's a hell of a lot more comfortable than coming round the mountain, big boy," all the while raking your crotch with Cutexed claws, it's a cert you're in like a swashbuckling Tasmanian.

Then, if the atmosphere is clogged with a carcinogenic cocktail of Camel and Capstan, Champion Ruby, White Ox and Drum, the chances are you don't much care what she looks like. The cruelly overused "Do yer root?" has lost much of its brutish appeal since the flowering of feminism. The ▶▶▶▶



modern Don Juan could do well to remember that any lady likes a bit of variation now and then. Hence, try the thespian line, for it works just as well here as in the high-class niteries. Why not: "Do yer like acting? Well how about pretending you're rust and getting in my car?" Or perhaps: "Let's you and me make like a dunny door and bang?" It has been known to produce results in many a tiled hostelry, as has the old chestnut: "Is that phlegm on your chin or are you just pleased to see me?" (but not in

recent memory).

Injecting a little time and imagination into your opening lines is the key to success on the singles scene. But do remember that even the most successful opening line jock keeps a secret weapon up his sleeve lest his first line should fail. Properly asked, this three-word mantra of the singles set will guarantee a spark from the opposite sex in the majority of cases. You should try it some time. It goes like this: "Got a light?" — C.J. Mackay



SNORE NO MORE

It's simple enough to ask a woman: "Will you sleep with me?" But for some of the 15 percent of Australians who snore, that question is definitely a loaded one. It's almost an inner hope that the object of their affections will have a hearing disorder.

As serious snorers testify, though usually attempting to humor the subject, their habit can put profound stress on intimate relationships and play heavily on emotions. After all, the snorer simply drifts off to sleep; he wakes to find his partner either gone, or

bedraggled, fatigued and ready to tear strips off him. If premature ejaculation is the main subject of attacks on males' bedside manner, then snoring complaints must run a very close second.

It's not only companions who suffer, though. Snoring is caused by the obstruction of air in the throat passage, usually around the area of the collapsible soft-palate. Some sufferers actually stop breathing for 60 seconds and more, and in severe cases this can occur 400 to 600 times a night. Most times, the snorer wakes up in time to gasp a breath, usually with one almighty grunt. Some don't. Apnea, as this chronic disorder is known, is thought to be associated with cot-death,

LOOSE

THE FROG REVIVAL

One of the rites of passage of Australian adolescence looks set to end — not a moment too soon. For those who have taken that traditional nervous stance by the sunglasses display in a chemist shop — casting furtive sideways glances as they wait for the shop to empty — the new upfront marketing pitches of condom manufacturers are a relief. Buying a packet should now be as traumatic as buying a packet of lollies.

No more under-the-counter stuff. A new "no embarrassment" method of selling condoms through self-selection "Family Planning Centre" displays in pharmacies is the brainchild of Ansell International, Australia's largest condom manufacturer. They've relaunched their Lifestyle range

in line with the new push — so to speak — from the many lobby groups who want to see more men covering themselves. They have also released a new condom with pre-applied spermicidal cream, the Ultrasure. Its combination of methods makes it that extra bit safer while being no more hassle — normally the drawback of rolling one on.

Only eight percent of Australians use condoms, compared with 15 percent of Americans and 20 percent of Britons. But Ansell claim their market research shows 40 percent of Australians are revising their attitudes towards contraception. At the moment, one-third of teenagers regularly risk unwanted pregnancies. More women, too, are demanding that their partners share the responsibility for contraception. The market is there and Ansell have pitched their sales spiel appropriately; there's no excuse these days not to get one on before you get it on...

ENDS

and claims 500 Australian lives a year — besides being associated with a huge range of maladies.

The search for a solution has been extensive throughout the ages. These range from sewing a tennis ball into the back of the pyjamas to keep the snorer off his back, to swift elbow jabs into the ribs, to strangulation, suffocation...

A surgical operation to tighten the excess tissue in the throat has often been performed with a reasonably high success rate. However, researchers at

Sydney's Royal Prince Alfred Hospital have devised a world first in anti-snoring devices from their work in the sleep laboratory. Working in a sleep laboratory may sound like the ultimate job, but they have found that with the fitting of a face mask, the increase in air pressure alleviates the problem in a substantial percentage of cases. All your companion has to cope with is the sound of the vacuum cleaner which powers the device, and the feeling of waking up next to Darth Vader — a small price to pay.



SUSPENDED ANIMATION

How us a man who doesn't thrill to the sight of a sexy woman in skimpy, sexy underwear and we'll show you a man who probably gets a thrill from looking at a shapely bloke in frilly undies.

The allure of sensuous female intimate apparel is undeniable and it's no accident that *Penthouse* Pets are often photographed wearing silky French knickers and lacy suspender belts. In fact, most men admit they are more turned on by a woman wearing sexy underwear than a woman wearing nothing at all. Some prefer that their lover remain partially clothed during sex — wearing a garter belt and sheer stockings, a satin body suit that

unclips at the crotch or a low-cut push-up bra. Others see the slow striptease of feminine, titillating garments as the perfect foreplay to steamy sex. Whatever, sexy underwear is one of the few indisputable aphrodisiacs.

And, in case you hadn't noticed, saucy frillies have made a comeback and many women are not content to keep them under wraps — they're taking sexy underwear to the streets as outerwear in a public display of women's smalls not witnessed since the feminist fires of the Sixties were stoked with the B-cups of the Germaine Greer sisterhood.

The Seventies were lean years for the lingerie industry as women, by and large, cast off traditional undergarments, labelling them the trappings of male sexist domination. In the Eighties we're witnessing a return to femininity — not only in regard to underwear — perhaps as a result of greater female self-confidence and the realisation that King Gees don't necessarily equate with equality. Then of course, there's the likes of rock performers like Madonna and Prince's sidekicks Appollonia and Vanity, who last year flaunted their frillies to adoring fans and sparked a fashion trend that chalked up bumper 1985 sales for underwear manufacturers.

But, according to leading department stores, while the rise of the sex sirens of rock pushed sales off the charts, the market for traditionally sexy underwear like French knickers, teddies (all-in-one suits that replace a bra and panties),

THE BIBLICAL SENSE

Hot on the tail of *Lesbian Nuns*, an interesting little feminist publication that enjoyed decidedly non-feminist best-seller status when it hit the book stores last year, comes another tome earmarked for notoriety. The American Atheist Press in Austin, Texas, has published *The X-Rated Bible*, an analysis of "pornographic sex" in the Good Book. Mr Jon Murray, son of leading atheist campaigner Madalyn Murray O'Hair, says the Bible has some very naughty bits.

"There's stuff about incest, father sleeping with daughter,

homosexuality and bestiality," Mr Murray enthuses.

Mrs Murray supports the publication of *The X-Rated Bible*, claiming it supports her long-held philosophy that "religion is bad for your mental health." Her son reckons that by publishing his compilation of good bits of the Good Book he disproves the claims of preachers like Jerry Falwell and other conservatives. "They are preaching a return to morality based on the Bible, but the Bible is full of the wretched stuff they're trying to denounce."



suspender belts and sophisticated lingerie sets have been steadily increasing over the past four or five years. In 1984 David Jones in Sydney spent \$2.5 million to renovate and enlarge their intimate apparel department to accommodate the trend. Where once suspender belts were stored away in boxes on shelves to be sold to the occasional bride for wedding day wear, now a wide range of styles and colors of suspenders are displayed alongside racier newcomers to department store racks like boned and ribbed corselettes, crotchless panties edged in lace or swansdown,

and even leather bras and body suits.

Shopping for sexy lingerie should be a shared experience, according to one retailer. "We're getting more men coming into the shop with their wives or girlfriends these days. It used to be that women might occasionally buy sexy lingerie to surprise their men, or that men might self-consciously buy a sexy item for their mate. Now more and more they're coming in together and having lots of fun choosing something that turns them both on. Lingerie buying may be turning into a new kind of foreplay. More men should try it."



DESPERATELY SEEKING SEMEN

Cultural Attache Sir Les Patterson has the right idea when it comes to donating semen. In his book *The Traveller's Tool*, Sir Les expounds his philosophy thus: "I was born with plenty, and I like to spread it round, no worries . . . If you don't believe me ask Geoff Bolton, the manager of my local sperm bank, to take you on a tour of the vaults and show you the Patterson Vat."

It's very easy to joke about donating sperm, but few men ever get around to *actual donation*. So few, in fact, that the Fertility And Pathology Services (FPS) in all states are desperately seeking semen for Artificial Insemination by Donor programs.

According to the FPS Clinic in Sydney, 20 percent of Australians are facing fertility problems and there is a huge backlog of women waiting to have babies by the artificial insemination method. Sperm donors from all ethnic backgrounds are wanted men.

The most critical step towards becoming a sperm donor is the obvious one — getting off your bum and contacting a clinic. Potential donors who call at the FPS Clinic at Bondi Junction in Sydney (02 389-0927) are briefed on what the clinic is all about and how they can participate in what's becoming a vital community scheme.

Then comes the figurative rub; there's a lot more to sperm donation than wanking. Donors are first asked to abstain from intercourse and masturbation for five days to ensure a healthy sperm count.

At the next appointment the donor sees someone called the semenologist, who explains what the sperm will be used for. Then it's sperm production time, where the donor is left to his own devices in a private room with assorted literature and a sterile jar for company. That done, the sperm is tested for abnormalities, then frozen for 24 hours. If quality and the mobility of the sperm are satisfactory when the sample comes out of the fridge, the donor returns for a full medical examination and blood test. Of course, all this is paid for by the clinic and travel expenses are met on each visit. Further blood tests are required at three-monthly intervals.

The only restriction to qualification is age — men must be between 18 and 45. Which means old Sir Les has hung up his test tube. No matter, as donated sperm can fertilise an ovum for up to ten years — and sometimes longer. It's the Patterson philosophy of giving that counts, and he's a man who knows so well the happiness a small semen donation can bring.



LOOSE

MERKINS TO GO

While most women go to painful lengths to pluck, wax and razor pesky pubic hair that peeks out of their bikini, there are a handful of ladies out there who reckon they were behind the door when the pubes were being handed out. These women have grasped their problem by the old short and curlies and gone out and bought a merkin.

A merkin, for anyone who's never heard of this quaint curiosity, is a small wig for the pubic region — sort of a furry map of Tasmania attached with spirit glue. You'd think that such an item would be about as useful as an electric dog

And Andre. A character once walked in and announced that while he was getting thin on top his pubes were flourishing and could they run together a rug from his short and curlies? His request was denied, but the folks at John And Andre still remember the "dickhead" fondly. They will make false chest hairpieces in any shape or color, though they admit they're not being bowled over by men with shiny chests. They've made a few for film personalities, though, which gives rise to speculation about the image of the hairy-chested Aussie film star. They've never received a commission for a



polisher, but according to Sydney wig makers Mona Workman, the psychological benefits of the merkin can be immense. Some women cheer themselves up by buying a new hat, they say; others opt for a merkin.

They tell of one woman, a middle-aged practising nudist who was getting a few bald patches around the tropical triangle. Fronting up to the volleyball net with her hairier nature-loving counterparts, she felt, well, naked. A designer merkin attached with a little smear of glue gave her the added confidence she needed to frolic on the beach until sunset. The folks at Mona Workman couldn't guarantee that the hairpiece would stay in place during the woman's dip in the water, so they warned her that if she saw a furry animal swimming past to grab it, as it could be a migrating merkin.

A request to tailor a toupe out of a man's pubic hair threw the boys at Sydney wigmaker John



merkin, and they don't know if they'd make one if they did. "Maybe for photographic work," said a spokesman, "but not for street wear."

Creative Hair Products in Melbourne don't roll their own but customers hankering for a phoney furry front can choose from a spectacular array of large and small imported chest pieces crafted in human hair. "We can get them in thirteen colors," says proprietor Abe Lourie, "and the different sizes allow the wearer to choose between foliage Tom Selleck would be proud of or more sedate, smaller tufts." Abe doesn't sell merkins, but he says he does have fake beards in all shapes and sizes as well as a few fake sideburns, and imaginative customers would have no trouble improvising. All of which brings to mind the joke about the man buying up big in a merkin shop who says to the sales attendant: "Don't bother wrapping them, I'll eat them here." — C.J. Mackay

MATTERS SEXUAL

An American company recently decided to send its French letters by airmail when they had a light plane tow a banner advertising their most popular condom buzz the city of Chicago. Unable to advertise their wares in newspapers, most magazines, on TV, or on radio, Schmid Laboratories took matters into their own hands with their airborne banner which read "Plan Ahead With Ramses." The company, which makes Ramses, Sheik, Excita Ribbed and Fourx condoms, planned the novel ads to boost sales and improve the image of condoms. "People are always poking fun at prophylactics," a spokesman said, "but in an atmosphere of stress over contracting sexually transmitted diseases, people should realise that condoms can really put the fun back into poking."

And, on the subject of prophylactics, a range of keyrings containing condoms is being promoted by the Thai government in a bid to encourage birth control and stop the spread of sexual diseases. The glass keyrings each house one condom and are decorated with the words "In case of emergency, break glass." The concept is the brainchild of Thai population control official Mechai Viravaidya, who also dreamed up a successful promotion called "cops and rubbers", where all Thai policemen were supplied with free frangers. Mr Viravaidya is said to be so well associated with birth control in Thailand that his name is synonymous with the word "condom."



ENDS

WHEN ONLY THE BEST WILL DO

Numerous burning questions are associated with tobacco-smoking these days: Is it carcinogenic? Should it be banned in all public places? Is it a turn-off? One such poser has been particularly compelling for some. Just what do people listen for in a cigar?

Sol Levy, "tobaccoconist extraordinaire", was the man to approach for an answer. He is the manager of the premises (of his name in Sydney) stocking the largest range of pipes, tobaccos and smoking accessories in Australia. On meeting him, one myth disappeared even before a word was exchanged. Smoking does not stunt your growth. Sol, who boasts a personal collection of over 300 pipes, is a big man. I asked him why people twiddle cigars near their ears.

"You only do that with Cuban cigars," he explained, "and it's to tell whether the tobacco is moist or dry — whether the cigar's been looked after." But as with most things to do with smoking, the final judgement comes right down to the smoker himself and his personal preference. It's that premise of customer choice that is the basis for the large range in his shop. There are more than 100 different tobaccos stocked there, and even more pipes — along with papers, lighters and ashtrays of every description. Unlike the aggro, paranoid

image of the tobacco promotion industry, Sol's shop retains a certain low-key, Olde Worlde charm, owed much to the centuries of tradition associated with lighting a pipe.

Sol was quick to dispel an assumption that this certified lung-buster had made: that tailor-made cigarettes contain tobacco more processed and treated than pipe and specialised cigarette tobaccos. The case is, in fact, quite the opposite. Tailor-mades are very much the sausages of the tobacco purists' sacred cow, with their "mystery bag" tag. "You never know what you're smoking in a filter name-brand cigarette," he says. "It's all just finely diced with the stem and twigs — the lot. Pipe tobacco and cigars is the real leaf stuff, which is treated far more. More care is taken."

The different references to "nationalities" of tobaccos are based on the many trends in history in its preparation, particularly in the cutting of the leaf. For example, the American tag refers to a granulated cut which allows the tobacco to flow out of those traditional "Tennessee Grandpappy" pouring pouches. Turkish refers to a coarse leaf cut. English tobaccos are different blends of leaf, whereas Dutch implies the addition of vanilla, sugar or liquor essences. However there are no hard and fast rules. The term Cavendish, seen on a lot

of packaging, refers to a particular type of plant — a dry, grassy tobacco, as opposed to broadleaf.

It might be easy to be overawed by the diverse range of pipes available, particularly when Sol acknowledges that different pipes make tobaccos taste entirely different. You can pay anything from three dollars for a corn-cob throwaway to \$100 for a hand-crafted Calabresi, of exquisitely carved briar (the root of the white-heath, native of France and Corsica). Or they can be of a meerschaum, an attractive mineral, or lined with meerschaum, or of clay. And that's only materials: sizes and shapes are a guaranteed boggle.

The most important point, says Sol — to refute the impression that pipes are essentially foul-smelling — is to alternate pipes if you're a heavy smoker. "If you don't give the pipe a chance to dry out, the moisture will congeal into goo, causing it to clog and smell. I know some blokes who carry around 20 pipes in their bag and have one smoke out of each per day. That way, your pipe is likely to last indefinitely." — Graeme Sims





Sydney's Kathleen Azzopardi

COMING IN APRIL AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

No Secrets — If you fall behind in loan repayments or overcommit yourself financially you could find yourself the victim of a debt collecting system which shows scant regard for your legal rights or privacy. In this startling story a Sydney private inquiry agent reveals the ruthless and often illegal tactics used to extract information on debtors and money from them, as well as offering some useful advice on how to deal with this unscrupulous industry.

Kid Eager — Wollongong's Wayne Gardner has come a long way — fast. Just ask some of the world championship motorcycle riders he's left in his wake. Gardner's first full year on the championship circuit in 1985 had its ups and downs, but this high-revving profile predicts that 1986 is the year in which Wayne Gardner will shine.

Macho Man — He's circumnavigated the country in a speedboat, was the first Australian to fly a plane around the world solo and made the first west to east crossing of the continent in a solar car. Hans Tholstrup has made a career out of being macho and in next month's interview he explains what he believes are the ingredients which make up the Right Stuff.

Sex In Japan — What accounts for the truly bizarre quality of the Japanese approach to recreational sex . . . the love hotels, the strange sexual softwear and the bars which cater to the most outrageous fantasies? This insightful story has most of the answers.

Pet Of The Month — Sydney's Kathleen Azzopardi's perfect elfin qualities are gloriously revealed by top US photographer Stephen Hicks. Don't miss this steamingly sensuous pictorial.

ORGY

Continued from page 79

do-what-and-where became a bit awkward, it was decided that something had to give. Both men hopped into bed with the roommate, while Eileen was shown the door. Still exasperated by the unfairness of it, Eileen bristles, "They wouldn't even let me stay and watch!"

"Well, when do they intend to let you back in?" I wonder aloud.

"Never. They're in for the night — maybe even for the whole weekend."

"That's not fair. I mean, where do they expect you to stay while all this is going on?"

Eileen looks up at me and smiles sweetly. "Got any ideas?"

Once we reach my room, Eileen hangs the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door. "The maids have a habit of entering without knocking," she says, expertly drawing the chain across the inside latch.

"I'll bet they do," I say, wondering if this serendipitous arrangement doesn't smack of a little too much advanced planning. It's impossible to broach the subject, however. The walls on either side of my room are banging with a kind of wanton animal ferocity. "Stereo," I joke feebly.

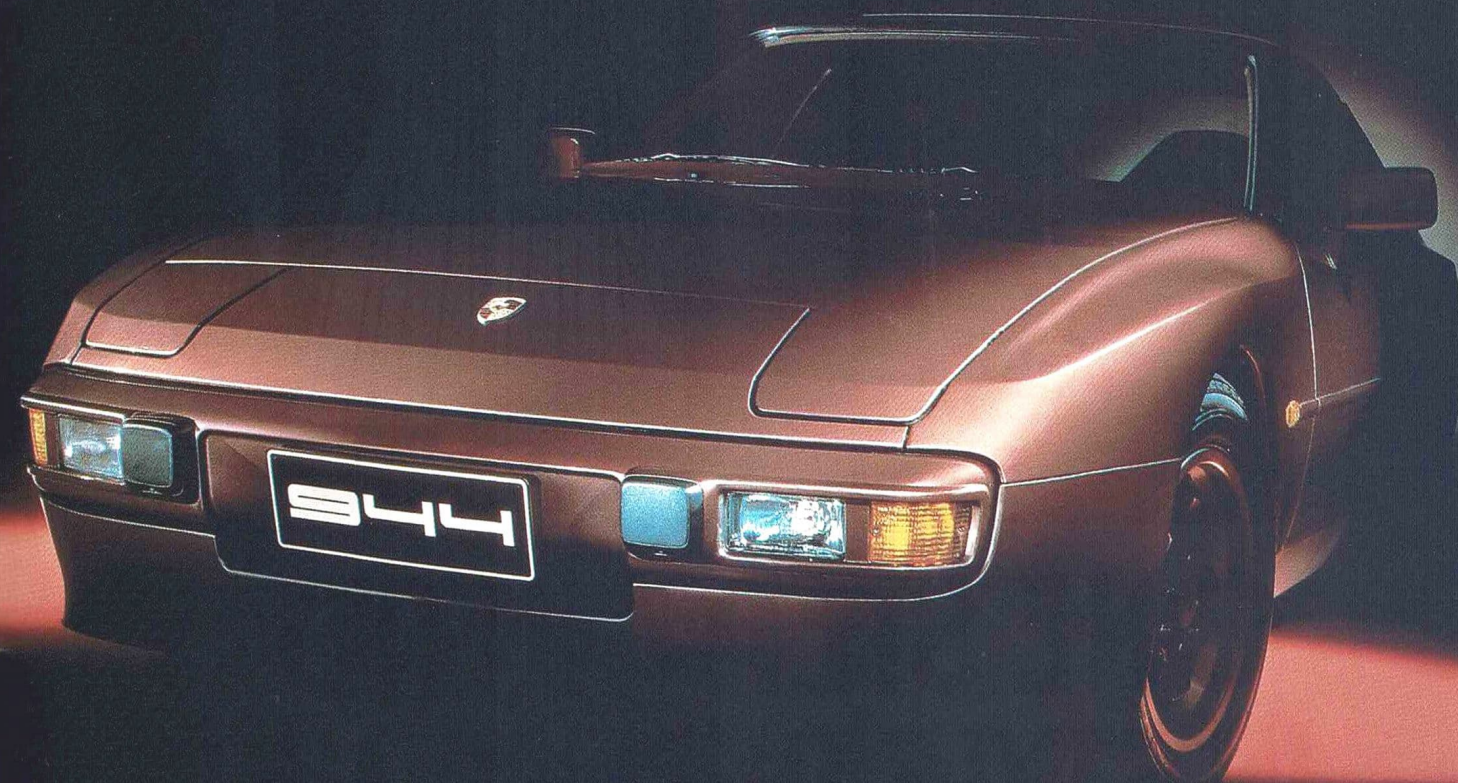
"C'mon, let's get some sleep," I suggest, suddenly livened by the prospect of engaging in some *fantastic* sex at the hands of Eileen, physical therapist *extraordinaire*. After all, wasn't that why I had travelled all the way up here in the first place? Hadn't I fantasised for weeks about a nightlong Catskills Bacchanal? Didn't I owe it to myself to partake in the festivities along with the rest of the singles crowd?

You bet I did.

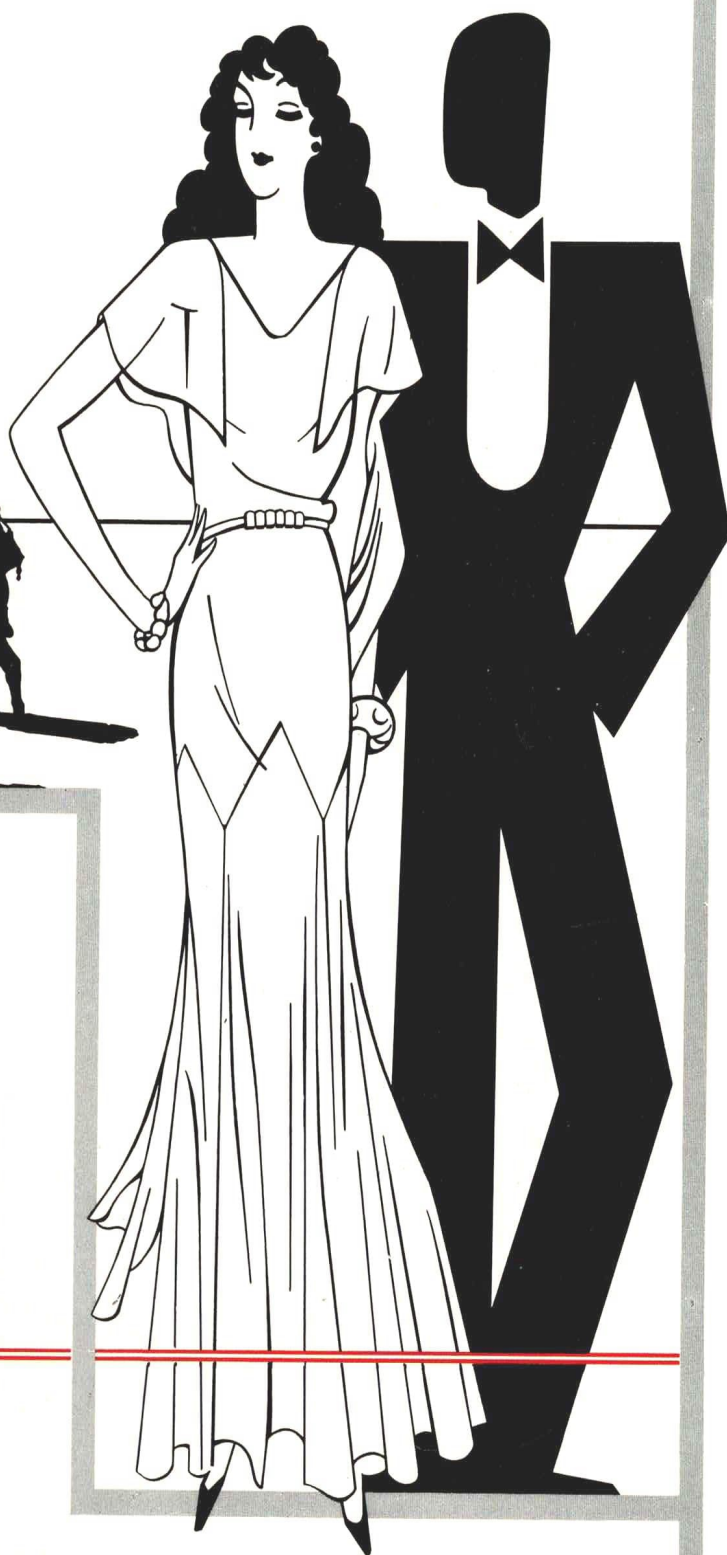
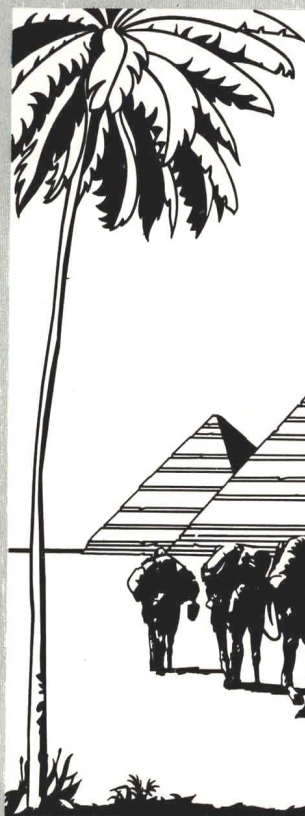
I strip down to my jockeys. Eileen steps out of her dress in one perfect motion and displays a voluptuous side of her that I'd barely had time to notice in the hall. Her breasts are full and firm, and the see-through bikini panties she has on reveal one of the *fantastic* night spots for which the hotel's become duly famous. What's more, the wet spot forming on the flimsy cloth lets me know she feels the same way about the remainder of the evening as I do. My cock is about to rip through my underpants, so I discard them and am about to slip into the bed when I notice Eileen rearranging the pillows on the couch. That's when it dawns on me that, somewhere along the way, something got lost in the translation. "Well, let's go," I say, holding up the covers in a gesture that translates as "There's plenty of room here for the both of us."

Instead, Eileen collapses on the couch. "You mean, you thought this was leading to casual sex? Here? And with someone I don't even know?" Her voice rises in pitch with each successive syllable until it's a whiny shriek. "What kind of girl do you think I am?" 

Porsche from Budget
\$61,089 off.



Budget
rent a car



ONE STEP AHEAD IN STYLE AND VALUE.

THIRTY SUPERIOR VIRGINIA CIGARETTES CRAFTED BY MARTINS OF PICCADILLY.
AVAILABLE ALSO IN SPECIAL MILD.